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BÀRDACHD MHIC IAIN DHEÒRSA
The Original Poems of George Campbell Hay
(an annotated edition)

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ABSTRACT

George Campbell Hay (1915-1984) is acknowledged as one of the towering figures of 20thc. Gaelic poetry, and also respected outwith that linguistic tradition for his work in Scots and English, yet since the appearance of his three poetry collections shortly after the war, the greater part of his work has been unavailable, and its appreciation limited to a handful of Gaelic poems. Even the 1970 anthology which brought his non-Gaelic poems to wider attention has long been out of print, and his master-work – the unfinished long narrative poem Mochtàr is Dùghall – only emerged from almost forty years' obscurity in 1982. In short, there is an urgent need for the totality of Hay's work to be made available again, both for the enjoyment of the poetry-reading public and to enable a proper assessment of his contribution to Scottish literature. This thesis aims to provide the basis for such a Collected Edition. As a scholarly edition, however, it does not seek to provide single ideal texts or an editor's anthology, but to present the development of each poem through all its variants (shown in a critical apparatus), and bring some light to bear on the creative process. The poems are given in a separate volume, in chronological order, with no interfering classifications (such as by language, or publication status).

In the way of introduction, I first give an account of Hay's life. This is based primarily on the man's own correspondence, to complement already published portraits drawn in the main from personal reminiscence. I have stressed the socio-political context in which Hay operated up till the war, as his passionate evangelical nationalism held such a dominant place in his poetry throughout his life. The following chapter looks in more detail at Hay's poetic activity in the 1940s, marked by his growing reputation and his association with the Scottish Renaissance of Hugh MacDiarmid, and culminating in the publication of Fuaran Sléibh, Wind On Loch Fyne and O Na Ceithir Àirdean.

A third chapter surveys the principal themes which exercised Hay's poetic imagination. In view of the edition's eschewal of categorisation, such a thematic classification may be of help in giving an overview of Hay's poetry; its aim however is not to create artificial segregations, but to stress both the diversity and the underlying philosophical unity of the poetry. Hay was a poet of virtuosic technique, and a final chapter examines both his own professed attitudes to poetic technique and his practical craftsmanship; this includes the linguistic and musical aspects of his work.

The edition proper is preceded by a statement of editorial policy, illuminating some of the problems posed by the differing nature of the sources, and by Hay's inveterate tendency to revise his work. There follow notes to the poems, appendices of material which did not find a place in the main body of the edition, and an illustrated index of the Argyll place-names which so copiously populate Hay's poetry. An index to the poems is also supplied.



**GEORGE CAMPBELL HAY
(1915-1984)**

*I speak for a blue and very ancient land,
which pulses in my blood, glances blue from my eyes;
its hills enlase my heart, close-set tendrils that bind,
more close and stronger far than love's unlasting embrace. . .*

(translated by G C Hay from the French of G-E Clancier)

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"A STEY BRAE AN' BONNIE"

The life of George Campbell Hay

"For several weeks before I was born a robin redbreast came into the room where my mother lay every day. I was nearly christened Robin on account of it - a pity I wasn't." (Diary, 25r).

George was born on 8 December 1915, in the parish of Elderslie (Renfrewshire), the second child of Catherine Campbell and the parish minister John MacDougall Hay. Daughter of a Knapdale-born Islay farmer turned evangelist then Free Kirk minister, Catherine Campbell was born and brought up in Cowal, but had close connections with Tarbert Loch Fyne through her mother Jessie MacMillan, and indeed repaired to the village when her father died, to stay with her uncle, the local doctor. MacDougall Hay was himself a native of Tarbert; son of a fishing merchant, he had distinguished himself at Glasgow University, taken to teaching, then decided on the Church of Scotland ministry. A few months after induction to the ministry, in October 1909, he and Catherine Campbell were married, and in 1911 had their first child, Sheena. A prolific journalistic writer, MacDougall Hay is chiefly remembered for his extraordinary first novel Gillespie (recognisably set in Tarbert) published the year before George's birth. In spite of enthusiastic reviews on both sides the Atlantic, the book's initial success stalled with the outbreak of war in Europe, and was not re-published till almost 50 years later.

George's recollections of his father could only have been of the vaguest kind, as MacDougall Hay died of tuberculosis in late 1919, but one senses a certain awe in the memory: while planning his first collection, for example, George insisted that "from the universal and the Scottish point of view, ... the republication of my father's books is far more important than the publication of anything of mine". (Source 37, 18/4/44). Upon his death, Catherine took the family to Tarbert, where the Hays had a house only a few steps away from Ingleside, the house of her two maternal aunts. There the young boy put down his roots, and there that visceral attachment to his physical locality grew, which was to remain his emotional and spiritual mainstay throughout his life. That "little world that grew within him in his green springtime, which was created, unknown to him, by everything around him, which he formed by his thoughts on all that he saw and heard" (MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL), that deep-rooted plant of his cultural identity drew its nourishment from various springs: the boy's attraction to the boats moored below the house, his admiration for the older fishermen (perhaps due in part to the loss of his father),

his passion for the hills of North Kintyre that stretched from directly behind his house down to Skipness, and above all his early interest in Gaelic and the associated (and increasingly submerged) traditions of Kintyre. George was cut from this environment at the tender age of ten and sent to school in "that east-coast mausoleum of a place", Edinburgh, but that separation (alleviated by regular holiday visits) which was to become a lifelong exile, only served to intensify the emotional bonding to an extraordinary degree and came to inform the man's poetry throughout his life. An eloquent account of Hay's boyhood and formative relationships (with his great-aunts and Calum Johnson) can be found elsewhere, and here I shall merely cite Hay's own account in interview (SSS, 15/10/80) of his time in Tarbert, beginning with his astonishingly complete acquisition of Gaelic in circumstances that were hardly ideal:

You said that you acquired a good deal of your Gaelic from your aunts. / **I did indeed, yes** / Was that your primary source in Tarbert? / **Uhu.** / And how did you go about that? / **Och, when I was about six, I started asking them what was the Gaelic for this and what was the Gaelic for that, and so on, and that's how I learnt Gaelic.** / How was it that your interest in Gaelic was stimulated at such an early age? Was it through your mother's influence or was it an external influence in the village? / **I think it was my mother's influence.. I think so...** / So although she wasn't perhaps a fluent speaker, she- / **Oh she had some Gaelic, she had some Gaelic...** / And what was your aunts' reaction to your interest? / **They were encouraging.** / Did you accompany that aural learning - / [laughs] **By reading the Bible, yes.** / The Bible? / **The Bible, aye, and then sermons; they were on the shelves, you know, in Ingleside. I just fought my way through them, you know, and then the MacLean Bards.**

Did you visit [your aunts] frequently? / **Oh yes! Whenever I was on my holidays I went down to Ingleside.** / Were they talking Gaelic in the house naturally? / **Ach, an odd word - like Tarbert, you know. . .** / So although they were fluent they weren't conversant in Gaelic habitually? / **They weren't, no. They weren't speaking it because they'd been brought up in the old tradition: "the Gaelic language is a terrible thing", you know - the old tradition; it's gone. And they thought: "This boy's keen on Gaelic; we'll spoil him, we'll teach him some Gaelic". But they didn't speak it to themselves - but my sister heard them singing a waulking-song in Gaelic to one another. I didn't hear it, I was on the hill.** / So perhaps in private they would have their wee lapses. / **Perhaps, yes. You know the Tarbert people, they're very careful.** / Had your sister any great interest in the Gaelic? / **No, no, she'd none. She told me she'd heard the waulking-song . . . [But] she'd none, none at all.** / And what was your mother's reaction to your interest? / **Oh she was the Argyllshire way, she'd come out with an odd word in Gaelic, you know.** / But did she encourage you to visit your aunts? / **She did, yes.** / You mentioned one word...in particular that you remember having got from your aunts. / **'Croidhe'. And 'eisce' for 'uisge'.** / ... Can you

remember any other word or phrases that you associate with your aunts? / [smiles] 'Thig a-steach anns an teine is blàth thu-fhéin.' 'Come in to the fire and warm yourself'.

The MacMillan sisters' house, Ingleside, and Heatherknowe, the Hays' own house, were almost adjacent, on the slope south of the harbour on the road to the old pier. At the bottom of the brae, across the road, was the boatbuilder Dougie Leitch's shed, and it was here that George met some of the Tarbert fishermen, and in particular Calum Johnson.

Well, Ingleside and Heatherknowe were above the Earrann Ghoineach [*the Sandy Stretch, just below the road*] (you know Dougie Leitch's shed, the boatshed, at the bottom of the big brae, they were above that) - and Calum had his boat out moored off it, the 'Liberator'. And, in front of Dougie Leitch's shed there used to be a log where they sat down and talked, and I don't remember when I met Calum first, but he used to go round and sit on the log and talk, you know, and I was small and I sat down beside him and talked to him, and I got to know him that way; and his boat was out there, and I said "Oh I'll go to the fishing" to him, so I went to the fishing with Calum - and that's how I got to know Calum Johnson. He was a very independent man, and he had a son called Malcolm, and his wife was from Shetland. And I used to sit and talk to him and I got to know him well, and when I went out to the fishing with him I got to know him very well.

...Now at that time, would I be correct in saying that there would be no Gaelic openly used- or habitually used- in Tarbert? / There was Gaelic openly used, but not habitually. / So it was possible, then, to hear conversation in Gaelic? / It was, yes. ... among the older men and women, yes. / How frequent would that be? / Pretty frequent. ... Dougie Leitch used to keep his shed, and it was a boat-harbour shed, he used to build boats there during the winter, and the fishermen used to come in for a blether, and stand and talk, and whittle away with their knives on bits of wood, you know, and they used to be talking away and, as I told you before, I never asked a question, and I never listened, I just remembered (?) something I heard, you know, and they used to come out with this and that, and I can remember it all. And I heard many a thing in Dougie Leitch's shed.

[I never asked a question, never. I wouldn't. They do now; I mean, you do, but I never did. It was different then, you know; they wouldn't like you to ask a question. ... I never asked a question, except twice. ... I wish I'd asked him more questions, Calum Johnson. May 1979.]

Were you out quite frequently with Calum Johnson? / In September, mostly; my holidays, you know. ...August and September. / Were you out every night the boat would be out...? / Very near it. / And that would be from quite an early age. / Sixteen on. / So you were old enough not to cause your mother any concern about going overboard, or- / Oh no, she never worried. I was on the hill, all the time, she never said the word "hill" to me yet - and you know, it's a rough hill, you know the hill yourself. I went out to the fishing, she never said the word "fishing", I don't believe she said the word

"fish" to me at all, no. / Did Calum Johnson know anything about your own fishing connections on the Hay side? / He would, but he didn't say anything about them, you know Tarbert. / [What was] your range of experience when you were out with Calum? / The bowcorks, and I was steering till sunset. / ... The bowcorks - is there anything in Gaelic for that? / I never heard it. / Was Gaelic used aboard the boat? / An odd word, 'toman o mackerel', and so on. / How extensive was Calum Johnson's Gaelic? / I think it was very extensive, but I think, in the summer, you know, in the holiday time, they used to speak English a lot - or speak Tarbert or English - and I came down in the holiday time, so I didn't hear them speaking as much Gaelic as they spoke really during the winter, you know. / I suppose to some extent his facility in the language would be diminishing year by year, through- / I think he was thinking it over all the time. ...I think so. / That of course would have been his first language. / It was, yes. / ...How many of the older people at that time would have been proficient in that sense in Tarbert? / Well I don't know because I was in Heatherknowe and I was always on the hill, I was hardly ever in the village, and I only ever met the people down by Dougie Leitch's shed, and so on, and I don't know one side of Tarbert, because I was very careful too, and I suspect there was a lot more Gaelic going on in Tarbert than I ever knew (from Tarbert, I mean). I was always on the hill, or I was across the road, into a boat and away down the West Shore again. (laughs) / So you'd be on the hill all during the day, then at sea at night. / (laughs) Sea at night, yes. / You wouldn't have been sleeping much, then. / Oh I was sleeping normally, aye. / Were you going all on your own to the hill? / Uhu. / ...You weren't meeting many people on the hill, no? / On the hill? No, you'd never meet anyone. / So the West Shore in your time was totally uninhabited? / Totally, aye.

George's removal to private school in Edinburgh in 1925, and consequent lack of peer friendships in Tarbert itself, must have contributed both to his lack of social engagement in the village community and to his notably uncomplicated, idealised identification with the village his father had portrayed so harshly in Gillespie. (Not that this lack of engagement should imply lack of acquaintance: even in his last years Hay's memories of Tarbert "characters" were vivid). It was as the son of a deceased minister that the boy received a full scholarship to attend John Watson's College, then in 1929 moved on to Fettes College. Hay's few references to those years are unenthusiastic - in the 1960 poem AN DRUIM-ÀRCAN 'S AN T-ÌOCHDAR, the fishermen welcome the youth back with protective affection "after all the seasons you've spent at school in Edinburgh, speaking Latin, and all of you being whipped like dogs"; and in 1941 army life is said to compare favourably with "that piece of Forever England, Fettes College" (Source 37, 2/6/42) - but the times seem to have been cheerful enough, and have been well evoked by Robert Rankin, Hay's closest friend at Fettes. Prof. Rankin has further written that

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we may have disagreed with the "public school" system, but I do not think we disliked Fettes, except perhaps during the first two years, because of the fagging system. I remember George being quite prepared to go and visit there after we left. ... I would say that, particularly during our last two years, we had quite a lot of freedom, and the company was in the main congenial, as we were in College (the house occupying the main building). This house was where the Foundationers [like Hay] and Foundation Scholars [from State schools, like Rankin himself] lived, although there were other boys as well. ... George, I think, would certainly have found Fettes more pleasant than his previous school, John Watson's. ... I think he would appreciate too that he got an extremely good classical education; things were not so good on the scientific side, but that would not worry him.

What Hay owed to his classical education would become very apparent in his poetry, even as he himself seemed to lose interest in the educational path cut out for him. Signs of his passion for Gaelic and sense of allegiance to the Highlands had already been manifested in his contributions to the school magazine The Fettesian: mostly submitted under the pseudonym "Ciotach" ("left-handed"), they included the poems LAMENT FOR RUARAIÐH MÓR MACLEOD and INNSE GALL; a skit on a Highlander's bemused reaction to Nationalist canvassing (LVI/5 [June '34], 331-332); a review of Twenty Years A-Growing, which comments that

the Gael has till now only been revealed to the world through a series of interpreters of varying sympathy and sincerity... But in this novel the Gael himself speaks out; for it was written by an islander without any self-consciousness, and without any of the posing which is so annoying in...worshippers of the mythical "Celtic Gloom". (LVI/6 [July '34], 424);

a melancholy short story Home lamenting the abandoned township of Balliver (*id.*, 432-434; an extract is quoted in Martin 1984: 67-68); translations from Irish poetry (*id.*, 430-431 and LVII/1 [Nov. '34], 56-57); and earliest of all, the facetious piece A Scene In The Highlands (which appeared in a Sassenach magazine), signed "Tighnabruach", of which a small extract will give the flavour:

There were all the sounds which make a summer evening in the Highlands delightful. Afar off was the lone note of a pibroch calling to its young; a furtive sporran rustled as it crossed Sandy's path; the pine-trees sighed in the wind, while the ptarmigans added their chirrup. (LV/4 [Apr. '33], 180).

Both Hay and Rankin won scholarships to take them in 1934 on to the next step of the English educational ladder: Oxford and Cambridge colleges. As the school magazine reported:

For many successes the Gods we are thankin',
Amongst them the Maths. Schol. at Clare, won by Rankin;
And, lest scholars in Maths. from our Classics should warp us,
Oxford's harvested Hay as a scholar of Corpus. (LVI/6, 360)

Hay seems to have enjoyed his Oxford years; his main memories some forty years later were of drinking and piping sessions through the night with Chris MacRae, a fellow Gael from Kintail. One friend remembered him as:

certainly the most colourful of an interesting bunch of fellow first years, at Corpus. You suggest that he was a pretty wild customer. I do not know that he was ever involved in anything nefarious, although I doubt if the dons had him listed as one of their most admirable students. He had a totally individual approach to study, as indeed to everything else. He hated philosophy, but loved language, and languages. ... His regard for authority was slender. His memory for words and phrases, in I do not know how many languages, was to me unique. I understand that at Greek tutorials he was ready to quote extremely rare Greek words, together with the known written occasions of their use, and reasons why that particular word had been used by its author, rather than any one of the doubtless many alternatives. ... He consumed a fair amount of malt whisky, as a student, but I do not recall this seriously impairing his faculties. He always claimed that it improved his playing of the pipes. (John Dunlop, letter to R A Rankin)

While another contemporary recalled that

he had quite a small sitting-room into which he would crowd many Scots and a few others drinking whisky and trying to talk against a background of bagpipes... He was very convivial - perhaps too convivial. He was pretty idle with regard to the official curriculum and got no way near as good a degree as his abilities deserved. (J O Urmson to editor)

Another friend also remembered Hay's good-humoured disregard for "authority": during a walking-tour in Lochaber in Summer '36, after

spending the night on the floor of what George called a bothy [we were] woken the next morning by a tall and well-dressed man - a gamekeeper? the landlord? - who strode in and demanded "And who might you be?" to which George commented "That is an example of the Indignant Subjunctive." (John Daffern, letter to R A Rankin)

On the subject of Hay's studies, Daffern also wrote:

He told me once that you can learn anything as long as you are interested in it. He may have pursued his own particular interests to the exclusion of more conventional studies, so only getting a fourth in his finals. He was said to have answered a question that was not asked in one paper, writing "No examination paper on this subject would be complete without a question on the Etruscan Vases. These were etc. etc." or something on these lines.

Undoubtedly Hay's interests had moved fast beyond the subjects of his academic study. As he had himself expressed shortly before "Greats" (final exams):

Greats are drawing nigh - shadow of the evening snoops across the sky. 'S mór m'eagal nach dean mi euchd no tapachd. Fada bhuaithe! Mar tha'n donas sa chùis, tha mi air tuiteam eadar an long s an laimirig - no eadar

fichead long s fichead laimirig. Between greats, Irish, Welsh, Icelandic, Anglo-Saxon, Swedish, Danish, Modern Greek and the need to learn German to read heavy tomes by Beloch and Brugmann - tha mo cheann bochd dìreach na bhrochan. However I'll get a degree of kinds, tho I dare say I'll be in some disgrace. (Source 51, May? 1938)

Idleness was hardly the problem; during that same last term, he had embarked on no less a project than the compilation of a Gaelic lexicography.

The idea is to give all the references, as nobody now can tell the status of a Gaelic word from a dictionary. It has to be done sometime, and I can only hope my efforts will save labour for somebody... Examples must come from Old Irish, Bardic usage and Keating as well. (Source 51, May? 1938).

Hay had started tackling Old Icelandic, in summer 1936, then Danish a year later "los cur seachad na h-ùine" (Source 47, 26/7/37). The account he gave Mrs. Fanny MacTaggart in 1942 gives another insight into his extraordinarily easy acquisition of new languages (Robert Rankin has testified to his phenomenal powers of memory in this field):

You ask where and how I learnt my Norwegian. I have to say it wasn't "the direct method" I used. First I learned Old Norwegian/Icelandic...from books, as the development of Gaelic could not be understood without a knowledge of the language that has given us so many words and expressions. Then I learnt Danish partly by reading, partly on board an old coal steamer going east to Copenhagen. The results when I went ashore were funny enough, for on board the ship they spoke pure Bornholm dialect, and some of their expressions weren't as refined as they might have been. Then I sought other places between Larvik and Mandal on board another [Icelandic] freightship, and when I saw your lovely country and heard the manly Norwegian pronunciation, its tone so reminiscent of that to be heard at home in Argyll, "The Danish", I thought, "can have their Himmelbjerg and their glottal stop, but here is a country and people worth knowing". And then I would rather forget my Danish and learn my Norwegian. (Source 43, 25/10/42; transl. Arne Kruse).

That jaunt of Easter 1938 had also taken him to Iceland, whose language he found "in its sounds and intonation hellish like Gaelic" (Source 47, 18/5/38). All of Hay's holidays during those years were spent on yachting trips in the Clyde estuary and along the west coast (including a notable cruise in 1935 on the *Corrie*, a cutter which would inspire Hay one of his finest lyrics), and on hill-walking excursions in Lochaber, or in Tarbert (hunting on the hill, plashing by night, or out at the fishing in the *Liberator*). After the sale of Heatherknowe in summer 1935, Ingleside became the family base in Tarbert, until the death of the MacMillan sisters five years later.

At some point in his time at university, Hay made friends with Douglas Young, an

The testimonies of his contemporaries and Hay's own letters suggest that to a modest reserve he added a certain wild exuberance, perhaps related in no small part to perceived Highland traits; witness the incident recalled by Daffern:

After a Burnp Supper at Corpus, someone spilled beer over me, and I unwisely mentioned this to George. "Nobody is going to spill beer on a friend of mine!" he said, and searched furiously all round the College to find the man who did it, an oarsman well above George in height.

and Hay's remark to Rankin that

from their songs one feels that the "old men" must have been a bloody fine race. ... the ideal in the line "Leóghan, leanabh agus rìgh" isn't barbarous or anything like it. What they admired was a man who was gentle and even soft but fierce and wild when the occasion called for it. (Source 47, Dec. 1936)

/s Whether by temperament or emulation, there was much of Hay himself in that description.

From the time of his return to Edinburgh in 1938, Hay's diary (Source 5) and his voluminous correspondence with Douglas Young (generally on matters political or poetical, Source 37), as well as to the Rev. Kenneth MacLeod (Source 45) and Robert Rankin (Source 47), all provide a lively picture of Hay's activities in the next few years. In the course of the 1930s Scotland experienced a pronounced resurgence of political and cultural nationalism, and once back in Edinburgh Hay threw himself into the service of the cause with a characteristic single-mindedness.

Hay's nationalist feelings appear to have been roused (at least at a romantic level) at an early age, to judge by his WINDS O' ALBA. At a later date, commenting that it was "hurt racial pride" that had made the 19thc. Gaelic poet William Livingston a nationalist, Hay added: "a very sufficient reason, and I myself was one of that kind ages before I further developed into one of the statistical variety" (Source 37, Feb. 1940). His anglicised schooling may have helped fan the flames, too, but in any case Hay's teenage years coincided with the growth of a vocal and increasingly distinctive nationalist movement whose very marginality in the world of conventional party politics seemed to encourage a compensatory flamboyance. Hay may have been in no position to join Wendy Wood's Scottish Watch youth brigades but it is not hard to imagine him delighting at her well-publicised stunt at Stirling Castle in June 1932, when the Union Jack was replaced ever-so-briefly by the Saltire. (Her name figured repeatedly in a school debate in Fettes that October, on the topic of Scottish Nationalism; see The Fettesian LV/1, 17-18).

It may help to give a summary account of nationalist politics in the 1930s. The 1920s had seen the steady demise of the old pre-war Home Rule All Round policy. In spite of the Scottish Home Rule Association's strenuous lobbying, little was achieved, partly due to the irrevocable collapse of the Liberal Party (the principle champion of Home Rule) and equally because of the precarious position of Labour right up till the war. Doubts were being entertained as to the usefulness of the SHRA's tactics as early as 1924, following the failure of Buchanan's Home Rule Bill, but the Association nevertheless pressed ahead with a poorly attended Scottish Convention and the drafting of a new Bill demanding Dominion status for Scotland. First impeded then talked out, the bill was re-introduced in 1928 by the Rev. Barr, MP for Motherwell and Coatbridge, in the face of overwhelming Unionist opposition, and a decided coolness in the (minority) Labour ranks. Even Tom Johnston who seconded the bill was later to admit to "misgivings about [its] proposal to take all the Scots members away from Westminster" (Johnston 1952: 65), at a time when Labour could ill afford to have its numbers depleted if it was ever to hope to form even a minority government. In addition, the by now open hostilities between Labour and the ILP greatly reduced the Scottish influence in the formulating of parliamentary party policy.

In this period too the labour movement generally was shedding its home-rule preoccupation and stressing the idea of international solidarity among workers; the failure of the General strike of 1926 and the ensuing anti-union laws put paid to any dream of revolutionary upheaval but equally strengthened the case for *British* class politics. In 1931 (in the depth of the Depression) the STUC finally buried its commitment to home rule (though not without substantial opposition), and indeed even considered amalgamation with the TUC, "a suggestion which would have been inconceivable a decade earlier" (Webb 1978: 68).

The failure of Barr's Bill in 1928 signalled the end of the road for the SHRA, and undoubtedly precipitated the formation of the National Party of Scotland that same year (which also saw a nationalist candidate come within sixty votes of Prime Minister Baldwin in the Glasgow University rectorial election). Cross-party lobbying was deemed to have failed and the home rule cause was henceforth to be put directly to the electors as another contestant in the political arena. The Party was the result of negotiations between Roland Muirhead of the SHRA, the Scots National League (founded by Ruairi Erskine of Marr and standing for Sovereign Independence and Gaelicisation, on the Irish model), the tiny but vocal Scottish National Movement (a literary group founded by journalist-poet Lewis Spence) and the energetic members of Glasgow University Student Nationalist Association.

The latter, an ad hoc group formed to fight the Rectorial, had a brilliant orator in John MacCormick, and he was to become the prime mover in the national movement for the next twenty years.

Electoral recognition did not come easily, although the party did see its membership grow to 8000 within three years and its share of the vote in by-elections rise to 17% (it also clocked a victory in the 1931 Glasgow Rectorial with Compton Mackenzie). The Tory administration's 1929 re-structuring of local government in Scotland, with its abolition of parish councils and local education authorities and its curtailment of small burghs' powers, was carried through in the face of widespread opposition in the country and probably fanned the flames of nationalism, but MacCormick's principal concern was how to translate such resentment into votes for his party and how to attract mainstream moderate opinion. Since the party needed respectable personalities and powerful benefactors, to give itself a higher profile and solid financial base, MacCormick was intent on distancing the Party from the plethora of highly colourful but embarrassing "extremists" who seemed all too able and willing to make the headlines; there was also a determined effort to steer the Party away from the literary-intellectual circles which had dominated the Home Rule movement. The job was made easier by the inability of the "mavericks" to exist and work well in a party context, with its necessary discipline and inevitable compromises. Erskine of Marr, a believer in the primarily spiritual value of cultural nationalism, retired to the south of France in 1930, bitter at the collaborationist developments in the new party; in 1932, apparently disgusted by a telegram of loyalty MacCormick had sent the king (and after the party leadership had disowned the Stirling Castle incident), Wendy Wood formed her own party, apparently at the invitation of some Fife miners: the separatist, anti-capitalist and anti-Fascist Democratic Scottish Self-government Organisation; Hugh MacDiarmid, who had in no way altered or tempered his outspoken allegiance to communism was expelled in 1933. MacCormick courted Liberal and Unionist opinion, and especially sought rapprochement with the new Scottish Party (formed by a Cathcart Unionist splinter-group). In 1933 he manoeuvred for the expulsion of the most troublesome and antagonistic caucuses in the Party, the London branch and the South-East Area Council, and the following year - the year Hay headed for Oxford - the NPS amalgamated with the Scottish Party to form the Scottish National Party. The apparent betrayal of the radical ideals of the 1928 party, and the sight of the Duke of Montrose fronting the SNP platform, was too much to stomach for many activists, and the Party in one swoop lost a fifth of its membership (of 10 000 in

1934). By the time Hay returned to Edinburgh, party membership stood around 2000.

This streamlining may have been inevitable in the bid for political acceptance, but the teething problems were far from over, and the SNP remained totally marginalised throughout the decade, in spite of the dramatic collapse of Labour organisation in central Scotland (after the suicidal secession of the ILP), black economic depression and a renewed surge of home rule sentiment. The 1929 Labour government had run into immediate problems with the Wall St. Crash, and within two years Ramsay MacDonald had entered into coalition with the Conservatives. Although the "National Government" swept the board in 1931 and again in 1935, its lack of policy failed to stave off the worst effects of the recession, which gripped the Scottish economy by the early 1930s and lingered there longer than in the rest of Britain. To alleviate the country's over-dependence on the stricken industries of steel and shipbuilding, the Central Belt was designated a special "development" area to be targetted in the encouraging of new light industries. The designation did not improve things overmuch - Tom Johnston, writing about the "real bellows which blow the fires of Scots nationalism" such as "the almost perpetual preponderance of our unemployment figures *vis-a-vis* England and Wales", has recorded that

In the period 1932-1937 there were 3217 new factories started in Great Britain, but Scotland got only 127 of them, or one in every 25; and during the same period we closed 133 factories, so we actually lost on balance. We had serious emigrations of our healthiest stocks of citizenry; we had 300 000 houses without water-closet; our maternal mortality was 50% higher than in England and Wales, our infant mortality was 25% worse; our army rejects were 6% higher; control of some of our banks was moving south to Lombard Street. (Johnston 1952: 65).

If in the face of such desolation the eyes of one poet at least were "not on Calvary, or on Bethlehem the Blessed", neither it seems were the eyes of the electorate on the Brightness of Brightnesses of Scottish Sovereignty, and the lack of any coherent economic programme in the SNP did little to increase the Party's appeal. Labour meanwhile at municipal level consolidated its base in the industrial heartland (local elections were a battle-ground the SNP ignored).

The overloading and clogging up of business in the Imperial Parliament was too obvious to deny, but the Conservatives resisted all pressure for legislative devolution, opting instead for important physical decentralisation of administrative government. They increased the powers of the Secretary of State for Scotland and commissioned a new government building on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh: already

by 1936, 95% of Scottish civil servants were based in the capital and two years later St. Andrew's House was officially opened. For all the SNP's lack of impact in the later '30s, home rule sentiment was once again vocal and the need for distinctive Scottish planning increasingly accepted. Tom Johnston both as Labour's Scottish Affairs spokesman and then as Scottish Secretary during the war years consistently used the tide of nationalist feeling to get his own way at Cabinet committees, arguing that "devolution was imperative if a sort of Scots Sinn Feinism was to be obviated". (Hay's diary quotes Johnston evoking "the feeling of frustration and hopelessness in Scotland growing like a paralysis", and his appeal to all parties, "while there yet was time and before a new Sinn Fein movement was created across the Northern Frontier, to make democracy efficient and workable" (Source 5, 9r); true to form, Wendy Wood had a letter published the very next day (15/12/38) warning of just such a development).

The clouds of economic depression did lift temporarily with the approaching prospect of war and the consequent upturn in the steel and shipbuilding industries. The issue of war also raised particular fears and hopes in the nationalist movement, highlighting divisions in the ranks and finally serving as catalyst for a dramatic split in the SNP.

When Hay returned to Edinburgh, the questions which had long plagued the party - on the degree of autonomy it was campaigning for, and the best way of attaining it - were hardening into factional disputes. With the apparent failure of the electoral strategy, and encouraged by the renewed interest in home rule apparent in both Labour and Liberal circles, MacCormick appeared to be moving back to the old SHRA tactic of lobbying the British parties (a move made easy by the links which existed, through dual membership, between the SNP and other parties). Such a policy was also of necessity devolutionist rather than separatist. Its strategic weakness, however, was that the SNP's unimpressive showing at the polls had revealed how marginal a vote-catcher single-issue nationalism actually was (however broadly sympathetic the electorate), and this left the SNP in a far weaker bargaining position than the SHRA had ever been. In any case MacCormick's devolutionary stance and political flirting was anathema to many activists, and particularly those "fundamentalists" who believed the SNP should stand for complete sovereign independence; some of these had quit or been expelled from the NPS at the time of the amalgamation but were trickling back into the new party in the later '30s (re-forming, for example, the collapsed Edinburgh branch). Further alienation was provoked by MacCormick's rather authoritarian style of leadership (with policies being decided in smoky backrooms among a small caucus

of supporters, and inter-party contacts made without consultation). Nevertheless, MacCormick's "moderate" policies gained ground, leading in 1939 to plans for a National Plebiscite and the calling of a National Convention which was only prevented by the outbreak of war. And it was SNP policy on the war which added yet another faultline to the already over-accidented terrain of nationalist politics. By the time Hay returned to Edinburgh, two distinct factions were discernible in the party, with the "fundamentalists" – for outright independence, by electoral opposition to other parties – tending also to be firm anti-conscriptionists.

The movement had its pacifists, most notably the veteran campaigner and erstwhile owner of the Scots Independent, Roland Muirhead. The Scottish Neutrality League, set up in June '39 by Arthur Donaldson (an opponent of the 1934 amalgamation, who after the war was leader of the SNP till the 1960s) denied "the right of any government to conscript us for foreign wars and [demanded] the withdrawal of conscription in Scotland", arguing that the country should claim neutrality like Ireland or Switzerland, since "our only risk of war comes from our connection with England and her overgrown, wobbly Empire" (SI Nov 1938: 14). Obviously much of the debate centred on the Treaty of Union and the delimitation of Westminster's rights. Wendy Wood's Anti-Conscription League declared "that the Treaty of Union, 1707, ... has been violated, and I therefore claim my constitutional right as a citizen of Scotland, to refuse all military service under the British Government"; slogans were stencilled in towns throughout the country, declaring "We will fight no more in England's wars – Éirich Alba", and somewhat more cryptically "1715, 1745, 1938 – Third time's lucky" (see the first issue of The Voice of Scotland Summer 1938). The meticulous case later defended in court by Douglas Young included the SNL argument that the Treaty of 1707 specifically precluded the right of Parliament to conscript Scots for foreign service, but also held the fall-back position that the numerous violations of the Treaty rendered the Anglo-Scotic association null and void and invalidated the authority of Westminster in Scotland. In 1937 the Annual Conference of the SNP passed a motion declaring itself "strongly opposed to the manpower of Scotland being used to defend an Empire in the governing of which she has no voice" and pledged that "all male members of military age [would] refuse to serve in any section of the Crown forces" until the Party's programme had been fulfilled.

"This was a pretty strong resolution" wrote Young,

but no way out of the ordinary for a national movement if one reflects on the history of national movements in general. It struck me that, if one was to be serious at all about self-government for Scotland, it was only proper to

be serious about the most serious aspects of the question. Accordingly the question of Scotland's position in a war was of more importance than the incidence of infantile mortality, overcrowding in slums, electrification of railways, construction of road-bridges over the Forth and Tay ... and all the other stock-in-trade of nationalist platforms. (Young 1950: 56).

Young and Hay both resolved to stand by the 1937 policy, which subsequent Party Conferences overrode as war became an ever more likely eventuality.

Much of Hay's earliest diary (from December 1938) is taken up with the worsening international situation and his own political activities, with the disarray in the nationalist body reflected. The movement is deplorably divided and piecemeal, with supporters

all being sidetracked into being Communists, Labour men, Liberals and God knows what. If they had eyes in their heads they would see that under the present dispensation nothing will be done for the good of the people... Surely they can at least see how thin the cloak of Parliamentary representation is wearing, and notice the Fascist posturings of those on high.

In December '38, having expounded to his new friend Kenneth MacLeod on the many signs that "Scotland is awakening" (including, "the most startling thing of all... that even some Glasgow Clan Societies have started agitating for more Gaelic at their meetings"), Hay continues:

even in a comparatively quiet city like Edinburgh it grows clear that the future holds for us a Major War and almost certainly a social revolution with all the bitter struggles of Communism and Fascism. The most discreet paper cannot hide the fact that our government eyes Germany with a longing admiration, and that it has already gone far in the way of imitation. If anything happens it will be Fascist heads that I will be breaking, and there must be plenty of those among the Highland landlord families.

It is only honest for me to say that the prospect attracts me. Meanwhile Scotsmen must be prevented from marching in case of a war to give their lives on behalf of the future Bank of England and the armament firms, and to ensure that the natives of Kenya Colony and India continue to suffer slavery, hunger and death in our glorious Empire. Scotland has bled enough already.

This will seem feverish to you, and not like my old self, and it may displease you. The old self is still there, but when one sees the field being cleared for a struggle before one's eyes (though the process may take years) one must come to a decision and be ready to act on it. Am fear as cruaidhe dorn s as luaithe buille, is esan bhios an uachdar. (Source 45, early Dec '38)

Hay later reassured his disapproving correspondent:

But don't worry; we won't break any heads. We won't even indulge in repetition of the Lewis Deer Drive, although I think it would greatly benefit

our poor country. Years of propaganda are needed, for the Scottish people is distressingly dùsalach. (*id.*, 11/12/38).

Propaganda, and the occasional fireworks:

I still think that a little spectacular action, judiciously applied, has an immense galvanising effect. The island of Rum would supply a suitable arena for a dust-up; but who? The night's the night if the boys were the boys. ... If it's heathery enough it could be set off on a windy night. Simple and effective. (Source 37, 7/3/39).

By this time Hay had met Wendy Wood; having "imagined her a targe", he was surprised to find her "one of the most charming and vital people I have ever seen". He joined the couple's new organisation, the Comunn Airson Saorsa Na h-Alba, launched in October 1938; the anti-capitalist DSSO, deemed to have accomplished its aim of "prov[ing] to the Scottish masses that social progress was only possible through the struggle for national freedom", would now under its new name open its ranks to all political opinions, and seek to re-establish the Scottish State through the education of the people by propaganda. While the Scots Independent remained in the hands of Roland Muirhead, the Comunn was given space in its pages to report and propagandise, and a few of Hay's satirical pieces were thus published. (The paper also gave much exposure to the opinions of anti-conscriptionists and the Scottish Neutrality League, and openly criticised the stance of the SNP leadership; this led to pressure for a formal Party takeover, and the paper lost its independence in September '39).

In the course of its brief existence the Comunn inaugurated a campaign advocating native production for native markets, announced that it had "accepted a pact of peace between the IRA and Scotland" (presumably through MacAindreis' Irish connections), sought to launch a National Plebiscite on the issue of self-government, and organised protest meetings at Rosyth naval yard, following the eviction of Scots by the Admiralty. (SI Jan, Apr, Jun, Jul 1939). This last activity is mentioned in a revealing letter to Young, where Hay expounds at length on the requirements of the Party: less doctrine-mongering, more propaganda of reason, stronger emotional appeal ("‘Empire’ ‘democracy’ ‘our liberties’ have still most of the appeal here ... better things could be substituted for them. ‘This ancient people of Scotland’. You know the sort of thing. It must be done."); nationwide active organisation; and finally political opportunism:

Opportunism is necessary.... I mean merely that favourable circumstances must be exploited at once and fully, before they no longer exist. And they can even be created. And for doing this one must have neither doubts or scruples. Unfortunately opportunists of this kind are born not made. An example. You know about Rosyth of course - neglected since the war and

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now the recipient of doubtful favours. A mass eviction of 400 by the Admiralty and the arrival of swarms of English hands (as if there were no such thing as a Scottish shipyard hand unemployed.) What an opportunity... The Comunn Airson Saorsa Na h-Alba alone took the chance, and they have left the place a boiling pot of racial hatred (it will be given a stir frequently.) Thus the emotion is supplied. If one has doubts or scruples these things can't be done. If such things aren't done nothing will be achieved. (Source 37, Friday/4/39).

By February 1939 Hay had started attending classes in Middle Irish at the house of Carmichael-Watson (the young Professor of Celtic in Edinburgh), and obviously made a favourable impression:

The late Prof. MacKinnon left behind many tomes of interleaved Gaelic dictionaries, with his additions and annotations. They are to be prepared for publication under a grant of £100, and Watson asked me if I would be willing to undertake it. As they say at home "I could hardly refuse the sowl" – so that's that, and it couldn't be better.

With regard to my own work he pointed out rightly that it was premature to compile a dictionary with hardly anything properly edited, and the spelling in chaos. He suggested that I should annotate two minor poets such as Eachann Bacach and Mairearad Ni'n Lachainn, which flattered me vastly. It seems as if the good Gaelic doesn't intend to play a nasty trick on me after all. (Source 47, 14/2/39).

Much of his correspondence with Young in this period was taken up with politics, as well as various plans for publication of their poetry. Young seems to have entertained doubts about the anti- conscription stance, for in one letter Hay sets about rebutting his "immense change of front":

You say that as we are placed we should fight for our pluto-democracy, wretched as it is, against the much worse Nazi Germany. Firstly brethren, I see the pluto on occasions, but never the -democracy.... The House of Commons is now a farce... Public opinion is powerless in big issues... Such pretences as there are of democracy, and such civil rights as are left will automatically disappear with the declaration of war, perhaps never to reappear. ... It would only be another Empire and Markets Balance of Power war ... and one can't go and fall into line in such an affair. ... Really, to fall into line and fight a war although it were against the devil himself would be very much the worse of the two evils. You know yourself that from the Nationalist's and from the genuine left-wing point of view the enemy is between here and the Channel, and needs more careful watching every day.

As for nationalism being too strong a drink for Scotsmen to swallow, I think that is doubtful; and over-caution is a fatal error, for it creates apathy. You can't lead people on by walking back to meet them. I know that there are more than a 100 people who think Scotland, even at the present juncture, comes first. ... What's more the children are coming into the movement, and

every meeting brings more members. The general body of the country is still fairly rotten, and ready to behave in the usual conditioned reflex way, but we will not improve that by following suit. In the last war...there were 1 191 Socialist objectors, of whom 805 belonged to the ILP. A mere nothing, but they were at the time our only true Socialists, and the value of their example is no mere nothing. They were ready to assume the responsibilities as well as the honours of being in the vanguard, and if nationalists do not do the same nationalism will retreat. But if they don't shrink, nationalism will be raised to a higher and more serious plane. ... A lot of the Central Belt and the South receive nationalism with joy, and Comunn Airson Saorsa Na h-Alba finds recruits that are even more advanced than itself, which is saying a lot! (Source 37, 15/5/39).

In that same letter Hay announces that, having "just sent the trustees my estimate of how big MacKinnon's book is likely to be" (at which point the project ran into trouble finding a publisher and was dropped), he is heading off "to cover the North between Cowal and Kinloch Hourn with SI's and other kinds of propaganda.... It is good for a party to appear as if it was everywhere". Around this time plans were announced in the paper for the formation of a new group, the Young Scottish Nationalists, and by October, after a summer out in the West, Hay joined up. The group's main activities were canvassing and selling SIs around Mid-Lothian, as well as decorating Arthur's Seat and the Castle Rock with appropriate slogans. Wendy Wood and MacAinndreis had repaired to an abandoned croft where they were to spend the war years, partly to renew their energies after years of strenuous peripatetic activism, but also to demonstrate the viability of a Highland crofting life, "crofting and fishing [being] the only natural Highland industries, and the Highlands...the only real Scotland" (Wood 1946: 14).

Hay had now enrolled at Moray House College (session 1939-'40) to train as a classics teacher, in the vague hope of obtaining a post in the Highlands, but he dropped out of the course the following May. With the outbreak of war, the SNP was under pressure to clarify its position, and in December at a special conference called to decide the issue the party agreed to support the Government, although this declaration of support was ammended to offer some protection for the fundamentalists, urging that "the definition of conscientious objection should be enlarged to include objections based on profound political conviction." The Party soon had the opportunity to test its support in a by-election in Argyll. As it had no part in the National Government it was under no obligation to respect the electoral war-time truce observed by the British parties, and throughout the war the SNP used elections as an ideal canvassing ground for its policies. The candidate was a well-respected associate of MacCormick's, journalist William Power, who stood on the ticket of "staking Scotland's claims to consideration in the post-war

settlement" (SI April 1940: 7). Hay spent time trekking through the Argyllshire hostels, canvassing and distributing literature (including a Gaelic pamphlet he had written himself for the occasion); the support he reports encountering was probably not exaggerated, as there were predictions that Power might in fact win. On the eve of polling day, however, Hitler launched his attacks on Norway, Denmark and Holland, and Britain entered the fray for real. A swing to the Government candidate was inevitable, but the SNP still notched up 38% of the vote. At any rate the campaign signalled a lull in the internal struggles of the Party, but these surfaced again soon enough. For the party leaders, and what they regarded as "the sane element in the Party", the situation regarding the war had been "well in hand, and we were able to march in step with Scottish public opinion", but a minority disagreed with this shifting policy, and, as MacCormick puts it, "the malcontents were noisy and troublesome". (MacCormick 1955: 97). Hay's own frustration at the SNP erupts in a letter of 21/8/40, which also illuminates aspects of his political poetry:

We are continuing our activities here (mainly the S.I.)... but the muckle diel knows what's to be done about our Glasgow Führers... Their main concern seems to be to appear orthodox and respectable... They do no fundamental thinking about the why and whither of this war, and will hardly be able to say the proper things to hungry, unemployed and bewildered millions after the war. ... On what grounds they presume to direct affairs it's hard to see. Do they even know how strong or otherwise Nationalism has become? I dare say their only criteria are sales of the S.I. and increase in party membership. ... If they would find out what is being said in Youth Hostels and Schools they might be surprised...

They express no will... They compromise and yield, and discuss after the manner of a debating club when they should be thrwn and sure of themselves. As they do not lead, people will never follow them, and as they do not stand their ground people will never range themselves behind them.

Another example of their timorousness is their fear of being called romantic. Montrose jeered at a party composed of "poets" and suggested we wanted one made up of "business men". We have business men, and to spare, and look at the results. Everyone knows by now that they are fond of statistics, returns and wool prices, and that's all to the good as far as it goes. But if they do not display some soul or spirit ... the romantic creature that lurks within the greater part of Scotsmen (and of human beings) will feel cold and draw away. ... As far as they are concerned the Gaelic language doesn't exist, nor kilts, nor pipes. They ought to study the romantic nature of pre-1914 Ireland, and of the '16 people. ... They do not offer the necessary pageantry; nor do they offer the necessary enemy. In real fact England browbeat Scotland into political captivity, and ruined her, and was glad to do it. The English treat us with disdain but all they do is to yelp, and be

silent again, like a kicked dog. They might cultivate the retentive memory and the revengeful spirit, by which Ireland kept her fire alight, and Scotland once did ... However, no talking will put misneachd into bodachs. They are typical, stinking Whigs, and that's the truth of the matter. (Source 37, 21/8/40).

At the end of April Hay had appeared before a local tribunal to explain himself. "I was no sooner in than out, and the tribunal avoided any real discussion of nationalism" Hay recorded. "Will appeal as a matter of tactics." To Young he wrote:

I told them in my appeal that I was ready to do agricultural work and serve against parachute troops and other invaders of Scottish soil. The point is that I am ready to mitigate the effects of the war on the Scottish people, and a parachutist may be regarded as a kind of bomb. ... Of course my willingness applies only to Scotland, and the English can look after themselves as far as I am concerned. There are about 40 000 000 of them and they should be able to make a shape at it. Nor has my attitude to the war changed, like that of so many people recently. (Source 37, May(post-16) 1940).

And a later letter, describing German bombing raids on Edinburgh and Leith, reveals a more ruthless attitude:

Ach feumar aideachadh gu bheil na Sasunnaich a' faotainn a' chuid as miosa dheth, 's bu chòir gum faigheadh. Ghabh iad d'an ionnsaigh fhéin a h-uile sògh beairteas cliù is urram a bhuineadh do na trì rìoghachdan, agus anis gabhadh iad gach bomb peileir agus slige-spreadhaidh. A dh'innseadh na firinn, cha n-eil truas agam riu. Cha robh iad fhéin ach mosach riamh, agus cha n-eil anns na h-uachdarain aca ach seanndaoine leibideach d'am bu chòir a bhith 'sa chill. Is iomadh Albannach tapaidh òg a fhuair bàs obann air tàillibh nan seann chullach ud, agus is e mo dhòchas is mo dhùrachd fhéin nach bi e 'na bhàs gun éirig. (Source 47, c 20/8/40).

But it has to be admitted that the English are getting the worst of it, and it's only right that they should. They took for themselves every resource richness honour and glory that belonged to the three kingdoms, so now let them have every bomb bullet and explosive. In all truth I've no sympathy for them. They've never been anything but meanminded, and their lords are just worthless old fools who ought to be in the grave. Many's the brave young Scot who met a sudden death on account of those old eunuchs, and I just hope and pray that it won't have been a death without its price.

In July he started duties at Holyrood Palace with the Local Defence Volunteers, and attended his appeal tribunal (which predictably upheld the decision of the Local Tribunal). Hay was clearly beginning to feel the pressures of his political defiance and uncertain future, and his morale seemed to be wilting:

Scott wrote me last week, asking if I was still in existence. I am - but exceedingly dorrnach, mostly owing to my personal situation, for as you

can imagine I am much dissatisfied with myself. However, there's no use in that. (Source 37, 16/7/40)

And his diary records a rare moment of introspection:

Who am I, and what have I done so far? Not much. I was a scholar, and am a B.A. of Oxford. We can cross that out. I can sail and look after a boat up to 15 or 20 tons, I could make a hand at the ring-net fishing, I can use a rifle moderately accurately; I can play the pipes and the recorder, and sing about 200 songs, mostly Gaelic; I can speak Gaelic, Danish and English, and read also Swedish, Icelandic, Irish, Modern Greek, Greek, Latin, French, and with a lot of dictionary thumbing Welsh and Spanish; I can also draw moderately well. Have I done anything? - written some poetry in English, Scots and Gaelic, had a few articles and sketches published, 3 or 4 lyrics set to music by F.G. Scott, translated poetry from Modern Greek, Icelandic, Welsh and English into Gaelic, and from Irish and Gaelic into English (And tr. 2 Middle-Irish tales to Sc. Gaelic); composed maybe 15 melodies, half of which are passable, and edited part of Prof. Alec [sic] MacKinnon's lexicographical remains in preparation for the press. What a mixture-maxture, and it amounts to very little. But never mind, I have good friends, and have seen good days by hill and sea, and may see them again yet. Yet I am not very pleased with myself. Well, give over this introspection. (Source 5,)

More and more of Hay's fellow objectors were deciding to abandon their protest and joining up -

since Scotland was in danger" etc. As if Scotland weren't in continuous danger from her gluttonous Southern neighbour. What weak-kneed, weak-minded windbags! (Source 37, 1/8/40).

He himself received a notice of medical examination, which he disregarded, and was informed that failure to explain himself immediately would make him liable to summary arrest and detention. He explained himself obligingly:

thuir mi riu nach robh smachd no reachd aca air Albannach 'sam bith, bho'n rinn iad stròicean caola de Chumhnant an Aonaidh. ... Ma leigeas iad leam fanaidh mi an so a dhà no trì de sheachduinean, air eagal gun toir na Gearmailtich ionnsaigh air an dùthaich so 's gun téid aca air a ràdh gun do ruith mi air falbh 's gun do thréig mi mo phost. B'urrainn daibh mo mharbhadh na'm b'àill leo. Ach ma bhòs e soilleir nach tig na Gearmailtich air an trà so bheir mi a' Ghàidhealtachd orm, oir tha àite no dhà agus deagh Albannach no dhà air a bheil mi eòlach an sin. Codhiù, tha mi cinnteach à aon nì - cha strìochd mi do mhuinntir Lunnainn. (Source 47, c 20/8/40).

I told them they had no authority or power over any Scot, since they'd made shredded strips of the Act of Union. ... If they leave me alone I'll stay here another two or three weeks, in case the Germans attack this country and they accuse me of running away and abandoning my post. They could kill me if they wanted to. But if it becomes clear that the Germans won't appear this time round I'll take to the Highlands, since there are one or two places

there where there's a good Scot or two that I know. Anyway, I'm sure about one thing - I won't submit to the London people.

An article in the September issue of the Scots Socialist reiterated this opposition, denouncing the fraudulence of the Government's declared war aims, then at some point in October, Hay took to the hills of Argyll. Contact was maintained with the outside world through agents in Glasgow (possibly of the Neutrality League's Mutual Aid Committee), and proselytising did not cease: a letter to the S.I. in January urged the Party to form and publicise a policy for the Gaelic language now that it was perceived as a "level-headed and prosaic" body rather than a rag-bag of "fashionless romantics", and in the May issue he reported the banning of Gaelic in Canada (a war-time measure) and advocated more radio time for the language in Britain; the Scots Socialist was the recipient of further articles, in English and Gaelic (under the pseudonym "Ciotag").

Early on May 3, however, raids were carried out on the homes of nationalist radicals throughout the country, including Roland Muirhead (pacifist Honorary President of the SNP) and Arthur Donaldson (of the Scottish Neutrality League) who were both incarcerated, the Rev. John MacKechnie (Gaelic scholar and activist, and Scots Independent Gaelic columnist), Douglas Young, the Hays and other Edinburgh Young Nationalists. That same day Hay was intercepted at Arrochar (where a meeting had been arranged with fellow YSNs). The raids had been ordered without the knowledge of Secretary of State Tom Johnston, possibly in over-reaction to the first broadcastings of the German "Radio Caledonia", and aroused some protest, but the SNP hastily pointed out that the action had been directed not at its own members as such but at fringe-groups "whose members delight to talk in revolutionary phrases on matters of which their ignorance is abnormal".

Hay's diary provides a racy and at times amusing account of his arrest and subsequent dealings with the authorities. Although at one point he feared accusations of assisting the enemy (the raiders at Catherine Hay's had been unduly excited by an old wireless set), he was tried for refusing to attend his medical, and sentenced to 10 days imprisonment. Taken to his medical and released after a few days in Saughton Prison, Edinburgh, he reported on 19 June to Earl Shilton, by Leicester, for service in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. As he later explained to Kenneth MacLeod:

B'e sin m'fhacal, agus rinn mi na b'urrainn mi a chum fanachd ri m'fhacal. Bha mi trì ràithean fo'n chàrn an Earraghaidheal - cuid de'n ùine "fo'n chàrn" am fìor dharribh. ... Leis na chunnaic mi de na meadhonan a chleachdas trusdairean an CID a chum a' chrìoch a tha uapa a thoirt amach 7 a chum daoine nach àill leo a' chur amach air a' chéile gu bràth bràth cha strìochdainn dhaibh Hitler ann no as. Ach bha iad ag cumail faire air an taigh re nan ochd mìos ud 7 a' lorgadh mo mhàthair nuair a bhiodh i amuigh, agus ged nach cuireadh a leithid ormsa cha robh e ag còrdadh rithe, rud a tha nàdurra gu leòir. Air an aobhar sin ghéill mi dhaibh ged a thug mo chridhe car 'nam chom nuair a rinn mi sin. (Source 45, 1942?).

That was my word of honour, and I did all I could to keep to my word. I spent three seasons "under the cairn" in Argyll – part of the time quite literally "under the cairn". ... With what I've seen of the methods used by the CID rascals to achieve their own ends and to divide people they don't like, never but never would I yield to them, Hitler or no Hitler. But they were keeping watch on the house during those eight months and tailing my mother when she would go out, and although that kind of thing wouldn't bother me, she didn't like it, which is natural enough. For that reason I gave in to them although my heart was in my throat when I did that.

His enlistment in that particular corps, for menial clerical work, he perceived as an intentional slight, and he was to note that "you certainly meet a lot of political bad boys in the Ordnance" (Source 37, 2/6/42). Life "in the khaki hordes" he found "startingly like life in a boarding school except it's not so bad" (*id.*, c July '41). He deplored the docility he perceived in most English privates, but was glad to note that "most of my compatriots...haven't the faintest trace of the spirit of subordination and are incredibly outspoken for poor bloody privates". In August Hay was moved to Catterick where he was engaged in clerking work in the Depot. A meeting with Sorley MacLean gave him "a rest from English speech and English inanity" (*id.*, 9/9/41). MacLean for his part wrote to Young:

With Deorsa I had two splendid afternoons and evenings when we talked Gaelic poetry the whole time... I had never before had such a full talk with him and I felt I knew him better than ever before... [He] looked splendid physically and was very cheerful. Politically Russia seems to have come to mean a great deal to him and, as far as I can see, he is reconciled to the fight against Hitler both because of the Russian business, and because he now regards the Nazis as the greatest curse to small nations. That is at any rate my reading of his remarks but actually we talked poetry chiefly. (NLS Acc. 6419/38(b), 7/9/41).

(MacLean's own decision to join the British army had not been without its moral uncertainties; he admitted to being "unhappy and diffident in not being on same side as yourself and Deorsa...who were the bravest and most unselfish men I knew, ...circumstances and my own judgement [having] put me by the side of those I hated and despised." *id.*, 11/9/41).

Hay's change of opinion was perhaps not as decisive as MacLean suggests,

judging from a letter to F G Scott:

Not a very glorious business, but I said I would defy them and I did my poor best. ... I'm not in a frame of mind conducive to creation. After all I damned well said I wouldn't let them get the better of me. But here I am in khaki. Yet the Germans are a very pestilence in their doings and perhaps one should be in khaki. On the other hand the English have been just as bad even recently, not on such a scale it is true, but that doesn't count. A curse on both their houses! I say, but it is not an attitude easy to express in action for "they" are both pretty powerful. Anyway, here I am in khaki and in some mental confusion and all that can be done is to wait and thole. (9/11/41).

"Wait and thole" seems to have characterised his attitude to army life throughout the war, with his mind firmly set on Scotland and the work which would need done once the war was over, and he continued to follow political developments back home with avid interest. The first was the rather spectacular split in the SNP, with which were linked the fortunes of his friend Douglas Young. MacCormick had made it clear in a resolution to be put to National Conference that he wished to steer the Party back onto the path trodden by the SHRA, advancing that the Party "having served its pioneering purpose by fighting elections against all other parties, should now regard itself as the agency which might unite Scottish opinion, irrespective of party differences, behind an agreed measure of Scottish Home Rule" (MacCormick 1955: 103). This was a red rag to the fundamentalist bull, and intended as such: MacCormick referred to the Conference as "a final trial of strength". In the event, the showdown took place around the election of a new Chairman, when MacCormick's candidate, William Power, was defeated by Douglas Young. Young himself was an unlikely figurehead for the fundamentalists, as he had always tended towards the devolutionist position and even argued in the Scots Independent for a federal Britain (he was to leave the party in 1952 when forced to choose between membership of it and Labour), but he was seen above all as the best-known and most articulate of the anti-conscriptionists; having exhaustively but unsuccessfully set-out his case in the High Court, he was on bail pending the result of an appeal. At the defeat of Power, MacCormick announced he was leaving the Party and invited his numerous followers to join him; they immediately formed Scottish Convention, which as a "forum...for [all] Scots...prepared to co-operate in a constructive plan for the permanent well-being of the Scottish Nation" (MacCormick 1943: 4), continued to be the main player in the nationalist movement until it simply ground to a halt in 1950, impotent, at the height of its success, in the face of a newly resolute British centralism.

Hay of course welcomed the parting of ways: "The young enthusiasts have kicked out the old wrigglers... Enter the Scots - exeunt Britti Septentrionales panourgoste". Young for his part did not have long to celebrate: in the days following, he heard that his appeal had been rejected, and he was incarcerated in Saughton for eight months.

At the beginning of November 1942 Hay boarded ship on the Clyde for the week-long journey to North Africa. The surprise landings of Operation Torch, planned to set off a decisive pincer advance on Rommel's desert army, were made on November 8, the Americans disembarking at Casablanca and Oran, and a joint Brito-American force at Algiers. By the 12th, 1st Army forces were occupying Annaba (Bône) and proceeding to cross the border into Tunisia. The Germans had swiftly reacted, however, overrunning Vichy France and pouring troops into Tunisia, where Rommel's Afrika Korps, under pressure from the 8th Army in Libya, had also retreated. By the end of the year Allied attempts to seize Tunis had stalled, but the fighting continued till the Spring; Rommel, after a failed attempt to push out eastward in March '43, was recalled by Hitler, and finally on May 12 German and Italian forces capitulated, surrendering 150 000 POWs.

Hay gave a description of his own duties at this time in a "screed with a purpose", sent to Young as part of a renewed effort to obtain a transfer to the Intelligence Corps (after the original application in Catterick had simply been disregarded):

Since I was taken into the Army I have pursued the occupations sometimes of an office-boy, sometimes of an amateur charwoman, sometimes of an unskilled stevedore. Since I came over here my chief profession has been loading and unloading lorries, though latterly I have been advanced to filing away forms in number order. (Actually these few days I am supposed to be ruling lines on sheets of paper.)

... For five months...I had a fairly sensible job, as Ordnance jobs go, that of looking after the Oxygen and Acetylene supply. ... I kept the records, scrounged the transport and the labour, kept the French who were doing the filling in trim, and often loaded and unloaded the lorries alone with the driver. (Cylinders weigh from one to 2 1/2 cwts.) For well over a month I was on my own. Ultimately I handed over this job to one sergeant, one lance-corporal, one clerk, two storemen and one Pioneer. So I can't be inefficient, even if you discount ten odd languages. In my opinion this glorious career will take some explaining. It's gone on long enough to become shocking, and now I'm going to have it explained. (Source 37, 4/8/43).

Although he was given an interview - consisting of language tests and "questions about education and antecedents and 'What games did you play?'" - the only explanation eventually forthcoming was an explicit rejection by the War Office in

October, then by the Intelligence Corps. Hay's persistence was out of a desire "for a comeback, rather than personal benefit":

I'm about as good a Christian as the old Ossian... As the Arabs say: "He who does not remember good and ill, Is not a man of worth". (*id.*, 24/12/43)

On top of his normal private's duties, Hay was acting as unofficial interpreter for his unit in French, Italian and Arabic, the last two of which he had been steadily acquiring since his arrival in North Africa. Frustrated by the tedium of his "vie routinière, moutonnière, paperassière", his unflinching preoccupation with the state of Scotland would turn to dark anxiety (expressed for example in ÉPREUVE DE DOUTE), if not near-paranoia, fuelled by news from home of continuing Bevinisation (the forcible removal, by industrial conscription, of hundreds of Scottish women down to armaments factories in England), continuing talk of emigration drives, relentless appropriation of Highland estates by English firms; even Tom Johnston's plans for a North of Scotland Hydro-electric Board he seemed to view as further exploitation of the Highlands for alien benefit.

When I think of Scotland now I do so with anxiety and bitterness, because I think that the maiming or extinction of the Scots as a nation is intended ... I think of her as a nation against whom a white war, biological and economic, is being waged under cover of this bloody war against Germany. (*id.*, 2/12/43).

News that he was to be sent to a new unit where he would be "instructing Italian prisoners in the mysteries of the RAOC" did not lift his spirits overmuch:

Resolute ignorance is the only path to salvation..., and indifference to the whole business the only reasonable attitude. Schweik's the stuff to give them. The one overriding consolation is that...I have great opportunities for proselytising, for it appears that the further away from home Scotsmen are, the more recipient they are. So, after all, I should be grateful. (*id.*, 20/12/43).

But if "notre chant est toujours *We're no awa tae bide awa*" and Scotland was still uppermost in his mind ("is e smior glan na firinne gu bheil mo smaointean mar is trice dà mhile de mhiltean uam an Albainn, eadar Ghàidhealtachd is Ghalldachd", Cor Litreachas Na Gàidhlig"), beyond the precincts of army life Hay was not unhappy in Algeria. He had quickly warmed to the Maghreb and made friends:

Africa is admirable, and there is a general air of life and a tolerance in small details (probably due to poverty) which are lacking in industrialised N.W. Europe. There is none of the ugliness which is the rule by the Clyde or the Tyne; there is more of natural good manners and less of convention and there are also some very bizarre smells to be dodged here and there. ... They show qualities here which would greatly benefit Western Europe, but W. Europe having all the machine guns doesn't worry about unmaterial qualities. She peers thru the sights and sees nothing beyond but phosphates, cork, cheap labour and what not. (*id.*, 20/4/43)

The war seems to have left us behind here. ... We used to rub shoulders with the folk, work with them, barter with them and visit their houses, but now we languish on a muddy slope girt by a barbed wire Great Wall of China. We might as well be in Britain. So you see it doesn't do to get too far from the front line. ...

Your correspondent is doing almost nothing but reading what French books he can lay hands on (and an odd Arabic one), blethering to the prisoners - his Italian having improved by leaps and bounds - and wondering when the hell he is going to get out of the place. I made a lot of friends and acquaintances of all sorts and conditions in the town nearby where we lay last winter, and it is pleasant to have to stop and speak to someone you know every twenty yards, but for all that I would like to move on. Though I would always want to come back and see the dockers, old white beards mounted on donkeys, serious country folk in striped hooded burnouses, fat pale shopkeepers in tarbushes and pantaloons, ragged beggars chanting "Er-rabbi yerahmek", shoeshine boys screeching in chorus..., cafetiers, mirailleurs who clap their hands in rhythm and chant monotonously things not fit for mixed company as they march along, and all the rest of the infinite variety... (*id.*, 2/10/43)

Although I'm over a year here I've not fallen out with North Africa yet. With French, Italian and Arabic I can always find a welcome and interesting company whenever I go, and as for the average common soldier abroad, and particularly the front line one, all that has been said is true. They are the salt of the earth. Among the Italians there are some good sorts, but an awful lot have the servile characteristics of crawling to their superiors and bullying those to whom they calculate it is safe to do so - e.g. the down and out class of Arabs. I've had to pull them up quite frequently for bugging Arabs about... Those unpleasant characteristics may be due to Fascism, or equally to their many years of military service. (*id.*, 14/12/43)

His move to the new unit was delayed by an attack of conjunctivitis which kept him in hospital for five weeks and cost him his new job as interpreter, but when he did rejoin the unit in February, he was given the duties of interviewing new recruits and producing an Italian news bulletin. Now "when I'm finished for the day, I'm finished", and there was time aplenty for reading and letter-writing. He had received the new fruits of the Scottish Renaissance which were tumbling out of William MacLeellan's press (with Hay's own first book in preparation): the new Renaissance flagship Poetry Scotland, collections of poetry by Sydney Goodsir Smith and Douglas Young, and above all Sorley MacLean's Dàin Do Eimhir. Not that Hay was short of reading material:

Sometimes I feel I'm interested in too many things, and reflect that I'd be hard put to make Somhairle's *comhchur* of them. Between the French intellectuals of [the literary journal] Fontaine, Sufi mystics, ill-assorted odds

and ends of Italian literature, the works of Anatole France, Berber poetry, Tunisian proverbs, and what's going on in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and so on, it's a braw mixture, yet nothing in variety to the types I meet on the streets and roads. But when I think again, I thank the Lord for diversity.
(*id.*, 18/4/44)

Around mid-June Hay's unit moved to Italy, where the Allies had finally broken through the Gustav Line at Monte Cassino (at the cost of heavy loss of life and the destruction of Europe's most venerable monastery), and pushed back German troops beyond Rome, up to the Gothic Line (running through Tuscany). Hay's unit remained in the south of Italy, in the region of Salerno and Naples, and Hay's job became one of "instructor and interpreter all in one". Ideas which had been brewing in Algeria here came to marvellous fruition, and over the next 18 months Hay produced some of his finest work, including his poems on war and on Arab themes.

News from home was encouraging, with the SNP making deceptively good showings at the polls in the special circumstances of the war-time electoral truce. Douglas Young, well-known by now for his stance against military conscription and Bevinisation, had taken 41% of the vote at a bye-election in Kircaldy in February '44. (Shortly after, he was again sentenced to three months' imprisonment for resisting industrial conscription, in a prosecution purportedly pushed by a vindictive Ernest Bevin and which won Young much sympathy). Then in April '45, Robert MacIntyre, son of a pacifist minister and himself a conscientious objector, won Motherwell and became the first SNP Member of Parliament; and a day after his election, the renowned nutritionist John Boyd Orr won a Scottish Universities seat on an independent nationalist ticket (Harvie 1989: 76). The advances were encouraging, and seemed to herald "a new phase of expansion which will require harder work than ever".

The way I saw it a long time ago is this. The choice was "Combattre ou disparaître" and I was damned determined there would be no disappearing. ... Things have moved quicker than [I thought], and we are no longer crying in the wilderness. But it is when we get self-government that the real work will begin, for self-government is only the means to an end – the end being to make Scotland a prosperous country without slums or unpeopled wastes, and with plenty of spirit and life. ... If it's [a big task] so much the better. No one in Scotland need suffer from frustration or feel that there's nothing worthwhile to do in this world. ... Don't think the political activity is "useless". On the contrary, it's necessary, and being Scotsmen, and awake, we can't do otherwise. (Source 37, 19/4/45).

Hay himself had been sounded out about standing in the post-war election for South Argyll, "but can you just see me engaging the ferocious Major MacCallum!"

(Source 41, 6/3/45). His vocation lay elsewhere, as he told Young:

Would my energies not be better concentrated on Gaelic, which is Scotland's most obvious mark of individuality and one of the hottest red embers under our heap of cinders. I think myself that Gaelic and writing are my sectors. (Source 37, 10/1/45).

Difficulties had arisen with regard to his projected Gaelic collection, and were not sorted out till Hay came back to Scotland on leave in the autumn of 1945. That Spring he had been promoted to the grade of corporal then sergeant, and on his return to Italy underwent a course on administration and instructional method and on the aims of the Army Educational Scheme, in preparation for a transfer to the Education Corps. (One of the official impediments to such a transfer two years before had been the requirement that Education staff should be at least 30 years old). The move was not without its price: the course's "almost complete neglect of Scotland in lectures on history and current affairs" (amply documented in Source 8) led Hay "into some brulzies" (Source 37, 26/11/45). He may not have been in a position to fight it out, but once back in Scotland, he was to record his grievances:

People in Scotland at least should know something about a body they are helping to support. It's not the money ... it's the abject position in which we find ourselves, paying for insults, patronising passing references, misrepresentation and neglect. ... [In both the occasional lectures by touring AEC personnel, and in the Army School of Education] the machine of government expounded was English. No one was aware that [Scottish] questions and problems existed, and they were frowned on (if you were too insistent about them, it was immediately decided...that your kit was in an untidy condition). The dope was all nicely laid down ... Indoctrination, in short, and English indoctrination for Englishmen." (Source 8, 29).

But the job did have its consolations – in the New Year, Hay could announce:

The Fates have been kind to me and sent me where I very much wanted to be sent, namely to Greece. This HQ is situated on a little headland called Kavouri, half-way between the Piraeus and Sunium, a very pleasant *αποτρηριον* overgrown with small pinetrees and girt with skerries ... Unfortunately it is this brigade's turn to serve in the more inaccessible parts, and next week we are going to Kavalla, over against Thases and damned nearly in Thrace. About half of the place-names round it are Turkish, and the map shows a magnificent vast marsh near it, whereas the mountains are some miles away. Not an enticing place from what I can judge. (Source 37, 2/1/46).

Once in Macedonia, there was little to do, and Hay as usual enjoyed mixing with locals. The Greeks (of the rural parts) he liked, for predictable reasons:

An taobh am muigh de na bailtean móra tha na's leòir de chruadal s de àrdan annta. Agus seòladairean na b'fheàrr sna bàtaichean beaga cha n-fhaca mi riamh. (Source 47, 27/1/46).

Outside the big cities they have hardness and pride aplenty. And better navigators in small boats I've never seen.

In a short story written soon after, he would paint a sympathetic portrait of a tough people, proud and generous in the midst of dire poverty:

Winter and the war that's gane, poortith and the cauld, send the men o Kavalla ... along the braes and doon thro the howes efter firean tae warm their weans or tae sell for breid. And sae it is – on thae days aboot the gait-tracks o Gamila ... ye may meet aa the gairit claes that are seldom tae be seen on the causeys o the toon, and hear the tales that the world, wi a weel-stechit wame, has nae patience for. The down dyvour, the herrit and hapless, stacher along they tracks, booed doon by the wid they aiblins hae pluckit wi their bare hands. Aften I didna ken whar tae pit ma een as they had telt me hoo they passt their months and years o war. It's nae that they mak a puir moo o't. There is smeddum eneuch amang thaim in spite o the fanklet threid o their fortune. And there are nae sornars amang thaim. They hae nevar as muckle as asked a cigarette frae me, and aften and aften they hae offert me ane. ... Siccan men ye wad meet on Gamila. Men wha had felt aa the wecht o the war, some wha had gane doon an' ithers wha had stood straucht. The factories o germany, the hames soopit bare by the Bulgarians – on Gamila I heard it aa. (Men On Gamila: 22-24).

These were troubled sectarian times, however, particularly in Macedonia, and all the more so in the run-up to the general elections of March 31:

Macedonia is still the old uneasy Macedonia one used to read of. You don't hear any talk of IMRO, though κομιταδζης is a common Greek noun yet, but factions abound. KKE and the Χιτες (what Brits [call] the 'royalist X organisation') are present, as they are everywhere in Greece, and there are also the 'Οχρανιτες, the Macedonian autonomists... The Armenian element, who "played the worst of roles under the occupation" according to a Greek acquaintance, are mostly 'Οχρανιτες. And of course there are the Bulgars, ...gazing greedily over the frontier towards the plains and coastlands where they committed so many atrocities. (Source 37, 2/2/46).

On election day, British troops were kept indoors; Kavalla registered an abstention rate of 48%(Source 8, 19v). At some point in late May/early June Hay was struck by "nervous trouble" and sent home by way of several hospitals, ending up in Carstairs. This is how Hay, over thirty years later, related what befell him:

It's a long story. ... I was an education sergeant and I was sent to Macedonia. And there had been the civil war in Greece, and the right-wing were on top. I was left-wing in my sentiments. In Macedonia I used to hob-nob with working-class people (I spoke Greek) and the right-wing people noticed this, and I was in a place called Kavalla, and they got a

¹ International Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation ² Bulgarian-Greek guerillas ³ Greek Communist Party

⁴ right-wing paramilitaries

notion I was a communist, and that was death in Greece at that time - I mean, the right wing were on top. There was a terrific to-do, knives and carabines and all the rest - and that's the origin of my getting my pension. ... I wasn't shot. I missed it narrowly. (SSS, 15/11/80).

This may have been the first time Hay spoke of the assassination attempt; his medical records mention no such event, offering only background information to the period: records relating to his admission to Lochgilphead Mental Hospital in November 1946, refer to the fact that he was apparently involved in Greek politics. "He was suspect in the army because of his leftish views, suspect by the Greek lefts because of his nationalism, and suspect by the Greek rights because of his left views. It is reported that his life was in danger for a time because of this". According to Catherine Hay:

In both Carstairs and Lochgilphead...they found it impossible to get him to talk of what brought on his breakdown in Salonika. Luckily there is a young doctor...who was a Lieut.-Colonel in the hospital at Athens, and he seems to have succeeded not only in getting George's liking but his confidence. (Source 47, 3/6/47).

The doctor in question died only a few years ago, and it would appear there is no more information to be had on the details of that tragic period. At any rate, whether precipitated by one traumatic incident or by accumulated war experiences, the outbreak of schizophrenia was to have incalculable effects on Hay's life and on his literary career. The seriousness of his condition does not seem to have been immediately apparent, as Hay made plans for his future:

Probably I'm a bit optimistic, but I hope to find [a livelihood] as a teacher in Edinburgh, then take my mother down to Tarbert and those parts. It's ages and ages since she saw her native land of Islay, to mention only one place. (Source 37, 20/6/46).

Hay was discharged from Carstairs at the end of July as partially disabled, and, as planned, repaired to Tarbert with his mother. Although he had withdrawn from teacher-training in 1940, he was awarded a Teacher's Special Certificate in Classics effective from the end of August. He was now thinking of finding a post in a Gaelic-speaking district, but was informed by [Argyll Director of Education] ^{the} that he would first be sent to Campbeltown Grammar School ("Ceannloch Cille Chiarain is not exactly the sort of place I would relish, but I'll try again". Source 37, 15/9/46). The intention was perhaps to have him teach Gaelic as well as Classics: that same month the Campbeltown Courier had reported rising demand for a local Gaelic teacher, with the local branch of An Comunn Gàidhealach submitting a petition signed by 40 parents to the Director of Education (CC 7/9/46). Before starting on teaching, however, having rented the old family house,

Heatherknowe, Hay intended to spend the winter in Tarbert, "thrang at the scribevin" of poems and articles, and working also on an anthology of Gaelic poetry for Nelson Publishers. But in November he was admitted to Lochgilphead Hospital. In his mother's words:

He went to Tarbert for some months and he was so happy rolling in and out of boats and climbing the hills, but I could sometimes see that he was not feeling well. Towards the end of November the crash came and though I wanted to try and take him round here [Edinburgh] it just didn't work out. I often think now that that was all for the best as he is happier in his beloved Argyll and among those kindly Gaelic speakers. They are awfully kind to him. ... [The young doctor] is hoping to get George to consent to having a course of [insulin] any time now. He has been very very ill but there is a definite improvement, and he is becoming interested again in what people are doing and reading, especially in Gaelic. (Source 45, 3/6/47).

By October '47 Hay was back in Tarbert and busily writing. Additions were made to Wind On Loch Fyne and to Hay's songs, which he compiled in musical manuscript for F G Scott; he also unsuccessfully approached Oliver & Boyd with an idea "for an anthology of Gaelic poetry selected from the mass of first-class material at present buried away in almost inaccessible books, accompanied by a good English prose translation" (NLS Acc. 5000/465, 25/12/47). In Edinburgh he saw "most of the Makars of the day, some of whom are a bit solemnly serious" (Letter to Mrs. F G Scott, 6/12/47). His schizophrenic condition did not allow him much respite, however, and he was returned to Lochgilphead at the New Year and submitted to insulin treatment, but to little effect (Source 47, letter by A F MacLean, 9/3/48). In March '48, the month that Fuaran Sléibh was at long last issued, George was transferred to the Royal Edinburgh Hospital, where his sister Sheena had been for the last ten years and from which he himself would only be discharged twelve years later. For the time being, there was very little evidence to sustain hopes of a recovery.

For a little it seemed to me that there was an improvement. He had got ground parole and he was writing quite a lot though no one could say what, and my hopes soared in consequence. I have not seen George for six months or longer, and I feel it hard. ... He absolutely refuses to see any of his friends here but they tell me he is quite happy. ... My hopes, Mr Scott, are dying... I went to Crail for a fortnight's rest...in the hope that the sea and the quiet of a garden would bring some balm to a sorely stricken heart. But I'm an old woman now and my grief is for the tragedy of youth, and for my happy laughing boy. (Catherine Hay to F G Scott, 26/7/49).

One friend from happier days who did get to see Hay was Old Fettesian A F MacLean, now himself a psychiatrist:

I went to see George last month, at Morningside. He is much worse than I ever saw him and answered my Gaelic overtures with English abuse. ... He called me Alister and/but spontaneously said he knew who I was; I do not know the specific reason for his hostility. His Fuaran Sléibh and Wind On Loch Fyne are not long published and have got very good reviews. He is being hailed in some quarters as the greatest Scots poet living and fit to rank with the greatest of all time. ... It was very depressing seeing him; he himself was not depressed however. (Source 47, late 1948-'49).

In October 1950 Catherine Hay wrote to Young that George was employing "a good deal of time writing – mainly in Gaelic... I am trying my best to type it all out but it is rather difficult (partly owing to difficult writing)". (Hay's hand at this period had assumed scrolled flourishes not easy on the eye). Hay himself wrote:

Times have permitted me to do quite a lot of writing, although scattered, which is often the post-war manner. (Odd lines from air-raids and barrages, and so forth.) Quite a lot of the songs from Bráigh Chinntíre have come to my memory... (Source 37, Oct. 1950)

From the evidence of that letter, Hay was not well; but a year later Catherine Hay could inform Kenneth MacLeod:

The prospect of having O Na Ceithir Àirdean published has helped George a lot and thrice of late I have been able to take him for a run into the countryside round about. Last Friday we saw the SEA so it was a red-letter day. It may not have had the beauty and glamour of the western seas but it yet gave us both much pleasure. (26/11/51 Source 45).

It is rather apposite that Hay's long silent years of slow recovery coincided with a protracted period in the political wilderness for the SNP. 1950 had been the *annus mirabilis* of John MacCormick's Scottish Covenant, with its National Assembly attracting 1 000 delegates, and signatures of its call for a Parliament heading for the 2 million mark, but the momentum evaporated in the face of central government opposition, and the Covenant played no role in the 1951 election. The entertaining but pointless Stone of Destiny adventure in winter '51-'52 provided a colourful finale to the home-rule agitation of the inter-war years. Hay would have been cheered, though, by the appearance of a successful and popular Gaelic periodical, the need for which had been a constant pre-occupation of his during the '40s (see Source 37: 23/7/43, 22/8/43, 25/1/44, 5/3/44, 20/12/44, 26/11/45; and the article Cor litreachas Na Gàidhlig An Albainn). It is sadly ironical that when Gairm did enter the scene, Hay was no longer in a position to contribute. It was, however, on receipt of Hay's subscription for 1954 that the editors requested material from him and were sent the magical TURUS FÀSAICH extracted from MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (but with no details of its provenance). In April '56 MacDiarmid's Voice of Scotland

published a rather rambling, allusive essay by Hay on cultural and literary affinities, and the following year an overlong but intriguing alliterative poem THE SUN IN ATHENS appeared in Saltire Review, while Gairm featured a short Kintyre poem.

During those years, health permitting, Hay was allowed days out of the hospital, visiting friends and family, but in 1960 at last, he was discharged, a happy development "made possible by a multiplicity of factors, with improved drug management only one part of the explanation":

He undertook certain work in the University Department of Psychiatry latterly, and this "rehabilitation" is almost certain to have been associated with improved general wellbeing, itself contributed to by a more satisfactory range of drug treatments. Further, the early '60s saw an acceleration in the pace of discharge of patients who had formerly been regarded as of "long stay nature". What was changing in those days was not so much practical things as attitudinal things. (Dr A K Zealley to editor, 7/1/92).

He was found employment on an informal basis in the Printed Books Department of the National Library of Scotland, under its Welsh keeper, D [] Lloyd. Z Myrddin

My main occupation is looking after Scandinavian literature, particularly the buying of new books. ... And, in addition, most questions concerning Gaelic or Irish printed books come my way, which is very pleasant... (9/12/60, Source 47)

Contact was renewed not only with the outside world through work, kirk and céilidh ("The Tìr Nam Beann céilidhs are a regular haunt of mine, and I go to the Tolbooth Gaelic Church on most Sundays"), but with the inner world of his feverish muses:

At present I am writing a lot, most of it in Gaelic and some in Scots, and in two or three years I think I should have another Gaelic book ready. Gairm and An Gàidheal are going to publish some of the Gaelic things, but I really have more than I know what to do with. (31/12/60 Source 51)

Gairm did indeed publish a fine long poem on Hay's roots and cultural allegiance (AIR SUIDH' ARTAIR DHOMH MOCHTHRATH) and some Tarbert ephemera (as also An Gàidheal), but the bulk of the shorter poems were published by the Scots Independent, now running weekly, between December '60 and May '61. In March Hay was in Tarbert, noting down overheard or newly-remembered snippets of Tarbert speech (Sources 12 and 13). But by May he was on the run, to the alarm of friends and family. The demands of his new regular employment seem to have been too much for his impaired stamina (although he did apply to be taken on to the permanent staff, his period of employment at the Library did not extend much beyond a few months), and in addition his unabated independence of spirit

resented the restrictions and controls placed on his life by the regimen of regular treatments and visits to hospital. In the course of his 1961 disappearances, "planned to avoid being roped into hospital" (Source 48, 102) George spent a month in Dublin, and also some time in Inverness and Fort William. At the latter, in May, he had run into Sorley MacLean, and with the help of two schoolfriends (psychiatrist Alister F MacLean, and Robert Rankin) was got back down to Edinburgh. George resented the interference, subjecting Alister MacLean to "such a torrent of abuse" on the train journey south that the doctor had to withdraw from the compartment (Rankin 1984: 12). (The following day, instead of picking up his pills in hospital as expected, Hay again disappeared). He later told a friend that during his time in Dublin sleeping rough, he had been taken in and fed by a religious organisation, but "he couldn't take the religion, and baled out". (Source 24, 76).

In October he was readmitted to the Royal Edinburgh, and only finally discharged in May '63. After undergoing a serious intestinal operation the following year (Source 48, 105), Hay was to spend four further periods in the Royal Edinburgh in the mid-to-late '60s. During this period, he did some translation work for the Psychiatry Library of the hospital, and was also co-opted onto the editorial board of the hospital's community paper, the Morningside Mirror, to which he contributed the odd review and several of his old poems and translations. Similarly, in 1965, he dug up some old poems (two of them previously unpublished) for inclusion in the forthcoming Oxford Book of Scottish Verse, on request from co-editor Tom Scott. That anthology was picked up soon after publication by a young Campbeltown boy, Angus Martin. Thrilled to discover among its pages THE TWO NEIGHBOURS, (a poem on the death of Hay's former skipper), Martin made contact with its author. The friendship which ensued was to be the richest of Hay's later years.

From 1968 to 1970 Hay appeared in Catalyst, organ of the newly formed nationalist '1320 Club'. The Club had been set up in 1967 "in the expectation that a breakthrough was going to occur on the Scottish political scene very shortly and that independence was not far off" (Catalyst I.1, 1). Such optimism was given credence by a dramatic rise in SNP membership, sweeping gains in municipal elections and Winnie Ewing's spectacular election victory in Hamilton. The bubble appeared to burst just as dramatically in 1969-70, but meanwhile The 1320 Club set about organising symposia on the legal and constitutional aspects of independence, preparing a constitution and a defence policy for the new Scotland, and producing its own lively journal. Rather alarmed at the emergence of an

umbrella organisation gathering such seasoned mavericks as MacDiarmid, Wendy Wood and Oliver Brown, the SNP banned the organisation (and with time its rather paranoid reaction proved politically wise). But Hay's nationalist verse was given great prominence in Catalyst, from the "classics" (AR BLÀR CATHA, FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA) to more recent shorter pieces (including a double-page feature of 1960 poems). Hay was in regular touch with the editor of Catalyst, poet (and Celtic student) William Neill. They met mostly in Milne's Bar, that Saturday Mecca of the Scottish poets, but Hay kept his distance from that lively set. Neill remembers:

George was, *as far as I could see*, very little involved with other Makars. He sat in the company of people who combined an interest in Scottish Literature (and language) with an interest in *Scottish* politics. Since being Scot Nat at that time was not popular with many of the minor Scottish literati...we were rather a fringe group.

Another young friend of the time confirms that

he did not, as I remember, mix with or talk much to the other poets. I never saw him esconced with the leading lights in the Victorian wood-panelled, stained- glassed-windowed cubicle [known as "the Kremlin"] which formed an enclave in the bar's big room. ... He talked about Tarbert Loch Fyne, his father and the novel Gillespie. ... George was by no means short of talk, although he was hesitant and shy with it. (J. Bruce-Watt).

Hay also attended events organised by "the Heretics" (a nationalist cultural group founded by Willie Neill and the late Stuart MacGregor) and was even once persuaded to read, "but he suffered from stage-nerves and preferred others to read his poems". The new degree of exposure accorded his poetry (albeit a limited selection of it) led to important developments: his Catalyst pieces had aroused the interest of Edinburgh nationalist publisher Gordon Wright who, upon discovering Wind On Loch Fyne, decided to include as much of the book as possible in a new anthology. Four Points Of A Saltire (featuring the poetry of Sorley MacLean, Hay, Willie Neill and Stuart MacGregor) became a landmark in the reappraisal (indeed in the sheer availability) of both Hay's and MacLean's work. Selection of the Gaelic poems was left to Hay himself; he chose nine from Fuaran Sléibh and four only from O Na Ceithir Àirdean (including neither BISEARTA nor MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR). Gairm heard little from Hay till 1975, but its small crop included the magical AN CIÙRAN CEÒBAN CEÒ in 1969, while the Scots Independent printed the odd new poem and reprint. Other recipients were the new Scottish International and Duncan Glen's Akros.

In 1969 Hay made friends with a new visitor to the hospital Day Centre, Elizabeth Kirk. Although their companionship grew very close, Hay's romantic interest surfaced mainly in his poems (although Ms. Kirk does remember him once proposing marriage). They were in touch for ten years or so; Ms. Kirk remembered him as a kind but private man, who could be talkative at Centre meetings and to friends, but retreated into complete silence before strangers, and shunned all public exposure. He had never lost the habits of his youth and would frequently go off for long stravaigs in the Pentland hills. Occasionally he would also take his sister out for short breaks, but she would quickly grow uneasy and anxious to return within hospital precincts.

As his schizophrenia receded, so Hay's output increased, but his boundless optimism was not matched by similar mental stamina, and as a result longer-term projects tended to run aground. Plans for a Collected Edition had been instigated by Gordon Wright shortly after the publication of Four Points, and in June '72 Hay informed the publisher that half the manuscript was ready. By this time George had also signed a contract with Robin Lorimer of Southside Publishers, for the inclusion of his work in a projected anthology of modern Gaelic poets. The contract also granted Southside first option on Hay's next book, but on this occasion the option was turned down, and the way seemed clear for the publication of Hay's Collected Poems by Gordon Wright; Hay, however, does not seem to have ever completed his manuscript, and without explanation declined to sign the contract prepared by Wright. Shortly after, in 1973, he was admitted briefly into hospital.

A period of poetic silence then ensued, although in a feat of sustained effort Hay produced a complete Gaelic typescript (Source 21) in 1974, which inserted more recent material into his two published collections. In Feb.'75 he wrote to David Morrison, editor of the Wick-based Scotia Review:

I seem to be written out and haven't produced anything for over a year except reviews for the Scotsman. Maybe the Muse will return, and if that proves to be the case, I will certainly send Scotia Review the wale of the outcome. ... I was working on my collected poems and have got the Gaelic part complete, but I don't seem to be able to get round to the Scots and English. Maybe it is too early to be thinking of collected poems anyway as I am only 59. (NLS Acc. 7309/1)

The Muse was not long in returning: the autumn '75 issue of Gairm published the first of a stream of poems, both original and translations, which continued – bar a silent spell in 1979 – till Hay's death. In 1976 the Lorimer anthology, Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, finally appeared, having been delayed by financial

difficulties and the takeover of Southside by Canongate Publishers. Edited and introduced by the youngest of the contributors, Donald MacAulay, the bi-lingual volume became the canon of modern Gaelic poetry in schools and universities, and gave Hay's reputation a new boost. (The book appeared too late for Catherine Hay to witness: after years of being wheelchair-bound, that "bean na misniche" had died in June '75, aged 92.)

The later '70s were a highly productive time for Hay: Gaelic material went mostly to Gairm, except for the political verse which was sent to the Scots Independent (with Italian and Norwegian effusions), and also to Carn (Dublin-based journal of the Celtic League); Scots poems (old and new) appeared in Lallans, Akros, and Chapman (to whom Hay also sent his magisterial 30-year-old THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA); and Scotia Review featured a finely varied selection by Hay of old and new, original and translated, in Scots, Gaelic, English and French (following on an appreciative article by Willie Neill in the previous issue). *Tha mi cinnteach an còmhnaidh....* "I am ever sure of aid from the melodious Muses", Hay sang in DREUCHD AN FHILIDH, on a triumphant wave of creativity. In 1978 he envisaged busy times ahead:

This year I'm translating a book from Irish into Scottish Gaelic for the Gaelic Books Council, and that'll take up pretty well the whole year, and next year will be taken up with reading for the big projected historical dictionary of the Gaelic language. And then four years at my collected poems. Have sparet! (22/2/78 Source 24, 1)

Hay had agreed to translate *Trì Truagha Na Scéaluidheachta* ("The Three Sorrows Of Storytelling") for the Books Council the previous April, but had delayed starting. In January '78 he announced he would seriously get down to the task, but that the large amount of difficult *dán díreach* verse he would simply render into prose. A year later however, he had to admit that the task was beyond him ("mar a bha cùisean ré na bliadhna seo chaidh cha b'urrainn dhomh teannadh ris gu h-éifeachdach"; "Owing to the state of heating in the house I was in a way incapacitated by the severe winter we have had, and let everything go to leeward" Source 24, 5), but he had new plans:

The month of May I hope to spend in Tarbert. I mean to scout around for a house, either to rent or to buy. In fact, a Council house would do. My intention is to return to Tarbert for the rest of my life, for it's beginning to be unbearable to be away from it. The flat here I'll sell, or else give to Sabhal Mór Ostaig for an Edinburgh HQ. ... I'm thinking of years recording the Gaelic of Kintyre, Knapdale, Cowal, Gigha, Islay and Colonsay, and Jura... I'll start from scratch with my 100% War Disablement Pension, some blank notebooks, typing paper and my typewriter. And a few books. Most

of the books and furniture I'll leave in the house for the Ostaig people.
(source 24, 5).

With the writing commitments I have before me I can't leave Edinburgh until May, as I want to have the decks clear for the upheaval and the flitting and start from scratch with a clean slate in Tarbert. To Tarbert I am going, even if I live in a but-and-ben with a paraffin lamp and get my water from a well. Time and time again in Gaelic and Scots and English I have written nostalgic poems, and either you mean it or you don't mean it. I have always meant it. As for gifting the house here, once again, either you mean it or you don't mean it. You know Sabhal Mór Ostaig as well as I do, and they may never want a place in Edinburgh, though my opinion is that they should have one, and one in Glasgow too. If they don't want the flat, I'll give it to the SNP. Either you mean it or you don't mean it.

... Let me put your mind at rest... To my mind I'm more like a millionaire than a penniless poet. ... I have a 100% War Disablement Pension of £57 a week, and there are thousands if not millions who work themselves to the bone and get through a lifetime on less. There are people who go on bitter strikes for less. If you take a good, realistic look at it, I think you will see and agree I'm a rich man. That money is paid to me by people working in coalmines and factories and on the deck of skiffs, and I intend to make my contribution in return, which is writing. I have spent years sitting and thinking and my head is full of things to write, and maybe the sitting and thinking are over for good.

(31/1/79 Source 24, 6)

For all his optimism, the years ahead were to be difficult. Hay did not leave for Tarbert in May, but that month he was recorded by his friend Angus Martin (at the time preparing his second book KINTYRE The Hidden Past) recalling not only Tarbert words and expressions but his own early experiences there. His stories are punctuated by fond comments: "Oh, it's some place! A laugh all the time, something original all the time", "Tarbert's more romantic than Campbeltown", "Ho, Tarbert's a laugh – Parahandy was nothing to Tarbert!", "You could hear anything in Tarbert, by God aye", "Oh, they were wild people, God knows they were!".

It was in the course of further recorded conversations with Martin in November 1980 that Hay mentioned MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, with an almost mischievous casualness. Having related his breakdown in Salonica, Hay agreed that it had brought his scholarly career to an end.

But it was after the war mainly that your poetic ability surfaced? / Well, "Mochtàr and Dùghall" is *from* the war. / What was that? / "Mochtàr and Dùghall" – do you want to take it home with you and look at it?

Out came the typescript, and a rapid look was enough to suggest the importance of the work. Martin took an extract to Derick Thomson, founder-editor of Gairm and

Professor of Celtic at Glasgow University, and by December Hay had given Thomson permission to publish his abandoned *magnum opus*, and was attempting to complete the work, while again entertaining plans for a collected or selected edition of his poems (Source 24, 12). The war-poem was previewed in the arts and affairs journal Cenchrastus in Summer 1981, through the agency of literary scholar John Burns (who selected the extracts published). Burns lived in the same street as George, and had approached him in early 1979 in relation to his own studies on Neil Gunn.

From then on I saw him quite often, and spent many afternoons sitting in his flat more or less just keeping him company. Sometimes he would be quite talkative, other times not. Depending on his health he was interested in what was happening on the literary scene..., and was working away on poems and songs, and on a couple of review pieces... I was very much aware of the fragile nature of his health so I never really quizzed him about his past... I do know that in times of illness his mind often went back to the war and to things he had seen. He once said, though, that although war was a terrible thing, it often brought out rare qualities in people. (Source 24, 76-77)

Burns later recalled Hay in terms shared by other friends of the period: a very courteous man, but withdrawn, who would lapse into long silences and was loathe to discuss himself or his poetry (or indeed poetry in general). He had not lost the old independence of mind: his social worker remembered that when they first met (at hospital, in 1979)

he was not a happy man...as he felt people were interfering with his life, and I can recall he was quite hostile initially. He did not think that he required any assistance, although his house and his living conditions were poor.

His stay in hospital in '79 was brief, but he was taken in again in 1980, after a severe bout of alcoholic abuse:

For more than a year I was drinking a quarterbottle of rum in the morning, a quarterbottle in the afternoon and a quarterbottle at night, with pubs in addition and hardly any food or sleep. I was told I was lucky to have come through alive. Everything went to pot – house, correspondence, writing, friends – everything. (12/780 Source 24, 8)

Hay's resistance to being helped lessened, and in April '82 he moved to a hospital hostel, and even offered his flat to the Social Work Department for use as a group home for discharged patients. That March, MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL had finally been released to the public, in a rather spartan format. In spite of Hay's efforts, the poem was still more or less as it had been abandoned 35 years before (its Dùghall section very fragmentary), and his translation covered only half the poem; for all that, the quality and originality of the work shone irrepressibly, and the

book was well received and did much to revive the reclusive poet's reputation. The best publicised accolade came in November '83, when at the National Mod Hay was awarded "Gaeldom's premier literary prize", An Comunn Gàidhealach's Gaelic Writer's Award. Only five months later Hay's name was again to be in the papers, for infinitely sadder reasons.

He had returned to his own flat in December '82, and worked on his Collected Poems:

There's a mass of material. Writing a lot, almost all in Gaelic, and there are my 50 melodies to be recorded. (6/12/82 Source 24, 54).

The attempt at preparing a collection did not get very far. "*Leigidh as mo sheisreach, o'n tha 'm feasgar 'teannadh dlùth*" it announced ("I shall unyoke my ploughteam, since evening is fast approaching", quoted from a song), but the effort stalls after several poems. More sustained were his annotated revisions (Sources 29, 30, 32, 33).

In January 1983, in a move which took his friends by surprise, Hay repaired to his native place. Poetic inspiration surged:

The Muse hasn't forsaken me here, neither in Scots nor in Gaelic. ... I have now 53 melodies, the latest of them for "The Smoky Smirr o Rain"... Have been to the fishing for a day, and I brought them good luck. Trawling, not ring-net, alas! (2/3/83 Source 48, 103).

"Plenty of Gaelic to be found in Tarbert", he noted (Source 48, 104), and he was said to have veritably "held court" in Tarbert's Columba Hotel, being consulted on all kinds of matters Gaelic (Rankin 1984: 11); unable however to find permanent accommodation or to afford any more rent, Hay came back to Edinburgh at the end of August, and spent another brief sojourn in hospital. Was his return due in part to a certain disillusionment? That can only be a matter for speculation. His friend Angus Martin has written that:

George never fully explained to me why he returned to Edinburgh after his stay in Tarbert. ...The ostensible reason was that he couldn't get into a council house; but I doubt if that was the whole truth. He may have been disappointed. It's hard to say how his mind worked. He was drinking a lot while in Tarbert, ... and it may well be that he never fully came to an understanding of what he was really doing there. Yet he may have sensed the futility of his presence there. ...Obviously the place has changed. The fishing has lost its character, and the boats are different boats in most ways. There's no Gaelic; and the old men are all gone. What could have remained, other than the physical existence of the place?

Still he composed, and seems at this stage to have again tried to add to his masterwork, but over the dark winter months his courage ran low: his social

worker Bill Cook recalled that "right at the end he wasn't interested [in help] and I have the feeling that he had just decided that enough was enough". On 26 March 1984 Cook called round to the Maxwell St. flat and found Hay's body, dead since the night before.

"Scotland has lost a most rare poet and patriot", wrote Sorley MacLean, acclaiming his poetry as

the work of a virtuoso in language and in metrics; of a man of a great heart, intensely obsessed with the suffering and aspirations of his own compatriots and of human beings in general. (The Scotsman 30/3/84).

Surprisingly, the clearing of Hay's flat brought little to light in the way of literary manuscripts. It was not till almost a year later that these surfaced, bringing Hay's name once again into the columns of the Scotsman: "£3 Auction Buy Reveals Gaelic Treasure" it announced.

The literary papers of one of the leading Gaelic poets of this century were sold at an Edinburgh auction recently for £3, the price of the old suitcase in which they were contained." (14/3/85).

Alerted that the contents of Hay's flat were to be sold off, antiquarian bookseller Donald MacCormick had attended the auction, and discovered an old suitcase full of notebooks and loose papers with drafts dating from the 1930s right down to the '80s. The find was sold to the National Library of Scotland in February '85; Hay's printed books' collection (much of it annotated) was sold to the Library in July, and three months later further notebooks were deposited by Hay's estate.

In addition to Sorley MacLean's Scotsman tribute, and others in the same paper by Ronald Black (7/4/84 and 9/6/84) and Iain Crichton Smith (11/8/84), assessments of Hay's work were given by Derick Thomson and Iain Crichton Smith (The Scottish Review 35), Donald Meek (Chapman 39), John Burns (Cencrastus 18), as well as a lengthy reappraisal by William Gillies (Gairm 135 + 136). Fascinating for their biographical detail were Angus Martin's painstakingly researched chapter on the "Bard of Kintyre" (Martin:1984), and Robert Rankin's frank and sympathetic portrait (Chapman 40). In October '85 a plaque commemorating "Sàr Bhàrd An Tairbeirt" was unveiled by Martin in Tarbert Academy, and the event was accompanied by a selection from Tarbert-born architect Archie MacAlister's watercolours, inspired by Hay's poetry. In 1988 a special limited edition of the long poem *Seeker Reaper* was published by the Saltire Society, illustrated with watercolours by MacAlister, who two years later also released a recording of that poem and others from Wind On Loch Fyne, with evocative musical explorations by Francis Cowan.

ASCENDANT STAR: Hay's Poetic Career in the 1940s

Beginnings

"George Campbell Hay, Douglas Young tells us, was an accomplished poet by 1932; but new powers were released in him by the reading of MacDiarmid's Scots Unbound". (Kitchin: 1955, 265). It would be stretching the limits of critical sympathy to the point of ridicule to describe Hay's juvenalia (for the most part facetious or satirical) as the work of an "accomplished poet", although they do serve to show an already well-developed imitative, versatile talent. It seems more appropriate to begin an examination of Hay's poetic practice with a list of poems he himself compiled c. Summer 1939, (Listings 3). Three of the Fettesian productions do merit inclusion: HOMER and THE HIND OF MORNING (both of which he was to include in Wind on Loch Fyne), and the rather ponderous LAMENT FOR RUARAI DH MÓR MACLEOD. After these, appear Hay's works from Oxford days, almost exclusively Gaelic: AISLING; AN GLEANNAN; the early version of SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE; ÒRAN DO'N OIGHRE; and six deleted titles (1936); from 1937, LUINNEAG, the first part of AN LAGAN, and the satirical and now lost NA GRIOGARAICH. There is nothing in English for that period save the unpublished FOR THE CORRIE (linked to and possibly deriving from SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE), then in 1937 THE THREE BROTHERS, LEAVING THE LAND, and the Scots LAND OF PROMISE.

In Oxford, it is probable that Douglas Young was the person Hay most shared and discussed his poetry with. Back in Scotland, the close literary relationship continued, mainly through correspondence (see Source 37), but with the ever-increasing bulk of his work Hay must have felt the need for some validation from a Gaelic source, and in October he decided to write to the elderly Kenneth MacLeod, then ministering in Gigha. Hay was unlikely to have much enthusiasm for the romantic, Twilight interpretations of Gaelic culture promoted in MacLeod's collaboration with Marjory Kennedy-Fraser and in his own popular book The Road to the Isles (which last earned him the lash of Sorley MacLean's satire); but MacLeod's credentials as an authority on Gaelic tradition and as that rare bird, a very fine prose writer, were beyond doubt. Hay sent him some poems

only...a small *sop* out of the *seid*, whether it be rotten grass or good dry hay. ...I would be seven times grateful if you would tell me plainly whether I should burn these productions and their fellows and dance on the ashes, or give way further to my infamous itch for stringing words together." (2/10/38).

A week later, having received "an exceedingly kind and encouraging" reply, the

young man sent off another batch whose "ill-omened bulkiness...will emphasise the ill fortunes that fall upon those who encourage the cliar".

1938 had seen Hay add an impressive variety of poems to his list: the stately CINNTÌRE; ÒRAN and its English counterpart (a song of unrequited love presented to MacLeod as "a moan in the usual fashion"); TIOMNADH; the humorous pastiche ÛRNUIGH OISEIN AS UR; AN SEALGAIR AGUS AN AOIS and its English counterpart; DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH; BRÌODAL MÀTHAR; the flippant THA MÌLE MÀIRI BHÀN...; as well as the weaker 'S LEAMSA AN GLEANN and SORAIDH SLÀN LE CINNTÌRE. Neither had the English muse been idle, what with THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LAND, A MEMORY THAT WILL NOT FADE, KINTYRE, TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN and LOOKING OUT FROM KINTYRE to boast of.

By December Hay could tell MacLeod: "Gaelic originals and translations now amount to about forty and I think I'll send them all to Aeneas Mackay to see if he's willing to publish them". The Gaelic translations were mostly of modern (post-16thc.) Greek verse ("The Gaelic language is waiting with open arms for poetry like that!" Hay enthuses on Klephtic ballads), and from Welsh poetry; since his last year at school Hay had also been translating Irish verse into English.

Hay sent his "Gaelic stuff" to the Stirling-based Gaelic and nationalist publisher, at the end of that month (Diary 11r); it was promptly returned in the New Year "with a note of a line and a half – 'can't consider publishing'. Took it up to Grant's on George IV Bridge, where I had some conversation with Mr. Grant. ... He said he would consider it." (Diary, 12). That approach, too, proved fruitless. That December, though, An Gàidheal, though, had published the clever FADA-GEÀRR (in defence of the accent in Gaelic spelling), and the Scots Magazine, having printed one poem in November, followed it up with five in the February '39 issue - all in English or Scots. Hay may have owed this breakthrough to the good services of the military patriot Wendy Wood who knew the Magazine's editor (see Diary, 12r: "Wendy Wood and MacAindreis turned up... They had been to Dundee. Apparently Salmond is going to give me a good show next month (tapadh leis!).")

Around this time Hay had been entertaining Wood and other nationalist friends with a series of satirical doggerel THE SCOTTISH SCENE (see Diary, 9v, 11v, 12). Five of the sequence were published in the Scots Independent (the monthly nationalist broadsheet), initially in the "Smeddum" section allocated to Wendy Wood and her Comunn Airson Saorsa Na h-Alba, between May '39 and Nov '40. Hay also sent a copy with accompanying cartoons to Kenneth MacLeod in Feb

'39, "though I don't know whether it'll please or annoy you"; Hay took MacLeod's silence to mean that he was not over-impressed.

In late 1938 Hugh MacDiarmid had launched a new quarterly The Voice of Scotland, and he was not long in featuring the new emerging talent. By the fourth number (March-May 1939), he was including Seven Poems by George Campbell Hay, (originals and translations, in both Gaelic and English). MacDiarmid had been living up on the Shetland isle of Whalsay since 1933, and of the younger poets who were to be seen as the second wave of the 'Scottish Renaissance', only Sorley MacLean was known to him personally. Douglas Young, who had left Oxford at the same time as Hay to take up a post in Aberdeen, had contacted MacDiarmid to comment on the second issue of The Voice of Scotland and may have introduced Hay's work (and his own) to him at the same time.

MacDiarmid correctly judged or intuited that Hay's greatest strengths were in his Gaelic poetry, writing in December '40 to William Soutar (who had just made Douglas Young's acquaintance), that Hay was "a much bigger man" poetically than Young, "but in Gaelic – not in Scots" (Bold 1984: 177). He did however think TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN "one of the very best of contemporary Scottish lyrics" (New Alliance I.1), and Hay's undoubted abilities in all three languages of Scotland, as well as his acquaintance with other European literatures, made him a particularly prized addition to the modern Scottish literary movement. "Mr. Hay was indeed the poet MacDiarmid was looking for – learned in foreign tongues, but a perfervid partisan of Gaelic culture with the western seas in his blood" as one critic has noted (Kitchin 1955: 265).

The composer Francis George Scott, mentor and friend of MacDiarmid's, was hugely enthusiastic about Hay. He had already set TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN to music in June '39, having probably discovered it in MacDiarmid's Voice..., and having made the young man's acquaintance, more compositions followed in Spring 1940. Scott enthused solemnly to MacDiarmid:

I herewith give warning that George Campbell Hay will be the next star in the Scottish firmament and unite in himself both Gaelic and Scots traditions. I have been in the closest touch with him for the past month and he has spent two different days with me in Glasgow discussing his and other folk's poetry. I am finding something pretty new in his rhythm sense (no doubt Gaelic) and in less than a week I had finished music to three of his lyrics... He went back to Edinburgh last Sunday night well posted up (by me!) on what his mission should be, so I'm hopeful we'll all see results that will surprise and delight us. For a lad of 24 he amazes me by the maturity of his judgements of people and literature. I like him immensely as a person and his work, though tentative at times, has a real classical sanity about it, and, as I have said, a

rhythm that stirs me right over into music... If he continues working with me and develops along the lines we have agreed upon, I am certain he'll out-distance any of his immediate contemporaries – yes, Sam McLean included! (Lindsay 1980: 203)

Hay's diary is more laconic:

Visited F.G.Scott and spent a long time thrashing out the final form of "The blaffering wind". [ALBA]

Looked in at F.G. Scott's... The three poems I sent him had struck a spark, and lo! three songs (20v 21r)

Hay's poems had also aroused the interest of John MacDonald, reader in Celtic at Aberdeen University. The link there was probably Douglas Young, who was himself lecturing in Greek as assistant to the professor (cf. Hay's letter of mid-March '39: "I have translated two Icelandic poems that pleased me into Gaelic. Could you give them to MacDonald when you see him?"). MacDonald was also editor of the scholarly Aberdeen journal Scottish Gaelic Studies, and in Feb '39 Hay could tell Robert Rankin:

MacDonald Aberdeen wants to publish my Gaelic poems in Scottish Gaelic Studies. Glé mhaith! But he must consult his colleagues, one of whom is the antipoetic Fraser [John Fraser, Celtic professor at Oxford]. Och ochain ì! It looks doubtful.

And indeed, nothing came of it. Three months later Hay told MacLeod he was going to "chuck out a few trashy things... and then send [the poems] to John Lorne Campbell in Cana." This he never got round to (and fifty years later Campbell wrote: "Cha robh Seòrsa feumach air chomhairle bhuam agus cha n-eil cuimhn' agam air a leithid thoirt dha riamh"), but he was also considering applying to the MacCaig Trust for funding towards publication, and so asked MacLeod:

Do you think you could write me a note of recommendation? John MacDonald says that the main thing is to say that you think them fit for or worthy of publication, adding what frills you like. I quite realise that you may feel unable to do this and will neither take it on the nose nor on the mouth.

Hay's caution was not ill-founded:

Coinneach MacL. has actually sent me my bundle of utterances, tho without any note of recommendation. There is no answer to that but silence. (Source 37, 29/10/39)

Religious sensibilities, it seems, had been ruffled; "he is a meenister, and could hardly act as an under-midwife to the GRIOGARAICH", Hay noted wryly. There was no such understanding to be had from Hugh MacDiarmid when word eventually reached Whalsay (obviously second-hand) of the minister's "appalling

hardihood":

George Campbell Hay is a young poet but he is the greatest promise of renascent Gaelic poetry Scotland has had since the glorious outburst round the time of the '45 ... and the efforts of a creature like you to hinder his coming to the fore are reminiscent of the efforts of the misguided gentleman who tried to stay the incoming tide with a whalebone besom. I propose in other quarters to expose your disgraceful cretinizing manoeuvres – and to show in detail the despicable tactics by which you, and the rest of the Old Gang with whom you are associated, have blocked the interests of the Gaelic language and literature at every possible point on behalf of your horrible little religious and political prejudices and because you know only too well that the emergence of work of real literary calibre...will speedily put paid to your account and blow the gaff on the ridiculous over-estimation so long bestowed on your own pitifully silly stuff and nonsense, and the work generally of all the self-appointed trustees and censors of Scottish Gaeldom who have so monstrously betrayed that trust. (8/4/40)

MacLeod countered histrionics with dignified, amiable calm. Pointing out that "only a very small part of your letter really applies to me", he re-asserted "his strong personal liking" for Hay and his full appreciation of his work, but insisted that he could not make himself "responsible for anything that would jar on the genuine religious feelings of my fellow-Gaels, such as their attitude of reverence towards the Deity". "I refer to one poem only", he added (presumably the now long-lost NA GRIOGARAICH).

Hay himself bore no grudges, and continued looking elsewhere:

I'm deleting some worthless things and replacing them with more reasonable recent work, then I'll approach Watson [Celtic professor in Edinburgh] and Matheson [Celtic professor] in Glesca, as they lie nearest to hand. I can't dawdle over academic politics these days when life is wavering and the prison gapes. Please thank MacDonald again for his goodness... (24/10/39)

He was still in close touch with Young, and reacted with enthusiasm to the latter's suggestion in March 1939 that they collaborate on "a many metre farrago political comedy". The versatility of the classical scholar is well to the fore both in Young's initial idea and in Hay's suggestions for "adding to the fun"

by having poems in the style of Dunbar, and the aureate gentlemen, Burns, the good Sir Walter (it might need an Englishman to immitate him), Sir Harry, who, God grant, is in a warmer place than Edinburgh is just now, ... recitative after the manner of Blin' Harry or Barbour, with a ballad and some macaronic Gaelic and English verse. ... We must sacrifice a haggis and a jerry full of Glenlivet to Aristophanes. (Source 37, c. 7/3/39).

Although "well practised in scurrility", he would have to let Young supply the plan, since

I lack what is obscurely and Pindarically called the architectonic ability. I have never succeeded in planning anything sustained, and if I ever do produce an offspring of any length it will have to come of its own sweet will, unplanned, like the thing about the MacGregors in Hell.

NA GRIOGARAICH has not survived, and haggis and Glenlivet libations notwithstanding, Young's project seems to have come to nothing, but it is interesting in the light of the above to note how the rapid growth of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL five years later took Hay himself by surprise. In June, Hay mentions approvingly "the idea of a joint book of political canticles" (possibly the same March project), but by the autumn he seemed to have been working on another ambitious (and scurrilous) sequence DEALBH NA H-EÒRPA; again inspiration seems to have stalled and there survives only the draft of a lyric (see SGAIRT MO DHAOINE and notes).

In spring 1940 Young planned a joint 'gallimawfry' of his own and George's poems, a project which "delighted" MacDiarmid, to whom Young had sent the batch of intended contents. Aware of the difficulties of publishing, made even more acute by the war, MacDiarmid suggested an annual group-publication of Scottish poetry: "These things pay. ... With Hay, yourself [Young], MacLean, myself and a few others I think we could make an impressive showing". MacDiarmid also offered to approach his literary contacts in Ireland, including Douglas Hyde, on the subject of Hay's Gaelic poems (and MacLean's 'Cuilithionn'): "Somehow or other we must get these things published". (That same day he had dispatched his blast to Kenneth MacLeod.) With the letter he enclosed proofs of the Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry introduction, for Young to read then pass on to Hay who could then show them to F G Scott, and a poem (*On Receiving The Gaelic Poems Of Somhairle MacLean And George Campbell Hay*, later published as *The Gaelic Muse*) also to be passed on to Hay. (Hay found the introduction "good, though too argumentative" and the poem "overlearned". Diary, 21). MacDiarmid keenly promoted MacLean and Hay in the notes to his Golden Treasury, as

two very remarkable young Gaelic poets... [whose] work...alike in quality and quantity, perhaps heralds a new efflorescence of Scottish Gaelic poetry similar to that which marked the period of the '45. (MacDiarmid 1940: 351-52).

MacDiarmid's enthusiasm, it should be said, was not merely a response to the quality of MacLean and Hay's work: the emergence of their talents was a confirmation of the 'Gaelic Idea' which had preoccupied him in the '30s, *i.e.* the perceived importance of Gaelic not just in the revitalisation of Scotland but also as a force in European and world culture. The theory MacDiarmid had zealously

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taken up was that "the impetus to civilisation was an Ur-Gaelic initiative" and that "the reconciliation of East and West" was therefore "the ineluctable mission of the Gaelic genius".(*idem*: xxiii). In this grandiose scheme, the literary revival of Scots was "only a stage in the break-away from English, preliminary to the great task of recapturing and developing our great Gaelic heritage" (*idem*: 352); this "return to our Gaelic background...alone would enable us to conceive and achieve major work" (Bold 1984: 863; March 1953). And even earlier he had linked both literary and social regeneration to the adoption of Gaelic models (in his literary concern strikingly prefiguring the policy Hay himself would formulate more concretely in MacDiarmid's own Voice...): "The discipline of the Bardic Colleges is what literature needs today. The Gaelic Commonwealth suggests solutions to many of our major social problems..." (The Pictish Review, Dec. 1927, quoted in Hanham 1969: 144).

War conditions had forced MacDiarmid to cut the Treasury in size and abandon his plan to add poems by Hay, MacLean, Young and Goodsir Smith to the original copy, but he therefore planned a supplement, Scottish Poetry 1920-1940 (see New Alliance II.4, 12 and letter to Young of 8/5/40). War-time difficulties scuppered the project, but MacDiarmid's selection from Hay is of interest: an English translation of the Irish Jacobite vision *Gile nan Gile*, TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN, THE KERRY SHORE and THE FISHERMAN SPEAKS. In the event, both MacDiarmid's plans for an anthology of the Renaissance and an annual collection of the new poetry, were to be realised in spite of war-time difficulties by another young energetic admirer, Maurice Lindsay.

Not surprisingly, the pressures brought about by Hay's principled stance against conscription and by his entanglement with the authorities were not conducive to poetic stirrings, although during his time on the run he did produce various prose pieces in Gaelic and English, and some translations of Gaelic poetry, translation work being his recommended recourse when original inspiration was low (the Kintyre VERSES TO ALASDAIR MACCOLLA he was particularly pleased with). A joint book of translations (to be accompanied by their originals) was in fact being planned by Young around this time (Source 37, 6/2/42), but this plan too was dropped.

What Hay did write, however, included the elegant set pieces RABHADH and DUILLEACH AN FHOGHAIR'', the majestic FÀIRE M'ÒIGE (the fruits of an experiment in "assimilating hexameters to Gaelic"), the humorous CASAN SÌODA, and SGUABAG, an optimistic attempt to come to terms with the war.



Towards a Collection

Once in Africa, "the tempo of production" increased, and as Hay's proficiency in French increased, (while he applied himself to Italian and Arabic), the Muse took to *réflexions nostalgiques* – and *patriotiques*:

Such things [as ÉPREUVE DE DOUTE] ... will win a lot sympathy and goodwill if they get round. Primarily I wrote my French things because I felt the urge, but there's that thought in it too. ... Such efforts can be our British Council.
(Source 37, 23/10/43)

Hopes of a published collection were still being entertained: in January '43 [*sic*, '44?] Hay sends his mother "5 more items for FS [Fuaran Sléibh]" (Source 23, 4). Hay had left his mother his own "wee book...as a sort of personal gift" before going away, and Young was also in possession of a "Red Book" of clean typed copies. The Rev. John Mackechnie, Gaelic scholar and nationalist (and founder of a short-lived Gaelic periodical A' Bhreatach, which featured prose and poetry by Hay), had also been entrusted with Hay's Gaelic material. He it was who made the hasty draft selection submitted to the McCaig Trustees, and he was to act more or less as Hay's Gaelic agent until the ructions of 1945.

MacDiarmid loyally kept up his support. In Jan '43, now working in an ammunitions factory in Glasgow, he wrote to Young, who was serving his first sentence in Saughton Prison for refusing conscription:

I have not heard of or from Hay for a long time now, but Scott's settings of some of his lyrics were included in the recent Edinburgh concert and scored a great hit. They are really magnificent. I'll be glad to add my urging to yours that he should put a volume together and if he agrees and so wishes I'll be very pleased of course to supply a preface. I've mentioned this to MacLellan too as a volume he ought to publish if he is really going to...establish himself as the progressive Scottish publisher we've been praying for ever since the end of the last war.
(Letters, 599).

Hay did not take up the offer of an official stamp of patronage from the doyen; a year later, when a book was finally in the offing, he would tell Young:

If there are to be tunes at the hinter end I don't think we should bother with a foreword at the front. I think the awesome mixture should be delivered point blank between the eyes without any "halts" or "who goes theres". Besides I can never reconcile myself to English forewords for a book mainly Gaelic.
(4/1/44)

The serious planning of a collection started in early November '43, when Young was able to inform Catherine Hay that the Trust had promised £50 towards publication. Hay suggested Oliver and Boyd for publishers, and left non-Gaelic

selection to his mother and Young:

As for what English and Lallans to include, I have complete confidence in my mother and you... She has had plenty experience in books and publishers with my father's work, and I think taking an active part will give her very great pleasure. (20/12/43).

My mother says something about me making English translations from my Gaelic poems. It's too late in the day for that at present. I've made translations of a few at odd times in one place or another, but they've probably gone up the lum long since. It's not indispensable, is it? (24/12/43).

(Hay was to admit much later that he found "translating even my own Gaelic poetry into English prose a gruelling task". Source 41, 25/2/69).

The one who can promise publication first might as well have it. As the MacCaig Trust is greasing the slips, if not actually doing the launching, over half – say $\frac{6}{10}$ – must be Gaelic. Some French (is the Norse thing suitable?) and the rest Scots and English should complete it. The nature poetry might as well go in together... That would get the hill and sea, boat and bealach, adolescent stuff under sail together. ... The English will come in its proper place, 'second by a long interval', and then it will be verse [rather than a foreword] and half of it in Scots. It had better come after the French indeed.

I think DO M'MHÀTHAIR IS DO ALBAINN is the thing [as a dedication]. When I think of you [Young] and Somhairle and Grieve and F G Scott I tell myself I'm ungracious, but I think you and the others will...understand.

... P.S. Ideally I'd prefer it $\frac{10}{10}$ Gaelic? Possibly also the MacCaig folk will want it so. (4/1/44).

The "awesome mixture" was simplified when Hay's suspicion proved correct: "the conditions of the grant included that the book should be in [only] Gaelic." (18/2/44). At this time Young was again suggesting a collaboration, about which Hay was enthusiastic:

The Omnium Gatherum is a good idea, and now is the time for polyglot books when chance has made Scotland itself so very polyglot. Yes, why not dedicate it to the whole constellation? "All one body we". It's time Edwin Muir got a chance to gambol since Chris Grieve has been dealing him such dunts. (18/2/44).

A note of anxiety is felt a few weeks later:

I'm in a bit of a haze about what really is happening to my work. MacK. [Mackechnie], I know, is getting published a good amount of the Gaelic, and that's O.K. You also propose a joint production or 'omnium gatherum' to be published by MacL. [William MacLellan], and that's also O.K., though I'd like some idea of what's to go in it. But the 'Tinker's Poke' or 'March 1940 book' [?] me *laisse rêveur* (as they say). I've a vague memory of it, but I'm not very keen on it on it now. I think we'll see how things go with the Gaelic book and the joint one, and then I'll take stock of the material left and

see what I want to do with it. I'm not in any great hurry. (29/3/44).

Three weeks later, he writes:

On the matter of the book. Let them [William MacLellan, publisher, and Rev. John MacKechnie] go ahead with it as it stands, though give a look at the proofs... Gaoth air Loch Fìne will do for the title. There's no point in making a song and dance about it and taking it too seriously. It might as well be launched as it stands, and once it's off the slips we can fix up the 'Gallimawfry'. From the universal, and the Scottish, point of view it seems to me that the republication of my father's books is far more important than the publication of anything of mine. (18/4/44).

In early May, Hay told Young that there was no point sending out the proofs to him in Africa and that he'd instructed MacKechnie "to go ahead on his own"; further, to satisfy the family lawyer, who wished to see George's work—as well as John MacDougall Hay's—secure in the one place, he made his mother "my 'literary executor' as it were, and her wishes will decide or otherwise the publication of any of my work", though "she had better coopt MacKechnie", as a Gaelic speaker and scholar. (3/5/44).

By June Hay had advised MacKechnie on "excisions and changes" in the proposed list of contents. MacLellan had "failed us in the matter of the joint book", but that was maybe no bad thing, since most of Young's work was already, or about to be, published (Antrìn Blads had appeared in 1943), and also:

if we were to combine your work and mine, which are both Protean, the resultant variety would be labyrinthine, and the public might hold up their hands in despair. They must be treated after the Arabs' precept "Give men the dose of truth (or anything else) that they've the capacity for". So I think we should carry on separately till I get back ("have sparet"). When this present book is out I'll take stock of the situation, and plan another, but piano piano. (5/6/44).

By this stage, however, Hay clearly felt he was losing control over his own work; having heard, "wrongly I hope", that Young and MacLellan had again discussed his work and the possibility of its inclusion in a polyglot book, his first letter from Italy warns in an uncharacteristically curt tone

that any future projects will be formed by me, and by me only... I will not have arrangements made without my knowledge and without my consent, and I think it would be best if you refrained from having anything to do with my work... If any liberties are taken...by anyone whatsoever I will take legal action. (21/6/44).

He struck a more conciliatory note a few weeks later, having heard from Young, assuring his friend that he was not

unconscious or unmindful of your help both by suggestions and actions, but

to avoid friction and confusion (and friction over questions of taste is unavoidable) it seemed to me that the only thing to do was 1. to let MacK. finish this book, it being in Gaelic 2. to give authority for the future to one single person [Catherine Hay]. ... It's been most unfortunate that the book should have caused contention, and at one period I was considering scrapping it and refunding everybody out of my credits. (17/7/44).

Some of the contention was due to "some ghastly confusion about F G Scott's settings", and Hay admitted that

the trouble is in a great part due to myself, who, having other pre-occupations, said "Go ahead, go ahead". I then woke up with a start to find that all sorts of things had been, or were being, arranged for me, and that things were in a tangle. (23/7/44).

Hay's move to Italy coincidentally signalled the start of a period of extraordinary poetic achievement. In July he informed his mother that new poems were on their way to her, including

three first installments of a poem which I realise with stupefaction is likely to run to something near 1 000 lines. I visualised it at first as being of about 2-300 when the idea first occurred to me in Africa. Talk about the Muses dragging one along by the scruff of the neck. They too must have joined the women police and have taken a course in ju-jitsu. (5/7/44 Source 23, 4)

Over the months of July and August, he wrote 700 lines of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, from the introduction and the keening to the story of war-scarred Ahmed and the enthralling tale of Omar's journey through the Sahara. During that same period he compiled a Gaelic collection of Tunisian proverbs and riddles (some of which he inserted into MOCHTÀR""), made extensive translations of modern Croatian poetry (from Italian versions), and went on to translate Petrarch; in the way of original poems, over the autumn and winter months came among others ATMAN, CÒMHRADH AN ALLTAIN, PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE?, BISEARTA, BEINN IS MACHAIR, AN LAGAN, then in the spring of 1945 ANT-ÒIGEAR A' BRUIDHINN O'N ÙIR, MEFTAH BÂBKUM ES-SABAR and TILLEADH UILÌSIS.

Meanwhile the Gaoth Air Loch Fìne book had become a source of dissatisfaction, as Hay expressed to Young some months later:

Myself I have thought all along that certain things marked out for the book had their heart in the right place, but were far from being poetry... In fact I'm postponing and reviewing the whole goddam situation, which will give myself and everyone else a well-earned rest. (20/12/44).

Understandably, the well-earned rest was not appreciated by all concerned, judging by Hay's remarks to Young a few weeks later:

My attitude to MacLellan is not much different from F G Scott's now. My

only desire is to get the abortion cancelled, pay the creature his costs and be quit of him...He was silly enough to show some resentment, polite of course, at my mother's intervention, whereby he damned himself in aeternitatum. There was one who wasn't even polite [MacKechnie, glosses Young]... εὖ κόρακας an dithisd aca. ["to hell with the two of them"] (10/1/45).

That same month Maurice Lindsay's Poetry Scotland 2 was being printed, advertising Gaoth air Loch Fine as one of the books "appearing uniformly with this volume", but Hay lightly reassured Young:

Don't bother about MacLellan. His catalogue would be printed before complications arose. I have a course charted out. (19/4/45).

In March Hay explained to Robert Rankin:

As for the book, MacLellan doesn't give a damn and is slow-motion, and MacK is rather an autocratic gentleman. He saw fit to show impatience with my honourable parent and bark at her over the phone, so I cut the ground from under his feet by taking the thing right out of his hands; for which I received some extremely abusive letters which I am going to preserve and hang in asbestos frames. Between them they made a proper mess, from which I have cut clear, and I'm now preparing something more worthwhile. ... First of all I'll get all the material together, then I must edge MacLellan into a settlement for the mess he helped to make, then I'll look around. If I could help it I'd publish nothing by that man. (6/3/45).

Perspectives were regained and difficulties straightened out when Hay returned to Scotland on leave in late August (his first leave since setting sail almost three years before). As he told Rankin in Jan'46:

A thaobh an leabhraìn agam (ma's ann agam a tha e) rinn MacEacharna brochull-bream dheth is b'fheudar dhomh a thoirt as na làmhnan aige. Nuair a bha mi air fòrlach thug mi e glan deas do MhacIll Fhaolain. An déidh sin cha chuala mi facal eile air. Fhuair mi am mach air mo chosd gur e fìor shlaodaire a tha'nn MacIll Fhaolain co-dhiùbh.

As regards my wee book (if mine it is), MacKechnie made a cock-up of it and I had to take it out of his hands. When I was on leave I gave it fresh and new to MacLellan. Since then I've not heard another word about it. I found out to my cost that MacLellan is a real droopy-drawers anyway.

By then plans were under way for a Scots/English collection, with Hay writing to his mother from Greece:

Don't forget to tell me what you think of proposals for the book. Would Oliver & Boyd be suitable? MacLellan never— to give him a manuscript is to bury your light under an immovable bushel. ... Perhaps it will even be published before the Gaelic one! (13/1/46, Source 20, 26).

Things were moving, however, and on 4 July, writing from Carstairs Military Hospital, Hay could tell Young that "MacLellan appeared here last night with the

Fuaran Sléibh proofs, in good spirits and full of projects". Once out of Carstairs Hay was busy writing and preparing further publications. He approached Oliver&Boyd early in August with a manuscript of Scots, English and French poems which they accepted (NLS Acc. 5000/448), and continued working on MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL and preparing a second Gaelic collection (Source 37 27/8/46, and Listings 8).

Oliver and Boyd are to publish my Scots and English poetry, but they tell me it'll take about a year. Keep it quietish, for it may make MacLellan a bit restive, and he's still evasive enough about the Gaelic book. Anyway, I have two other books in Gaelic in the offing, though the first one weighs heavily on my mind. (15/9/46).

At present I'm thrang at the scribevin – English, Scots and Gaelic. (6/10/46).

That same day he sent off additional poems for Wind On Loch Fyne, but one entitled *Pomp And Circumstance* was removed at James Thin's suggestion, as both publisher and poet agreed "it might give offence unnecessarily". Hay had rented the old family house, Heatherknowe, over the winter, intending to spend most of his time writing.

I've been pretty busy down here, both in English and Gaelic tho not in Scots, I'm ashamed to say. Very soon I should have my Gaelic magnum opus completed...which runs to little more than 1200 lines or so. In addition I've managed to write a poem or two, and one or two articles, as well as trying [unsuccessfully] to get Gaelic into the columns of the Campbeltown Courier, which is a trifle which might be important as there is a small Gaelic revival in Tarbert and Campbeltown. (late Nov.'46).

But MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL never reached completion: at the end of that month, in Catherine Hay's words, "the crash came", and Hay was admitted to Lochgilphead Hospital. By March '47, the Gaelic proofs for Fuaran Sléibh were ready, but there had been another hiccup:

Mr. McLellan tells me by phone that George's translations...are lost. It is fortunately a blow which George is spared knowing about... After a week's intensive work I have managed to piece together a good many of them from scraps here and there, but there are several of which there is no trace. (Catherine Hay, 11/3/47; Source 37).

These poems remained untranslated in the final product, but Sorley MacLean offered a translation of CINNTÌRE, praised by Hay for its "snas agus tuigse". His return to Tarbert that autumn set off another spate of activity, and more additions were made to Wind On Loch Fyne, including in late November the formidable SEEKER REAPER.

It is pleasant news to hear that "Seeker Reaper" is to be included, for I

would't like the age, melancholy and death of "Calum thonder", "The Old Fisherman" and "The Two Neighbours" to be the overriding notes sounded by the Loch Fyne poems. There are young fishermen, too, who like their vaunt about a boat that is "a hawk and a tramper". The old wild dynamism of the Highlands is still there, but, to our impoverishment, seldom expressed. (2/12/47 NLS Acc. 5000/465).

Eight years before, Hay had written that

thoughts do come when one is very tired; the last flicker before the flame dies, or the sudden increase in the heat of the sun just before it goes under a cloud. (Source 1, 44v)

and there is something astonishing about Hay's creative energy at this time, in the ambitious sweep of poems like SEEKER REAPER or THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA, in his collected song settings (one copy sent, with new poems, to F G Scott), in his attempt to gather his prose writings (including recently written short stories and a long historical-literary essay on Gaelic song as "An Untapped Source Of Scottish History"). The conclusion to MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (written for the most part in Greece) was finalised, but Dougall's story remained incomplete. By the end of the year Hay was back in hospital.

That winter, recent poems of his had regularly appeared in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch: the paper's editor was now Albert Mackie, himself a prominent poet, and he opened its pages to much of the new Scottish verse (and the old – Dunbar was also featured). In March '48, Fuaran Sléibh was finally released, only six months before Wind On Loch Fyne, in turn, was ready for launching. In spite of poor sales in an unfavourable market, reviews were glowing. An early encomium came from Alexander Scott, reviewing Wind on BBC Radio (29/9/48):

His language is always idiomatic, always "the tongue of the people in the mouth of the scholar". ... Campbell Hay is a poet of wide range and great technical dexterity, and he has a heart that feels and a mind that understands. ... There is in his work that sense of the past which is essential to the interpretation of the contemporary scene. (Transcript in Source 23, 51-57).

Austin Clarke in the Irish Times wrote:

In the best sense of the word, George Campbell Hay is an academic poet. He has identified himself so closely with Gaelic poetry that there is a timelessness in these poems of nature, as in his lyric "the Glen"... He captures too the exact mood of the ironic love poems common to Scotland and Ireland... To have mastered a tradition, as I think this poet has, is an important advance.

And Hugh MacDiarmid, having quoted Clarke on the Gaelic book, said of Wind On Loch Fyne:

This is in fact the most distinguished volume of Scottish poems that has

appeared for a quarter of a century, and contains quite a number of lyrics that cannot be omitted from any real representative anthology of modern Scottish poetry.

The two collections, wrote MacDiarmid, demonstrated the closeness between Gaelic and Lallans writers, which would "prove in the long run that the cultivation of Lallans has been merely a stage in the breaking away from English and return to Gaelic". (National Weekly 1.4 9/10/48).

The reviewer for the Inverness Courier, presumably not a devotee of Mac Diarmid's Renaissance movement, found that all the WLF poems – "even in Scots! – have merit, and many have distinction" (8/10/48), while the Times Literary Supplement noted the "concern with the whole European tradition" (13/11/48). Lewis Spence praised the poet's "imagination and craftsmanship":

His verses are infused with a fine sense of the power of the sea... Most of the poems are couched in a species of musical Highland Scots, very grateful after some of the crunching sounds made by the brogues of the Makars... [He] has the gift of minting the rarer phrases of poetic proverb... Some of the rhythms in "Seeker Reaper" are victorious indeed, the finest of their sort since Swinburne's mighty line. (SMT Magazine, Nov. '48).

The echoes detected by Robin Lorimer were not of Swinburne; he admired rather SEEKER REAPER's "train of thrilling modulations" leading to "grandiloquent, Aeschylean sophistications".

Hay's verse is polished and finely articulated. His language is terse and lucid: it pinpoints: it has sword-blade poise and flexibility. ... Even his English poetry reveals characteristically Gaelic motives: the desire for precision and completeness, and for perfection of technique in preference to innovation; ...the ascendancy of the formal discipline; the presentation in multiple image of accumulated detail. ... The central fact about Hay's poetry is that it is Gaelic poetry; even in English he works still within the framework of the Gaelic literary tradition. (Scots Review 9.8, Dec. '48)

This "central fact" was sensed, with less comprehension and far less sympathy, by another reviewer of WLF, who in addition was suspicious of the collection's polyglottal pretensions:

In [this] book of poems there is implied a claim which has been made at least twice in Scotland in recent years. "I am the master of ten languages. Therefore I am a scholar. Therefore I am a poet, and ten times the poet I would have been had I known only one language, my own."

... [Hay's] translations...must be judged as Scots and English poems, without favour, against the Scots and English traditions. As far as one can judge..., the chief tributary into [the] Scots and English poems is Gaelic, and that – for a Scottish poet – is perhaps the most dangerous influence of any.

... The rhythms and techniques of most of the English poems show little

awareness of the best of contemporary English poetry. ... It would be a pity if Mr. Campbell Hay should fail to develop to its utmost a most promising talent, because he has uncritically accepted the dogma of a clique. Even the contemporary English poets have something to teach him. (The Scottish Educational Journal 5/11/48).

Soon after the flurry of interest, Catherine Hay approached Oliver&Boyd over the matter of Hay's prose writings, which he had intended to collect before his readmission to hospital:

I am not suggesting submitting it ... but at present I dare not trouble George about it. I am so anxious to keep him from being forgotten till such times as he can write again. (18/1/49 NLS Acc. 5000/ 509).

And a year and a half later, she made another approach, this time with O Na Ceithir Àirdean, a small manuscript of translations and original poems. Hay had at least partly planned the book in 1946, and two-thirds of its original poems (as well as a good number of its versions) had already been published, principally in An Gàidheal and MacDiarmid's revived Voice of Scotland. The manuscript was regretfully turned down as commercially unviable (the publishers had noted the year before, regarding the low returns of Wind On Loch Fyne, that it was "becoming increasingly difficult to sell poetry of any kind" *id.*/ 535). Within days, however, they were informed that the MacCaig Trust had, once again, agreed to subsidise publication and guarantee against loss. By October the galley-proofs were being "carefully gone over both by George – who got the greatest pleasure out of the job – and by Sam MacLean" (*id.* / 569). John Lorne Campbell supplied the basis for a publicity blurb which was then turned into Gaelic by Hay's old friend Kenneth MacLeod. It appeared in both languages on the book's jacket, and I quote from it to give an idea of the claims which were being made at the time for Hay's work:

[Fuaran Sléibh] was hailed by a distinguished critic as "unquestionably the most important volume of Gaelic poetry for a century and a half," and another has said that "Hay must be rated as the best poet in Gaelic since the death of Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair two centuries ago." This new volume gives fresh proof of the vigour and versatility of his genius as a Gaelic poet. ... Scholars will appreciate the subtle craft of Mr. Hay's versification; all Gaelic readers will respond to the tragic depth of the poems inspired by his war experiences and the nostalgic intensity of his evocation of the winds and waves of Loch Fyne and the birch and bracken of the hillsides of Kintyre.

An advance notice appeared in the Dingwall paper The North Star, by Sorley MacLean (but not acknowledged as such since the book was dedicated to him), which praised Hay's "lovable genius", his "sympathetic imagination", the

"wonderful poem of bombed Bizerta, so haunting with its wistful, questioning rhythms":

[He] is of course, an amazing linguist and an even more amazing virtuoso in poetic technique ... but the highest distinction of his work is not ultimately in its virtuosity but in its exquisite flavour, which seems a delicate blend of the old and the new in Gaelic, for, however far he ranges, he remains fundamentally and proudly a Gaelic poet, conscious of the great poetic traditions of Scotland and Ireland, ... and of the past and present of Scotland... (5/4/52)

And Iain Crichton Smith, in one of the earliest assessments of the *nua-bhàrdachd*, wrote with insight:

Courage: that is one impression from Hay's poetry. Courage, love of his homeland, and a respect for tradition... Hay is probably more in the true tradition of Gaelic poetry than MacLean in his emphasis on nature, his preoccupation with "eternal" themes, the strictness of his forms. Nevertheless, there is a lack of passion. Sometimes he is as if immured in marble. At his best, however, his qualities of disciplined integrity and meditative power are fine. (Smith 1953: 202-204)

Many years later, the same writer would also salute Hay's narrative powers as revealed in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL: "its sustained power of description can hardly have been surpassed by any Scottish poet this century" (The Scottish Review 35, 48). After MacDiarmid's publishing of a long meditative extract (from "Obayd") in 1947, the poem had languished in total obscurity for over thirty years. One can only speculate as to the effect on Hay's reputation had his *magnum opus* been completed and given full exposure in the immediate post-war years. In a Scotland where "multi-culturalism" was not yet perceived or promoted as a fact of post-colonial Europe, the depth of Hay's imaginative engagement with Islamic North Africa (in addition to the wider cultural eclecticism of his work) might have been as startling to his public as the passionate syntheses of Sorley MacLean's poetry.

HAY'S POETRY: A THEMATIC SURVEY

1. OF BOATS AND THE SEA

To a young, developing poet like George enamoured since boyhood of boats and sailing, Gaelic poetry must have been as an Aladdin's cave: there he could find a long tradition of sailing verse, from the glimmering, elusive evocations or accumulative cameos of professional panegyric and popular waulking-songs, to the flamboyance of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's *Birlinn Chlann-Raonuill*. With such an abundance of models it is not surprising that some of Hay's earliest excursions in Gaelic poetry were maritime; only the high quality of their eclecticism need astonish.

The earliest surviving production of this kind (from Fettesian days) is in English, but it may not be too fanciful to detect in *THE HIND OF MORNING* the influence of Gaelic verses such as that cited by Hay a few years later:

Seachad air Grianraig mar fhiadh nam beann fuara,
 dìreadh ri uchd garbhlaich, 's an sealgair 'ga ruagadh,
 ise 's siubhal-sìth' aice, sìnteagan uallach,
 sgoltadh nan tonn uaine 's a fuaradh air chàch. (Source 45, 26/10/38)

Hay's snorting, stamping, leaping hind is only by inference a creature of the waves, but the image is used again quite explicitly in *TLACHD IS MISNEACH* and its English counterpart. The boat makes its first appearance in Gaelic in the nostalgic *AISLING*, as the "darach cridhe" of Hebridean tradition: exiled in the Lowlands, the poet dreams he is high on the hills south-east of Tarbert, looking out on the sun setting on Loch Fyne, when of a sudden, surpassing every vision, the "jewel of boats" appears, sails cracking in the wind and waves breaking under her prow. The setting is one that has antecedents stretching far back in Gaelic song tradition, and were it not for the reference to the "merry drone" of the engine, the "darach cridhe" could well be one of the Hebridean galleys that navigate so many old songs. (The vessel is probably a fishing-boat setting off for a night's hunt, but this is not specified and is clearly subordinate to the poetic life of the description). Hay goes on to evoke the boat in terms that characterise all his poems on the theme – it as a fighter, exultant and defiant, "a' dèanamh ùspairn" against the living threatening force of the sea, hitting hard, hurling her engine-song in the face of the elements, and altogether revelling in the struggle. This depiction Hay brought to perfection in *SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE*, a sound-picture which though undoubtedly derivative would be hard to surpass on its own terms.

(The *Corrie* was a boat Hay had hired for a sailing holiday with friends in 1935 and was particularly fond of).

"Thog sinn amach air a' mhachair uaine", it begins, employing a centuries-old kenning for the sea; no sooner out in the open loch than fierce squalls leap at her and the "black slender one" braces herself, lets out her cry and plunges into the fray. The second verse with an extraordinary auditory power describes the charger taut with energy, and the third verse charts her victorious advance, the crew's euphoria swept in a frenzy of noise and squall and spindrift.

The language is not new, far from it, but Hay has taken the vigour and crispness of the tradition and harnessed it into a splendid modern lyric. The poem was honed to perfection through several drafts, and no other poem of Hay's comes close to conveying the excitement of the struggle with so much concision, clarity and aural suggestiveness. An English poem to the same boat, which probably imitates the SIUBHAL" metre, lacks the tautness and virr of the Gaelic and was abandoned (TO THE CORRIE); its failure may be attributable to the subjection of English to the demands of Gaelic music (PLEASURE AND COURAGE, although a much better poem, is not free from a similar monotony of rhythm). The post-war ARDLAMONT is more successful, but reads like a tentative fragment rather than a finished lyric.

The struggle is less exultant in ALBA, where the emphasis is on the crew's communal responsibility to "win home" through gale and tempest. One senses above all the risks and danger continually present, for example in the laconic:

for nothing is here but the sea when her seams fail.

or the highly evocative last line:

and dim in the drift only the scud of the land shows.

The poem is all the more successful for the lack of insistence on the political metaphor of the title; that may have arisen out of the poem itself, or may have been in the poet's eye all along (an earlier version has a fourth explicit verse appended), but at any rate the poem is a clear indication that Hay was not unaware of a continuity of thought and of poetic image in his own mind, linking his delight in the challenge of sailing and his admiration for the fishermen (see section below) to the importance of personal risk in the communal struggle of political commitment.

This could lead us to see SEEKER REAPER as a celebration of Scotland as much as it is of the Tarbert fishing-boats, but without ignoring its suggestive power there is little doubt that the poem functions very successfully at a literal level. This is Hay revelling in the rediscovered delights of his youth, home in Tarbert after six years

abroad and an extended period in hospital, and once again "rolling in and out of boats". (Catherine Hay, Source 45, referring to Hay's first post-war stay in Tarbert in 1946). The poem, intended expressly to evoke the "wild dynamism of the Highlands" (NLS Acc. 5000/465) is a gloriously exuberant paean to a cocky, spirited, irrepressible fishing-boat, acclaimed in a whirlwind of soundmusic for her conquests and her pedigree, the incantated place-names bearing witness to her wide dominion, and Norse and Gaelic chants evoking her Viking and Hebridean ancestors and the turbulent history of the western sea-board. The poem plays on the darting suggestiveness of everchanging metres and the instant evocativeness of language; its composition was astonishingly rapid (typed out in one session without notes), and much of the poem's strength may derive precisely from its relative spontaneity and unchecked exuberance. That very exuberance is of a wider import than the purely poetic: when Hay tells his publisher that SEEKER REAPER expresses the vaunting of the younger fishermen, and the "wild dynamism of the Highlands, [which] is still there, but to our impoverishment seldom expressed" (NLS Acc. 5000/465, 2/12/47), he seems to be invoking a moral quality which the community of Gaeldom and of Scotland must regain if they are to be complete and alive – it is the lost fire mourned in SGAIRT MO DHAOINE, the quality of exuberance praised in PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE?, and extolled in a letter of 20/4/43 (Source 37):

our compatriots need reminding that they don't belong to a plodding, painstaking, borné species. ... We need to restore the tradition of the out-of-the-ordinary and plain daftness.

The spirit of the Seeker Reaper is also that of the Cutty Sark (see TAE THE CUTTY SARK", of 1961), a boat which Hay invests with a will and rebelliousness of obviously political import.

The various shipping poems of that period (FURAN NA BAINTEGHEARNA", RATHAD LOUDAIDH S AN TRACK, ACARSAIDEAN") and a variety of sailing songs attest to Hay's abiding interest throughout the later years, and indeed as late as 1983 some Gaelic drafts (see I 'RUTH LEIS) show he had lost none of the facility and felicity of maritime language which had surfaced so early in his poetry.

2. THE LOCH FYNE FISHERMEN

Hay's identification with the fishing community of Tarbert surfaced in his poetry almost as early as the sailing interest. The first theme broached is the harshest aspect of that community's life: *THE THREE BROTHERS* from 1937 recounts a tragedy at sea (from Hay's childhood) and the terrible burden born by the community ashore. Ten years later that burden of anxiety and grief was given its place on the broader canvas of *MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL*, in the lyric *BEAN AN IASGAIR*; there the wife's sense of powerlessness emphasises the precariousness of human life manifested throughout the long poem. There is nothing romanticised about Hay's depiction of the fishing life; there *is*, however, an idealisation in his portrayal of the fishermen, in the sense that he does not simply depict them as people but holds them up as models. Hay felt a quiet heroism in the fishermen and their families which deeply attracted him, and in a poem like *TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN* we can see Calum Johnson embodying values which were axiomatic in Hay's perception of authentic life: rootedness and respect for the past, steadfastness and calm assurance stemming from integrity and independence of mind. Calum is a fisherman "who keeps to the old ways" (to quote the earlier title), he is "set" and "still" in a world of transient superficiality; he is no "broken branch" adrift, but solid and permanent as the hills or as an "ancient yew" (very old Gaelic imagery); and he shoulders the immense responsibilities and hardships of his profession with a quiet determined dignity.

Dignity again marks *THE OLD FISHERMAN*'s farewell to his livelihood: old age is accepted with resignation, as an organic part of life, a natural process shared by the fisherman's environment; the exultant memories of those "dancing days for fishing" endure, of course, as they do in the similarly contented *NA CASAN AIR TÌR*. There is no contentment and no natural process, however, in *THE FISHERMAN SPEAKS*, an indignant protest at the destructive interference of alien power and alien values into the community: forced by a slump in the market to sell his boat and send his son away to work on a stranger's vessel, the fisherman is put to servile labour, while Loch Fyne is teeming with herring:

I ply my spade and watch them play –
God, what is it but mockery?

(There is an echo here of Gaelic songs from the era of hunting prohibition, where the thriving wildlife mocks and teases the impotent hunter). It is not the denial of his job so much as the lack of recognition of his skill that is particularly bitter, since "the most uncannily certain tracker of the wandering shoals was no better than the biggest fool in the fleet once it was a matter of picks and shovels" (Scots

Magazine, Oct. 1940, 62).

After the war Hay drew another admiring portrait of a fisherman in AN T-IASGAIR and its English counterpart, possibly an epitaph of sorts for Calum Johnson (who had died during Hay's absence). Schooled by his environment, the fisherman's eyes out at sea are manly and steady, calm but alert, knowledgeable; he has stood up to wind, sun and rain, storm and calm, and all "have set their seal upon your cheek, man". The qualities admired here recall those praised in the poor Arab, Atman, and those required to live life's challenge to the full in PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN"" and BEINN IS MACHAIR.

Several months after articulating in DLEASNAS NAN ÀIRDEAN his vision of the heroic challenge facing the youth of Scotland (to walk the difficult perilous ridge for the sake of the valley-bound majority), Hay composed AT THE QUAYSIDE where he describes the "dim battles" fought by the fishermen out in the night while the world sleeps; he vividly evokes not only the actuality of fishing, with the sureness of personal experience, but also the sense of struggle against awesome odds. The figures of the buyers on the quay who open and end the poem are drawn with a contemptuous touch: as these people joke demeaningly of an experience they cannot understand, they are like the judge in Atman, passing sentence on men who have lived something beyond their ken:

Down from the quay they climb to finger
what our brown nets swept away,
the hard-won harvest we have wrestled
from sea and night, from wind and spray.

What do they know, or any others,
of how the midnight wind commands. . .
Only the night sea, wudd with winter,
can give them the mind that understands.

The parallel is easily drawn between the minority who answer the call to scale the heights for the benefit of the tame majority, and the heroic hardy spirit that braves the sea to support family and community. The connection between AT THE QUAYSIDE and DLEASNAS NAN ÀIRDEAN or ATMAN need not be conscious, but there is undoubtedly a moral, philosophical consistency in the impression made on Hay by the Tarbert fishermen and the attitudes to life he came to express. In them he sees a full individuality healthily articulated within a strongly cultural community. Even the things which modern society rejects as useless, antiquated or superstitious, may be seen to have a moral value:

If a man still insists on having the tiller of his boat of rowan wood, or on making three sunwise circles with her before he leaves the harbour, he adds something to the diversity of life and harms no one, not even himself. He is

unusual in that he has some opinions of his own that didn't come out of a newspaper, and is to be admired for that. (Poetry In The World Or Out Of It I, 49).

And in a sweeping indictment of the English urban class, Hay deplored that they have become derivative men with little or nothing of their own, except that decency which...is as much a common human attribute as a pair of legs. Their decency can't carry them far, for they have no values, principles or convinced attitudes, and they have no traditions. As a Tarbert man once told me in horror about his English pals in the last war, alot of them neither know nor care who their grandfathers were. (Source 37, 19/8/42).

The humiliation expressed in *THE FISHERMEN SPEAKS* is of being reduced to the life of a "prasgan dreamasgail Ghallda" (Source 47, Sept. 1938). For all its unfairness to the Lowlanders in question (and for all the prejudice which sustains his generalisation about the English), this again points to the source of Hay's attraction to the fishermen: they evoke an older way of life, one of individual dignity and communal rootedness; these he associated with Tarbert, he associated with Gaelic, and was to find again in North Africa.

Such idealisation should not be mistaken for the mere sentimentality of an exile: in his poetry Hay may make an archetype of the fisherman to illustrate certain moral values (possibly prompted by a particular regard for Calum Johnson), but his short stories from just before and just after the war portray his fishing or poaching companions as very real people indeed.

An interesting aspect of Hay's fishing poems is his use of terminology, in particular the terms relating to the traditional methods of ring-net fishing. In any of the poems mentioned above they are unobtrusive, simply giving a clearer outline to the evocations. In some later, (and generally slighter) poems, we find a very deliberate inclusion of linguistic fishing lore which Hay is obviously concerned to preserve by embodying it in verse. Examples of this are *MIANNAN AN TAIRBEARTAICH* and *LUINNEAG THAIRBEARTACH*.

3. KINTYRE

To Tarbert I am going, even if I live in a but-and-ben with a paraffin lamp and get my water from a well. Time and time again, in Gaelic and Scots and English I have written nostalgic poems, and either you mean it or you don't mean it. I have always meant it. (31/1/79; Source 24, 5).

Hay's attachment to Kintyre, formed in his young years and no doubt intensified by his enforced separation from the place, was from the start one of the mainsprings of his poetry and remained till the end the inspiration of some very beautiful verse. As in the case of his sailing verse, a theme which sprang from personal passion was also one which offered countless poetic models in Gaelic literature. Nature poetry features strongly in our earliest list of his poems (Listing 3), including discarded titles like *Earrach an àigh 'sa ghleann*, *Eòin bheag sheinneas air craoibh*, *Madainn samhraidh an Glac Calltuinn*. The earliest surviving piece is AN GLEANNAN, a masterfully compact lyric, intricate and sensuous; underlying it and other "nature lyrics" (DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH and the first section of AN LAGAN, both early poems; SCOTS ARCADIA, THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN and its Gaelic counterpart) is a sense of sacredness, intimacy, tranquility and security. This in turn suggests some of the sources for this aspect of his poetry, for pieces such as these do not bring to mind the big classic nature poems of the 18th century (the war-time CÒMHRADH AN ALLTAIN is closer to those) but rather take us back close on a thousand years, to the delicate lyrics of the Irish hermits, the nature verse incorporated in the tales of Deirdre or Suibhne, and which surfaces again in the ballads of the Fianna. (Something as simple as the "binn binn" of DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH, for example, awakens echoes of poems like the short Ossianic *Binn guth duine i dTìr an Óir* preserved by the Dean of Lismore).

That sacredness of his attachment to Kintyre's wild hills, Hay feared to have lost forever amid the hell of war (see AN LAGAN), but on his return his wounded spirit found comfort and strength in his Scots Arcadia, as he expressed in TLACHD IS MISNEACH and its English version PLEASURE AND COURAGE:

That was ever, the shore that reared me,
part of my soul, knit in my being;
a cool well of peace and pleasure
it was, and will be for ever.

Waves of my loch, wind, rain and heather,
these were a spring of gladness ever,
an ember of courage in strange countries;
were, and will be throughout life's journey.

In this same period, he wrote:

... this land weaves its own enchantment. It is not only the hunter's instinct and the wandering instinct that give the powerful impulse to frequent these serene, solitary, wild, Arcadian places. Their untamed, unsoiled, tranquil charm, their quiet, untroubled lonely beauty lure you, and in them you are face to face with the old earth itself. ... The bights and creeks and forelands, the burns singing seaward through a curtain of birch and oak and hazel, the kent hills tumbling sheer to the shore, mantled with the foliage of the native trees, "the green mane of the knowes", precipitous and hardly to be passed for fallen rocks, the kindly old names given them by the generations that are long gone but never forgotten, have a power to draw the heart and to lift it, so that they cannot be seen without an upsurge of affection. We belong to them and they are part of us. (*Grand Stravaig*, 340).

These kindly names are the ones he recites as a litany in KINTYRE, they are "a flame to warm, a sain against all ill", the names of hills, of hollows, of creeks and headlands and intimate landmarks such as the *Paiste Beag* of AN CIÙRAN CEÒBAN CEÒ, and also the names of deserted settlements:

Meall Daraich, or the Oaken Knowe; *Alld Beithe*, the Birch Burn; *Seanlagan*, the Old Hollow; *Airigh Fhuar* or the Cold Shielling – they are names that evoke the old Arcadian life of grazing cattle and peat fires, fish-oil cruises, spinning-wheels and a song from every open doorway. (*A Turn On The Hill*, 259).

Whether in Oxford, North Africa, Italy, Greece or Edinburgh, the horizons of his boyhood so majestically evoked in FAIRE M'OIGE continued to pull Hay's mind and imagination, and it is perhaps surprising that the kind of romantic nostalgia clearly expressed above, and which has occasioned much sentimental poetry in Gaelic, was so successfully restrained by Hay and gave birth to such disciplined beauty. *Cianalas*, a poetic theme with roots going back centuries, by dint of historical circumstance had latterly become a staple theme of songmakers (particularly among exiled Gaels), increasingly accompanied by sentimental cliché and lack of realism; though some emigrant songs do evoke the realities of the new life in exile, a vast number merely (and understandably) romanticise the golden days of youth spent in a happier land among kindlier folk. The burden of those associations (though undoubtedly present in the writings quoted above) is usually completely side-stepped in Hay's poems, partly by his greater inventiveness and his avoidance of poetic cliché, and also his technical discipline. It is notable, for example, that in his best poems the nostalgic theme is brought to bear in a metrical setting quite removed from the conventional one for songs on the homeland, in forms which carry their own discipline and bring a distinctive power to the theme. The terse couplets of LUINNEAG, for example, give a punch to each

statement that sharply conveys the physicality of the singer's longing. CINNTÌRE, with resonances of the highly disciplined forms of medieval bardic verse, strikes a fine balance between emotional lyricism and classical restraint; here Kintyre is greeted as a fostering mother and praised with a strong sense of the territory's "pedigree". And if rootedness was essential to Hay, then Kintyre was indeed the ideal mother, for

Is domhain a chaidh freumh do sheanchais.

The peninsula's roots as invoked in CINNTÌRE go back not only to the Lordship of the Isles but to the very first arrival of Gaelic (as also of Christianity) into what became Scotland, and even further back into Irish legend. Hay's vivid sense of history inevitably coloured his sense of place, and as we shall see, his political perception too. Kintyre, the cradle of Gaelic Scotland, is also poetically for Hay a paradigm for modern Scotland, and he uses much nature imagery (as well as the "màthair m'altruim" motif of CINNTÌRE) to express his deep patriotism (see CEITHIR GAOTHAN NA H-ALBANN).

Of course, Hay's poems about Kintyre are not all nature evocations. TIOMNADH, ostensibly concerned with the nature of the afterlife, is essentially a poem of longing for the hard, living winds of Kintyre, that land with which no Paradise can compare. (The same theme underlies A MEMORY THAT WILL NOT FADE and surfaces in CINNTÌRE, and is perhaps in part a subversion of the Celtic Twilight preoccupation with the Otherworld, which it is easy to forget was still prevalent in the 1930s even among the Gaels). AM MARAICHE GÀIDHEALACH"" speaks with the voice of a serviceman in the Royal Navy, while the more original CÒMHRADH NAN RUDHA has the conversing headlands rueing the absence of the fishermen-turned-sailors, in an imaginative inversion of *cianalas*.

The dislocation and alienation in Hay's life brought about by his schooling is a leitmotif of his poetry (see, for example, KINTYRE, LEAVING THE LAND, LUINNEAG, CINNTÌRE) and it was explored more fully in some later poems. M'OILEAN IS M'ALTRUM explicitly wonders which, of his native environment and his acquired schooling, has most influenced him as a poet:

cò aca fo'n ghréin
bu mhó éifeachd air m'ealain,
no an loch is na sléibhtean,
no a' Ghreugais s an Laideann?

The answer given is the same one resoundingly proclaimed twenty years earlier in AIR SUIDH' ARTAIR"" :

Is mó cumhachd nan sliabh
na aon riaghaltas maireann;

is fheàrr feartan a' mhonaidh
 na gach oilein tha 'n Sasuinn;
 an Tairbeart d'an cosnadh
 an sgoth 's an lìon-sgadain,
 is treasa gu mòr i
 na Hómer 's an Laideann.

Although this is certainly emotionally truthful, Hay is just as certainly underestimating the influence of his classical education on his poetic practice. Whatever his own extraordinary gifts, there can be no doubt that his ten years of studying prosody, language and style, and of mastering the art of literary imitation heightened his feel for what qualities characterise a tradition: this made all the easier his thorough acquisition of poetic registers in Gaelic, and must have facilitated the creation of his brilliantly eclectic "hill and sea, boat and bealach, adolescent stuff". (This aspect of Hay's making as a poet, not usually remarked upon, is emphasised in Gillies 1986: 336.)

The last poem quoted above, AIR SUIDH ARTAIR¹, composed at an important juncture in his life (when he emerged from twelve years residence in hospital), is an apologia for Hay's cultural allegiance, a renewed declaration of love for Kintyre. It brings up themes of conflict – Lothian versus Kintyre, Lowland versus Highland, natural environment versus formal education – and resolves them all with a facility which suggests there was precious little conflict in the first place:

Air cabhsair 's air fireach
 molaidh mise ri m'bheò sin [*Sgìre Chalmain Eala*]
 gur iad a' Ghàidhealtachd 's a' Ghàidhlig
 an dà nì 's fheàrr a tha'n Albainn
 is fheàrr feartan a' mhonaidh
 na gach oilein tha 'n Sasuinn

This touches on a point already commented on by some critics (see Martin 1984: 57, and S. MacEacharn in correspondence Source 24, 72-73), namely the relative absence of community and of conflict in Hay's cultural identity, as explored in his poetry. In comparison to the other *nua-bhàird* (Thomson, Smith and MacAuley in particular, MacLean to a lesser degree), who all make of their physical and emotional exile a strong poetic theme, Hay's attachment to his home country is remarkably uncomplicated. This cannot be dissociated from his low level of social involvement in the community of Tarbert, stemming of course from his very early exile. The Tarbert which the boy of twelve was loathe to leave became idealised, and this idealised image remained with the poet all his life; this is not to say that there was *no* social context to his emotive bonding, but that it was certainly a very simplified one. To take one example, apart from being warned that he would

drown if he swam on a Sunday (Source 47, Sunday, Summer 1935), or from having to ensure that his Sabbath sunbathing in the garden was discreet, he was untouched by the social strictures of small town presbyterianism (by contrast a veritable bogie of his fellow poets); and neither was he witness to the heart-breaking, unstoppable decline of Gaelic in his community. Hay's acquisition of Gaelic, his most fundamental act of engagement in the *dùthchas* of North Kintyre, was in itself a social estrangement from his peers, as the language to them must have been a thing of the past, to be heard, and only intermittently at that, in the mouths of people at two generations' remove. His experience of Gaelic was not one of relentless loss, but of re-appropriation: "We came from Carrick in Ayrshire and we're at the Gaelic again", as he wrote in a backcover (NLS MS 26786, publ. 1954), and he could never understand the deep pessimism of native speakers regarding the future of the language (*cf.* his comments in interview, SSS. 14/5/79).

It should be added, too, that it was not in Hay's nature to be pessimistic or to dwell on private conflict – single-minded optimism was his attitude to life and a mainstay of his poetry: so, he praises the beauty of Kintyre rather than explore the possible shortcomings of its communities; he proclaims the renaissance of Gaelic, not its decline; he issues appeals for wholehearted dedication to the Scottish cause, as if oblivious to the other passions which might compromise such commitment.

4. SCOTLAND

The national question exercised Hay's mind and poetic talent more than any other single theme. The intrusion of politics into the poet's work should not surprise – in a nation "*qui subit une crise où il y va de sa personnalité et son existence*" [*undergoing a crisis where its very personality and existence are at stake*] (Source 37, 21/7/43), the poet has no choice but to speak out. Any advocacy of artistic withdrawal and ivory-towerism was utter anathema to Hay, as he made clear in his wartime essay "Poetry In The World Or Out Of It?":

... poetry is not made by jugglers with words, but by men who have hearts, brains and bodies, who speak to men and for them.

... If reassurance is wanted about men it can be found in this, that, in spite of the history of this bloodiest of centuries, there are to be heard on every hand writers proclaiming that, far from mankind being hopeless, there is nothing that cannot be hoped from it. ... In Scotland, Hugh MacDiarmid...is very explicit in his proclamation of faith in man, and I do not think that there are any writers of my country who are lacking in it.

...Those writers have found their way back to the family of mankind..., and some of them have found, as an integral part of that universal family, the smaller and warmer kinship of their own people. Hugh MacDiarmid dwells among his own people, and yet among all men...

...The poets in widely different countries are declaring that they are men among men, and people among the people. Those are the advancing divisions that flood past Gide in his ivory tower to occupy the common earth. (I: 52, 57, 58).

In this of course he was hardly unusual; all the poets in any way linked to MacDiarmid's Renaissance were to be noted for their political commitment to the national cause. No Audenesque flirting, this: the movement had explicitly set itself no less an aim than the cultural and political regeneration of Scotland. Being a poet among the people, however, must surely carry as many different implications as there are poets, and none, it can probably be claimed, committed (at times one is tempted to say "sacrificed") their poetic expression to the cause of political nationalism as explicitly as Hay. This is partly attributable to personal choice, or perceived calling: Hay clearly saw his writing as a means of political activism (see CEANGAL, and letter of 10/1/45 (Source 37): "would my energies not be better concentrated on Gaelic [rather than stand as SNP candidate]? ...I think myself that Gaelic and writing are my sectors."), and this may have been even more strongly felt once ill-health precluded other avenues. But a further influence is found in Gaelic tradition, where the role of the bard as public spokesman and commentator for his community (whether that be the township, the Gàidhealtachd,

Scotland or Britain) is so deep-rooted, and the artistic value of propaganda verse is not an issue. There are clear echoes of Iain Lom, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair and Màiri Mhór MacPherson in Hay's political verse, but the cultural identification goes further: in the burst of poetic activity which followed Hay's discharge from the Royal Edinburgh in 1960, among the twenty-odd poems sent to the Scots Independent was a short note on "Cuid de na Bàird Ghàidhealach a bha 'nan Nàiseantaich", in which Hay explained that

ma sgrùdas tu gu mion a' chùis, gheobh thu amach nach robh bàrd
Gàidhealach riamh nach robh 'na Nàiseantach, bho linn na Féinne fhéin.

That claim may be too simplistic to be accepted without demur, but it does indicate one of the sources from which Hay drew legitimation for his propagandising voice (and it is perhaps significant that it was in Gaelic that he composed the overwhelming bulk of his nationalist verse). It seems that for Hay not only is it important for the poet as bard to speak out, but it is vital that a bardic nationalist voice should be heard, as a guarantor of the ongoing place of the Gaels in Scotland. Not for nothing did he comment in a review of fellow nationalist Derick Thomson's verse: "An Albainn an-diugh, is nì cudthromach bàrd nàiseantach" (Gairm 122 (Ear. 1983), 186). If the Gaelic poet does not keep that great cause in the public mind, who will, is the implication.

Some of the nationalist poems (like CEITHIR GAOTHAN NA H-ALBA) dwell on the emotional bond tying poet to country (with Scotland presented as something of a Greater Kintyre, mother of Gael *and* Gall); others approach nationalism in more philosophical terms (e.g. MEFTAH BABKUM"); but the bulk are openly propagandist. There is much political commentary, sometimes crudely satirical (as in THE SCOTTISH SCENE), at other times pithy and more subtly barbed (as in his quatrains from the '70s, where one can sense the sharp understanding of an Iain Lom); some of the more journalistic ephemera (such as NA GIOMAICH") have inevitably outlived their use, but other sermonising or celebratory pieces will retain such relevance and impact as they have for as long as the cause remains to be fought.

Most of this poetry is unashamedly partisan, and it is verse which knows its audience: most of the poems were sent to the Scots Independent, the "organ of Scottish Nationality" since its foundation in 1926, and in the late '60s Catalyst seemed to promote Hay as something of an official bard. It is not so much verse to make you think, as verse telling you how to think in order to make you act. The problems raised by such necessarily one-dimensional poetry, in artistic terms, were not lost on Hay; in 1940 he wrote:

I have done the most awful things for my country's sake, even to turning out a goodly amount of doggerel. Still I think Fletcher [of Saltoun] would have said "Let me write the nation's doggerel" today, instead of "ballads", and he would have been right. But the process of production is pretty painful. (Source 37, 28/8/40).

And although at one point there were plans for a joint Young-Hay collection of "political canticles", when it came to planning the contents of his books, his criteria were stringent enough:

Myself I have thought all along that certain things marked out for the book had their heart in the right place, but were far from being poetry. [IS DULICH AN T-SLIGHE] is poetry in my estimation... and ALBA GHAOIL O may just be poetry, but definitely BROSNACHADH isn't. (Source 37, 20/12/44)

[BRANG AIR NA SASANNAICH] is very nearly doggerel. (*idem*, 5/6/44)

Consequently a good number of political poems were excluded from the books. The magic line, however, which demarcates the "is (in my estimation)" from the "may just be" and the "definitely isn't" must be as elusive (and no less real) as that distinguishing one person's tasteful erotica from another's pornography. (The parallel is not overfanciful: in both contentious areas, points at issue are defective one-dimensionalism and an intention to manipulate.) It was of Hay's major nationalist poems, not his discarded doggerel that one otherwise sympathetic critic has bluntly said:

This theme of nationalism recurs constantly in his poetry, but it is not one that has created great verse: it is too exhortatory, too external, too much like poster-poetry. However it should not be forgotten, since clearly it meant a great deal to Hay himself. (Smith: 1984, 45-46)

FHEARAIBH S A MHNÀI" perhaps most deserves the label "poster-poetry", but then it was written "along National Anthem lines" – "poster-song" by definition, surely, and of no less high quality for that. ALBA GHAOIL O stands squarely in a song tradition, and again demands to be judged accordingly. Not so AR BLÀR CATHA, which bends the ear so forcefully, and at such length, that it can perhaps best be compared to a highly eloquent sermon. "Sermonising or moralising is a terrible trap to fall into", Hay had remarked only a year before (Source 23, 6), but in this poem the preaching must surely have been willed. At this stage Hay is becoming something of an Obaïd (father of Mochtâr): he "may get a bit sententious" and end up sounding "like extracts from MacCheyne's sermons", but "he must say his piece" (Source 23, 7). Is the sermon mode being consciously invoked too in FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA, with its repetition and elaboration of an otherwise unnecessary *ceann-teagaisg*?

The excisions made to Fuaran Sléibh have rather obscured the development of

Hay's political verse. Having tended towards the flippantly satirical in English or the campaigning and denunciatory in Gaelic, during the war years its concern shifted more reflectively towards the assumption of responsibility, the challenge of commitment by thought and will – a moral choice that has to be made at both personal and political level between atrophy through inaction, or survival by active struggle; there can be no room for indifference or pessimism, or the kind of quietism advised to Hay by an Arab in MEFTAH BABKUM", for

... sgrìobhadh roghainn fa leth dhuinn,
an tsìth s am bàs no gleachd s a' bheatha.
... thairg am Freasdal ré ar làithean
roghainn na beatha no a' bhàis dhuinn.

The shift (and it is only that, a tendency, not a complete change of direction) is well epitomised by two formally similar poems, BAIL' IOMHAIR and ACHMHASAIN (both *Trì Rainn is Amhran*), the first (from early 1944) denouncing the plundering Imperial Capital, the second (two years later) reproaching the Scots (with the poet standing amid the people) for their continuing neglect of the legacy which is theirs to carry, their failure to take up the heroic challenge. To quote the *envoi* of each:

Le sprùidhlich nam balla a b'fhasgadh do'r sluagh o thùs,
thog sibh bhur n-aitreabh, a chlachairean slòim nan lùb.
B'ann air cuirp ar fear dàna, a chàrnadh leibh glùn air ghlùn,
a rinn sibh am màrsal gu stàtail gu cumhachd is cùirt.

Euchdan ar cinnidh dhuinn is achmhasan fìor,
a cheòl is a bhàrdachd, a chànan s ar n-òigridh 'ga dìth;
na h-uilld bhras is a' ghaoth 'thig saor o mharannan cian,
samhail misneach ar n-athraichean – achmhasain, achmhasain iad.

The richer, more complex tone which emerges in Hay's nationalist poetry during the war is obviously connected to a general growth in his thought, and to the philosophical developments in his concern with cultural identity and difference which lie at the heart of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL. This nationalism increasingly postulated is that of positive assertion and of creative will, at some remove from the reactive nationalism of "hurt racial pride" (Hay's definition of the source of William Livingstone's and his own nationalism), and by no coincidence expressed at great geographical remove from both Scotland and England; it is the political concomitant of the philosophical stance of PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN": "Bi iomlan s bi beò... Bi beò is bi thu fhéin".

The growth, and the link with other "non-political" poems is evident in MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR, arguably by far the best of Hay's "nationalist" poems. There

is an artistically sure hand in the way narrative is used (the café scene in *Sùk El-Khemis*) to launch what is essentially a poem of discourse, and in the way Hay counterpoints his themes and allows his images multiple resonances by avoiding to define his metaphors. This is no "nationalist" poem in a simple didactic sense, it is just as much concerned with the individual's attitude to life, and by extension with the responsibility of the individual towards the community; it is a poem about art and society, and the role of the poet in society, and also uses the image of artistic creation as a symbol of committed communal endeavour.

Without a doubt, much of the power of the poem derives from the strong Arab focus which opens the poem and is echoed in its later rhetoric. The appeal, for a Gaelic audience, is of course that of the exotic, but it above all has the effect of imparting a strong human interest to what is a poem of ideas (it is the lack of such a focus which to my mind makes *AR BLÀR CATHA* seem overlong and top-heavy). That particular café discussion may or may not have taken place (there is no reason why Hay should not have had innumerable discussions of the kind during his three years in the Maghreb), but primarily it is a very successful poetic construct: the words uttered by the "guth cianail mar ghuth chlag fo fheasgar" were lifted by Hay from traditional Arabic texts. On such a theme a philosopher might have written an essay; the poet, instead, humanises the debate (very much as is done throughout *MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL*). And it is not fundamentally an Arab/Gaelic or Islamic/Western debate: the Arab setting may serve to throw things into clearer focus, but the fatalism attacked by Hay is one which many Gaels would recognise as part of their very own religious tradition. *MEFTAH BABKUM* makes use of an Arab theme for an essentially Scotto-centric discourse (making it of secondary importance how accurate is the representation of Islamic thought). In the rhetorical section of the poem the 1st person pronouns firmly place the poet in the midst of his people, and behind the artist's plea not to be asked for "draoidheachd cheòlmhor fhacal lìomhta" but instead for "faileas fìor ar n-inntinn", there lurks not only an attack on "Twilight" representations of Gaelic culture with their insistence on the fey and the fanciful, but also Hay's quarrel with the André Gides of the world:

The doctrine of the poetic word as mere sound and tone, or sound and tone and aura of dying associations...is fragmentary. Such poetry is the fragmentary speech of fragmentary beings. The inhabitants of the towers are not whole men. The dust and mud of the common earth have never soiled their feet and given them the strength...that is every integrated human being's. Have they ever sweated, wept, blessed, cursed, hungered, thirsted, loved, hated, feared, exalted or thought as men? Do they speak as if they have ever lived wholly at all?

(*Poetry In The World* I, 52)

The figure of Atman looms large on Hay's poetic and metaphysical horizon. . .

In his assessment of fellow nationalist poet William Livingstone, Hay had recognised "that asset, a strong sense of history – *Cowal where the kings hunted 7cet.*" (Source 37, Feb 1940). An equally strong historical sensibility permeates Hay's nationalist verse (as it does his poetry of Kintyre), sometimes primarily in form or tone (ALBA GHAOIL O, BROSNACHADH), at other times by explicit analogy (AN CNOCAN FRAOICH, FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA, AR BLÀR CATHA, CNOCAN A' CHAIT FHIADHAICH). Two themes emerge in particular: nostalgia for a golden era "'san robh rìghrean an Dùn Éideann, / is cùrtearan air am beulaibh" (NA FAOILEAGAN, BEACHD IS BARAIL, GLAISTIG PHÀIRC NA BÀNRRIGH), and when "bards and saints ... / harper and judge, ambassador, / piper and man of war ... / monk and physician, staid and slow, / merchant and galley crew" all walked now abandoned paths (THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA); these historical ghosts evoke a lost national community. The second, and very prominent motif, is also of lost communities, those of the cleared townships. Hay has explained that, historically, the townships of the West Shore were not in fact victims of the Clearances, and the memory of them is more nostalgic than bitter:

All along this roadless, ten-mile stretch of hill are placed the remains of the old villages. ... Down here about the mouth of Loch Fyne there were a few evictions, but mostly the people left of their own accord, drawn by the flourishing herring fishing of the growing Tarbert, the young ones often yielding to the pull of the world's horizon's and the lure of the square-riggers. ... Grey, pathetic assemblies of tumbled walls and gable ends, they are not entirely forsaken, for they are still remembered with affection by the descendants of their inhabitants. *Meall Daraich*, or the Oaken Knowe; *Alld Beithe*, the Birch Burn; *Seanlagan*, the Old Hollow; *Airigh Fhuar* or the Cold Shielling – they are names that evoke the old Arcadian life of grazing cattle and peat fires, fish-oil cruises, spinning-wheels and a song from every open doorway. (A Turn On The Hill, 259).

The less malevolent associations of the Kintyre larochs, in comparison say to what confronted Sorley MacLean in Raasay, Skye and Mull, may account for the lack of bitter personal anguish in Hay's treatment of the question compared to MacLean's, but nevertheless these ruins which left a "dubh làrach" in Hay's soul play a prominent symbolic role in his poetry, both to evoke the despoiling and misappropriation of the Highlands (among Hay's earliest and latest poems are protests at land ownership in Scotland: from 'S LEAM FHÉIN AN GLEANN to THE FENCES, with others like AIG AN FHEURLOCHAN and AR LÀRAICHEAN); and equally to focus on the scars inflicted on the Scottish psyche by the Clearances, first in

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LAND, then in AR CNOCAN FRAOICH (and the shorter AN CNOCAN FRAOICH) where the image of the Heather Hill, cleared of inhabitants and given over to foreign private sport, is elaborated as a symbol for the whole of Scotland. The theme is again taken up more resolutely in the long, eloquent THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA, which urges us not to "see and stand aloof", not to succumb to either indifference or defeatism, but to reflect and take action:

Those ravaged townships on a thousand hills
are in our being, and their memory fills
our songs and spirit, colouring our mind. ...
Foreboding, so, is born with us, a gray
burden from birth. We must be rid of it.

... we are men, and have both thought and will.
The same sun rises eastward on us still
as rose on Athens. There is in us yet
the seed that flowered in Attica; ...
Let spring but strike its sunlight through our showers,
our sprays will vaunt a flourish of new flowers,
new blooming, shaped and coloured by the past.
Was will beget will be unwarped at last.

(The analogy with classical Greece was one first made in THE DESTRUCTION", and taken up again in Greece in 1946, with THE WHITE LIGHT). This appeal to "thought and will" lies at the heart of FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA, where we are urged to follow the moral example of the heroes of the '45:

amharc air ar tìr le dùrachd, ...
is lann ar spioraid theth a rùsgadh.

It is the integrity of those who took up the challenge in 1745 – irrespective of the success or even the right of their cause – which is applauded in FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA and which Hay believes can still be of inspiration to us. (Years before, he had celebrated the qualities promoted by Gaelic bards:

steadfastness in the face of odds, loyalty to a manifestly losing cause, and independence. ... That sort of thing is called Quixotism today...and it annoys people because it makes them uncomfortable. (Scots Gaelic Poetry 2: 7).

We have our own challenges to face in the same spirit, as individuals in our specific community two centuries later, and that duty must be squarely faced. The long poem AR BLÀR CATHA develops on a similar pattern of reflection and action (elaborated historical example followed by prophetic utterance), and is even more prescriptive – it is time to call a halt to military adventurism and colonial expansion, and redirect all that enterprise and energy to the real field of battle, the Scotland which is to be created. "Thought and courage" are needed to stop the

flow out of our communal village, and in NA TRÉIG DO THALAMH DÙTHCHAIS we are urged to place loyalty to our native place above all other considerations.

If Hay may have found models for his political and sermonising verse in 19th songs of the Clearances, it should not be forgotten that his earliest reading in Gaelic consisted of the Bible and religious sermons. Throughout the body of his work, the fervour of his nationalism is strikingly reminiscent of religious enthusiasm. It is no coincidence that the sword-tempering image used in FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA (as also in BEINN IS MACHAIR):

Aon chuairt, aon chuairt gheibh sinn air thalamh
a nochdadh an fhaghairt a th'annainn,
a dheuchainn faobhar ar tapachd

is precisely the image used by the mystic Obayd in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, to explain to his epicurean father the true purpose of life. The religious parallel is evident both in the intensity of Hay's personal commitment – as in the devotional litanies of CEITHIR GAOTHAN NA H-ALBANN:

anail mo chuirp, àrach mo thuigse, mo làmhan, m'uilt is m'anam i.
Fad na bliadhna, ré gach ràidhe, gach là s gach ciaradh feasgair dhomh,
is i Alba nan Gall s nan Gàidheal is gàire, is blàths, is beatha dhomh.

– and in the messianic tones of his prophetic exhortations, such as in AN CNOCAN FRAOICH:

Tha e 'n dân do'n linn so na h-éill a chur dhinn,
as na banntaibh dìomhair 'gar cur fo sgaoil. . .
... Bidh bàigh an speur ris is fàbhar Dhé,
is togar dheth 'na dhéigh sin dreach lom an aoig. . .

The loving mother on whom we have turned our backs and to whose bosom we must return in AR BLÀR CATHA has a very Biblical air about her (in addition to the more usual political associations), and then there is the repeated use of that most evangelical of metaphors, sleep and waking: "B'e'n dùsal dubh e – seo an dùsgadh" (FEACHD").

None of Hay's numerous later political poems attempt to assert themselves as authoritatively as these works of the mid-forties, and indeed some are so flat that it is difficult to imagine them achieving publication in earlier years, but there are notable successes nevertheless (e.g. CNOCAN A' CHAIT FHIADHAICH, NA FAOILEAGAN, STAD A' BHUS), and an impressive imaginative range in approaching the theme; and the succession of quatrains tracking the rocky road to the Devolution referendum have all the pithiness of the best *burdúin bheaga*.

In conclusion, two points arise from this body of Hay's work which demand

critical attention. Firstly, what should be our criteria for assessing its artistic value. Is Smith justified in dismissing the political poems as he does? If we think of the poetic function as operating between two poles, that of the bardic "tribal" poet and that of the individualist personal poet (see Bloomfield 1989: 150-166), with the first increasingly giving way to the second in advancing urban cultures, and in Gaelic the polarisation being embodied nowadays in the "bardic" *bàrdachd baile* and the "poetic" *nua-bhàrdachd*, it is clear that Hay (unlike any of his fellow *nua-bhàird*) shifts from one pole to the other at will, and sees few problems in doing so (though his shift is less a social one towards the township than a historical one back to Gaelic "national" bards). If we do not judge Derick Thomson's verse by the same criteria as Iain Lom's, why should we compare BISEARTA and ALBA GHAOIL O? Or has Hay in fact turned respect for tradition into antiquarianism – as he speaks to neither township nor clan, but is read by educated individuals, does the "bardic voice" merely lead him into a dead-end? If ALBA GHAOIL O derives primarily from a communal sung tradition, can it be anything more than pastiche on the printed page? Who are the intended recipients of his proselytising – poetry-reading members of the SNP, or the entire commonweal of Scots? Regardless of Hay's intentions, is a propagandistic poem successful because it fires an audience of the faithful (and not a few will testify to finding great political inspiration in Hay), or if it momentarily persuades a non-believer to suspend disbelief?

Secondly, there are questions to be raised about Hay's imagery. One critic, though perhaps lacking some understanding of Gaelic tradition, has nevertheless hit on an important aspect of Hay's language for Scotland; referring to MEFTAH BABKUM", he notes

that Hay, to a readership predominantly urban in the middle twentieth century, talks of building a hall with hands, awakening zeal with a plough-team, and kindling a fire on the hearthstone, in order to sweep away the plausible, customary and conventional, and awaken the Gael of music and song. (Chapman 1978: 153)

That critic's concern is to trace the influence of the Romantic movement on the self-perception of the Gael, but however valid that line of thought, there is no doubt that Hay's imagery for Scotland is primarily rural and antiquarian. If a vivid sense of history, and an extraordinary feel for and grasp of tradition are two of Hay's strengths, can it not be argued that in this context they have worked to his detriment, since in order to convey a *future* dynamic, he consistently employs language rooted in the past? Any sense of the reality of modern Scotland is entirely lacking in his imagery (we are talking here of poetic expression, not

5. ON LIFE AND DEATH

It is distinctly possible that Hay would have baulked at being called a philosophical poet: philosophy was a great *bête noir* of his in Oxford days (a hatred which cost a friend of "twice his size and weight" a permanently disfigured nose for "persisting in discussing philosophy with a fellow student in [George's] rooms"). Yet his poetry has a very reflective strain, and reveals a persistent line of questioning on the fundamentals of human life. The early TÌR THÀIRNGIRE seems to create a deliberately macabre ambiance (though no more "Gothic" than many a Gaelic lament for the drowned, as echoed in GRUNND NA MARA, or than the "dreary, dreary paganism" of modern Greek keens which Hay was soon to translate [Source 47, 13/12/38]); but its twin themes of the urge to set sail and the fragility of human existence (with a complete agnosticism regarding the afterlife) are repeated concerns of Hay's poetry.

The sailing image is at the centre of CLANN ADHAIMH, which depicts humanity as a motley crew sailing a "bàrca beag le antrom gaoithe slorruidh / 'na siùil chaithte", lost in a vast ocean with no land in sight, forever heading towards an eternally receding horizon. Although there is a certain pessimism in the image of the "cop uisge a stiùrach... 'ga chall sa' mhuir mhóir", the emphasis has shifted from the loneliness of Brendan's voyage west to the bustle and diversity of the bark's crew who run the whole gamut of human personality. That poem combines the allegorical Ship of Fools of late medieval German literature, with the evocations of mysterious ships on the Hebridean sounds found in the waulking-song corpus, of the type Hay himself emulated much later in AM BÀTA DUBH (an "intermediate" model may have been the misogynist satires preserved in the Book Of The Dean Of Lismore). Thirty years later Hay returned to the theme of sailing west, this time from a Scandinavian perspective, in ENHVER SEILER: "Everyone has his Vinland over the sea. Only to sail stills the yearning. Harbour must be left here in life ... and land and lee are not promised". There are echoes here of the challenge faced in FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA, and indeed the Norwegian poem, written at a time when the Scottish ship seemed set to sail uncharted seas, has very obvious political resonances. The political import is present in most of the poems mentioned in this section, which is unsurprising to the extent that for Hay politics was the putting into action of viscerally-held moral belief, and that furthermore, in his view (given the specific Scottish situation), political discourse should primarily be concerned with the search for identity and the need for self-assertion, rather than with attachment to any specific ideological model. To

adopt his own imagery, he was more concerned with seeing the ship set sail (colours hoisted) than with the arrangements on board or indeed with the precise destination (since horizons are elusive and winds blow off course), and the priority holds equally well for a national armada as for the small bark of his own life.

The development of Hay's nationalist verse during the war, to which I have already referred, is intimately linked with a philosophical working out of ideas which found poetic expression as soon as he had left North Africa (June '44); they are all ideas latent in his earlier work, but there is no doubt that it is to the Maghreb that we owe their germination: first MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (the first 700 odd lines) and ATMAN, then AN T-EÒLAS NACH CRUTHAICH, and towards the end of the year PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE?.

A poor Algerian peasant who had befriended Hay, Atman was whipped and imprisoned for stealing. Hay contrasts the judge and the accused and declares himself brother to the latter, not simply to side with the underdog, but because in Atman he senses life lived to the full. "Is aithne dhomh thu, Atmain", says the poet, the first time indicating personal acquaintance, but then more an admiring recognition of the type:

Is aithne dhomh thu, Atmain.
Is fear thu s tha thu beò

The quality of living life is essential to Hay: Atman is a "man" because he has known joy and anger, love and hatred, the sweet and the bitter; amidst a life of sweat and toil he can still delight in tales, repartee and song, and "á cruth an t-saoghail a dheoghal tlachd"; above all, "dh'fhairich thu a' bheatha, is cha do mheath thu roimpe riamh". The harsh judge shows none of these qualities, and has lost all chance of ever being fully a "man", or fully "alive"; he is merely honourable and decent, gray-faced and bleary-eyed. The opposition of the archetypes is made more forceful by the social inequality underlying the whole incident, and the affection and anger that animate ATMAN makes this poem one of Hay's most attractive. (From the point of view of its Gaelic audience it could have a certain power to shock, too, in the sympathy it proffers to a criminal and its attack on respectable authority, and also in the way it refers to Christ by his Islamic appellation). If the aloofness to Arab culture suggested by L'ÉCOSSE M'ACCOMPAGNE is a true reflection of Hay's initial reaction to North Africa rather than a poetic device, then we may suppose it was in part characters like Atman who helped Hay's perception mature into the sympathy suffusing MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL.

The stunted humanity of the judge was attacked more forcefully in another poem AN T-EÒLAS NACH CRUTHAICH, where Hay denounces - or deplors - sterile knowledge, that fruitless acquisition of information and experience that can only measure and judge, but not create and give. It is not evil that is condemned here, maliciousness or cruelty, but coldness of spirit, lack of personal conviction and hollowness of heart. Hay had already expounded (with, one suspects, a touch of *parti pris*) on the cultural hollowness of English privates (as briefly quoted earlier in the Fishermen section):

They've been thoroughly urbanised, even the country folk with a few exceptions. I was trying to see what are the values that have been taken from them to leave them such toom masses of bone and muscle. Well, for their thoughts and opinions they are dependent on certain physical equipment - books, newspapers, magazines, wireless sets and cinema tickets. They have become derivative men with little or nothing of their own, except that decency which...is as much a common human attribute as a pair of legs. ... The English race has been atomised. Each individual is on its own, having no spiritual links with others, the only connections being the chance that throws them together..., the convenience of the moment; or conventional arrangements like marriage and the household... Derivative, rootless, traditionless, scattered into units wriggling like flies in the cash nexus (who are the spiders?), once they enter a state of je-m'en-foutisme and cynicism they are a terrifying phenomenon.... The cause is that for centuries they have had no folk culture or traditions shared by all the people. A background of his own is not the birthright of every Englishman; but maybe 5% of them among the upper classes have family backgrounds... Not even the red spots on the map, the Union Jack and "Land of Hope and Glory" can make a people of them. To join together in stamping on other folk is not to attain unity.

The integrated human being, even if poor and struggling, living off the earth or the sea, confident of his place in a community and in an inherited culture, is what Hay had been attracted to years before in the Tarbert fisherman and what he recognised in Atman. In PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN"" he finally seems able to formulate his system of values, and then in MEFTAH BABKUM"" to integrate his political stance into the wider philosophical matrix.

Pointing to the unquestioning spontaneity of the plunging gannet or the twittering bird, Hay urges us to hear and follow the message of all Creation:

"Cha chuir ceann is cridh' air iomrall thu.
Bi iomlan is bi beò."

Fulness of humanity is praised, the realisation and assertion of individuality integrated into communality:

An cridhe fialaidh misneachail,
 na bu chiomach e am fròig,
 ùraich cridh' an tsaoghail leis –
 cuir mu sgaoil e – cuir gu stròdh.

To live otherwise is only to half-live; and again, Hay's negative type of humanity is not wicked, but pitiable, a spirit with too much head and not enough heart, stunted by excessive reasonableness, its spontaneity stifled by other people's opinions. Hay ends this most eloquent of poems with the plea to honour the designs of Nature, whether as a debt of gratitude to a God, or as an act of human solidarity: whatever your character, "be alive and be yourself".

It is worth remarking that several works by the 18th c. German mystical poet Novalis were read by Hay (in Italian) in the months immediately preceding the composition of this poem; gobbets noted down (Source 7, 3) include: "Men are limited by nothing except opinions", "Everything must become mediator of life ... The purpose of life is to vivify all", "The heart is the key of the world and of life". It may be more important, however, to recognise the points of intersection between Hay's expressed ideals and the qualities he saw in Gaelic culture; one critic has remarked that "praise of the spendthrift, of the passionate, is of course in tune with the ideals of Gaelic poetry", and that Hay's "courageous, generous, spirited man [is] a typical Highland paragon" (Smith 1984: 6), and years before Hay had had this to say of Gaelic poetry:

It seems to blaze up, or burst out with a natural abandon, and whether it be praise or cursing, sorrow or joy, it is always satisfying. ... It is the expression of a people who were impatient of external restraint in deed or word, of men who never forgot a favour or an ill-turn, and of a society where personal affection and the individual played the most important part. ... Therefore upon these mewed and cautious times, when everything can be calculated and is held to have its price, and when people seem to exist for the benefit of statisticians, it blows like the wind from the Atlantic, clearing clouded skies and restoring its dignity to humanity. (*Scots Gaelic Poetry* 2: 7).

"Is fuar a' ghaoth thar Ìle gheibhear aca an Cinntire". . . It is not difficult to see where this line of thought leads to in the political sphere, and MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR is probably the clearest link between these "philosophical" poems and Hay's nationalist verse; in that poem the national community is one which lives its life to the full, "sore, rough and exultant", not prostrate but joyfully defiant like Atman, and its self-assertion and shaping of its own destiny is seen as an act of creativity; equally, the poet is called to take his place in society and *evoke* life to the full (in opposition to the "fragmentary speech" of ivory-tower poets, denounced in *Poetry In The World Or Out Of It?*, an essay that immediately post-dates

PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN). MEFTAH BABKUM"" superbly fuses the personal, artistic and political themes inherent in the trio of poems mentioned here.

Hay's linking of integrated existence with rural communities, and correspondingly of the fragmented life with urbanisation is elaborated in BEINN IS MACHAIR. The roots of this opposition – at least as a literary metaphor – may go back to the 18th century. Romantic perceptions maybe (see Chapman 1978), but they were equally grounded on Hay's own attachment to Tarbert and his dislike of big towns, and more generally on his allegiance to a Gaelic ethos which prized individual dignity and communal identity. For Hay, urbanisation meant anonymity, rootlessness – fragmentedness.

BEINN IS MACHAIR works the opposition of hill and plain at several levels: there is the very literal, celebrating the freedom of the open hill summits as against the crazed congested bustle of the city; to these contrasting environments values are attached – the town ("na shiùrsaich") is associated with greed and competitiveness, servility and self-degradation, the mountains with pride, purity of spirit and dignity. Also present is the heroic symbolism already developed in DLEASNAN NAN ÀIRDEAN: the wind-swept summits are a summons to risk and heroic action which a vanguard must answer, in preference to personal happiness and the security of life in the valley. The poem then takes a more pessimistic turn, developing at length the image of the burn's journey (from its source in the uplands down to the sullied waters of the plain) as a symbol, presumably, of diluted idealism and loss of zest (there is a link with the "washed-out tartan" image of PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN"). After this bleak picture of putrefaction, a concluding verse, appropriately marked off from the preceding section, returns rather abruptly to the symbiotic theme of DLEASNAN"" ("is e tuairgneadh nan àirdean / a bheir sàmhchar do'n ghleannan"): without those people "whose nature is of the windswept peaks", humanity's lot would be enslavement. The applications here are less particularised than in the overtly political DLEASNAN"", and one senses a stronger philosophical (even spiritual) concern, surely not unrelated to Hay's reading, at the time, of some religious scalers-of-summits (see under MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL below). The last verse's image of tempered steel Hay was to use again, in contexts both political (FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA) and spiritual (MOCHTÀR); the herd is a recurring image in opposition to the idea of the full individual (or nation, as in THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LAND's "flock" versus "fowk"); the half-life is that of the herd, undifferentiated, gregarious, hemmed in, and indeed "seeking protection and discipline". BEINN IS MACHAIR offers

important insights into Hay's thinking, but possibly overloads the central image to the point of incoherence.

The refusal to be hemmed in is apparent again in the fine poem NA TUINN RIS NA CARRAIGEAN, a short treatment of the question at the heart of MEFTAH BABKUM''; why struggle in the face of ineluctable death, can our short lives really achieve anything, can our minds ever free themselves enough from the fetters of the past? The answer is defiant: even if we were meant to be penned in ashore, we need not accept that decree:

A mhuir, mo mhuirsa, tha 'n speur rionnagach
le gaothaibh ag ulfhairt òirne!

These are the same cold winds that blow their challenge in MEFTAH BABKUM'' .

MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, Hay's biggest poem in every sense, brings together his philosophical concerns both in its fundamental theme and in its explicitly philosophical passages. It is not clear what the initial idea was which occurred to him in Africa, when Hay envisaged the poem running only to a few hundred lines, apart from the basic one of comparing Arab and Gael. But once started, he found the Muses "dragging me by the scruff of the neck" (Source 23, 4), and the poem proceeded at an astonishing rate, from the initial scene of death, through the keening by Mochtâr's wife to the pitiful story of Ahmed the warrior, and the exhilarating tale of Omar's desert journey. Clearly at an early stage, however much Hay was being carried away by the possibilities of his narrative, he was concerned not simply to depict aspects of traditional Arab culture, or draw parallels, but also to convey that integrated life which his shorter poems explore. MOCHTÀR'' celebrates the spiritual thread linking each generation to the next, the mystery of kinship passed on by heredity but maintained as a living bond by tradition and by human mouth. The young Mochtâr learns about his greatgrandfather at his grandfather's knee, Omar the magical storyteller. And in each generation, life is lived to the full, *enhver seiler*, everyone sets sail: Ahmed to fight against the colonial oppressor, Omar to satisfy his wanderlust and thirst for the unknown (and his greed – there are saints *and* sinners on board the ship of life), and Obayd paradoxically by renunciation to reach spiritual fulfilment. The fragility of life is a constant theme, with Death stalking each man's path: Ahmed (in an unsettling foreshadowing of Hay's own fate) returns from war "reubte 'na anam" ("Nuair as glaine criostal a' chridhe, / mar tha e furasda a bhriseadh!"), Omar's caravan is set upon by a Berber clan and although he comes out alive he loses most of his wealth (a not unfitting punishment for "sannt na toice" which

had blunted his humanity), while Obayd's entire perception is based on an awareness of life's transience, and on the expectation of Death. Mochtâr's life, of course, is cut in the bud; he is sent on a journey not of his own choice, "gu beul a' mhortair".

As much as the poem celebrates life, it denounces war as a crime against humanity, an assault on the sacredness of life, "mì-ghnìomh a dhallas grian is reultan". Having left the poem in wraps for over a year, it was to this theme that Hay first applied himself when he returned to it, in the poem's conclusion, making explicit the poem's concern with the sacredness of life and the mystery of individual and communal identity. He then took up the abandoned narrative thread with the figure of Obayd, taking the opportunity first to marvel at the limitless, unpredictable variety of human personalities, then exploring with a great deal of sympathy the very attitude to life he had so spiritedly rejected in MEFTAH BABKUM". His essay quoted earlier gives an insight into that sympathy, in a passage where Hay attacks those poets who would be "emancipated from every relationship with the world and its affairs" (Gide's approving phrase, describing "remarkably spiritual" incantatory verses):

Other men in plenty have fled the world, and a few of them have even been poets, like some of the Sufis or Savonarola... Both He and the Sufis, Saint Francis, the Cenobites, the Culdees and the other earlier Celtic anchorites did indeed flee the world because they were at variance with it. But the parallel goes no further. These last left the world but didn't desert it. They thought that it had taken the wrong road, and they departed from it for the sake of setting it back on the right way from without. None of them lacked the hope that mankind could be set aright, and they did not spare themselves in exhortation and example on its behalf. For the sake of man they shrank from no hardship and no humiliation at the hands of men. The Sufis of Khorassan were seekers after blame and mockery, as was Jacopone da Todi... Savonarola was burned in the end, and some of the Sufis were put to death to satisfy the spite of the orthodox *uléma*. All that for the sake of the world which they had forsaken. (Poetry In The World" I: 54)

Hay presents his own world-denying contemplative in stark contrast to Omar's enthusiastic worldliness, and in equally sympathetic terms; when father and son clash in the café over their conflicting attitudes, though Omar cannot be said to "lose" the argument, his son's eloquence and unimpeachable honesty is clear, as indeed Omar lovingly and proudly acknowledges. (Obayd's use in the debate of the steel-tempering imagery recurrent in Hay's own sermonising poems must be some indication of the poet's identification with the character). But the debate is unresolved; perhaps Mochtâr would have provided a solution by combining the

"living heart" of Omar with the "gentle meekness" of his father – but these die with him under the mortar. Or perhaps no simple "solution" is to be sought: like the *bàrca beag* of Adam's Clan, steered in turn by Folly, Wisdom, Saint and Sinner, the poem's characters take the stage and say their piece.

The voice of Obayd was prefigured in IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH, which begins:

Chan eil do shàsachadh a bhos;
's e dorus taigh do ghràidh an uaigh.
Cha n-eil an saoghal truagh nam beò
ach fàsach fògraidh s iomraill chruidh.

This in turn echoes the Koranic praying of Mochtâr's wife (as does the reference to "an Leabhar Buan"); and the Creator is praised in very similar terms in both poems:

A mholadh do Aoghaire nan neul,
a their ris a' Chéitein "Gabh mu thuath"... (IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH)

Rianadair beul an là 's na h-oidhche,
bheir òrdugh do'n ghréin 's their "Soillsich!"... (OBÀID)

IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH seems an attempt to synthesize the spirituality Hay had come across in North Africa, the Italian religious literature he had been reading only a few months before (including Dante, Savonarola and St. Francis), and Gaelic's own religious traditions (note the title reference to the Gaelic catechism). That eclecticism permits him more easily to advance both a world-denying and a life-enhancing spirituality, revolving round the image of the Pibroch of Life and centred in the paradox:

nach binn am moladh Dha o 'chloinn,
a dìmeas mu na rinn E fhéin?

(In OBÀID he was to be equally eclectic, quoting from a Catholic Croatian poet, and putting the prophecy of a 16thc. Italian ascetic in the mouth of an Arab sufi).

In view of the extraordinary sweep of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL in its Arab section alone, it is perhaps not surprising that Hay was unable to complete the projected second half of the poem, indeed it is hard to conceive how he could have done so without being tautologous, or, his narrative élan lost, resorting to sermonising discourse. Gaeldom is addressed in any case, through the sheer extraordinary fact of such a poem being in Gaelic, as well as by the numerous cultural echoes in the Arab customs depicted. Even nationalism – in its more philosophical aspects, as a question of communal self-definition and self assertion, and of cultural diversity –

is a central part of the poem's concern (see Whyte 1990: 132-133). It is difficult to believe Hay was not sensitive to parallels between Gael and Berber, and that he would not have seen Arab depictions of the uncultured Touareg bandits (Omar's perception) in the same light as civilised English society's perceptions of barbaric rieving Gaels).

6. WAR

It is perhaps surprising that the harshest indictment of war by any Scottish poet should have come from Hay's pen. As we have seen, his resistance to conscription was not on pacifist grounds, yet – unlike the war poems of Sorley MacLean or Hamish Henderson, for example – there is no feeling in any of Hay's poems that war might have been a necessity, the lesser of two evils, and that the price paid might have had any value. Another distinguishing feature of Hay's work is that none of it reads like soldier's poetry: Hay does not try to depict life on the front-line (or even in the tow, closer to his own experience), he is as an onlooker witnessing terrible devastation, not a participant – there is no sense of his hands having been dirtied, and consequently none of the complexity and moral ambiguity which has informed some of the best war poetry. If this is a lack, it is one that allows him to speak with passionate moral clarity animated by vibrant human sympathy.

There is a veneer of cool irony in parts of *THIS SAVAGE WOOD*, offsetting the graphic evocations of confusion and breakdown, but for the most part the poems burn with a terrible indignation that still shifts the blood on every reading. A constant theme is that war is a human folly from which we must all learn:

Seall, a chinne-dhaonna, dlùth air,
's gu'n toir an t-sùil do'n chuimhne rabhadh.

says the dead young soldier of *AN T-ÒIGEAR A' BRUIDHINN O'N ÙIR*, as he describes the devastation wreaked on the battlegrounds of Italy and Africa, and bitterly rebukes the "hard eyes that do not pity our torn wounds, ...our cutting down in the Springtime of our days". In *TRUAIGHE NA H-EÒRPA* the destruction is evoked dramatically in terms of epic, antique culture, and one senses the despair of the classical humanist in the face of such a devastating assault on the

achievements of European civilisation. THIS SAVAGE WOOD relentlessly elaborates the picture of chaos with a hard irony:

At last we found a civilisation
common to Europe and our nation,
sirens, blast, disintegration.

... Here are your newly made antiquities;
new graves and stumps of riddled gables frown
from Paestum to the Arno's galleries.

(It is the same bitter irony that comments in MOCHTÀR'':

Fear-réite treun is òranach
deagh shìbhealtachd na h-Eòrpa!

and which surfaces in drafts for that poem: "Gliocas an Iar, sgian sa ghreallaich..."). Irony is absent from BISEARTA, however – there, nothing but a human empathy with victims unseen and unheard, as heart and mind perceive what the ear and the eye cannot. The terrible beauty slinking along the horizon in "evil, ghastly silence" is the most powerful image Hay has given us, and surely one of the most powerful of all World War II poetry. Perhaps there is irony here, after all: the metre chosen by Hay to describe the destruction of Bizerta is that of a medieval Italian religious poem – "Up this arduous hill / where contemplates the Mary Magdalene, / let us go with hymns / and in a mind saintly and serene..." War, that great flame licking the horizon and taunting the tranquil stars in BISEARTA, is the very antithesis of divine worship, a denial of all humankind's highest aspirations, an offence to Creation and Creator. It is the antithesis of everything Hay wished to celebrate in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL; everpresent in the poem (killing Mochtâr and Dougall, driving Ahmed to insanity, threatening Omar, prophesied by Obayd), war is explicitly condemned in the poem's conclusion:

Peacach a thruailleas ùir is adhar,
duin' òg an salachar a' chatha ...
Mìgnìomh a dhallas grian is reultan
a chuid is bòidhche dhinn 's is tréine
ga h-eadarmhort gun iochd, ga ceusadh.

It is with a fine dramatic sense that the poem returns for its finish to the desert scene that opened the poem, and to the very moment of killing of Mokhtâr and Dùghall, lamenting the death of both men as equally the death of their ancestors and their unborn descendants, the snuffing out of each man's patrimony and each man's promise, "crìoch dhà shaoghal".

Responsibility for this folly is borne by all of Adam's clan, who are a fit subject

for derision, "'ga[n] sgapadh fhéin gu dall, faoin, fuilteach". What Hay is getting at is illustrated in THIS SAVAGE WOOD where he mercilessly counterpoints ordinary war-victims' protestations of innocence and denunciations of their rulers, with their own expressions of deep racial hatred. He does not elaborate, but leaves us with the warning: "Listen to yourselves. Beware." The implication is there, too, in BISEARTA, where the pulsating glow of the burning city is seen not just as the embodiment of Evil, but as a heart-beat. The evil of which war is a manifestation has its roots in our hearts.

Only in one remarkable poem does the prophetic voice give way to the introspective. AN LAGAN expresses a consciousness of being scarred by war that we find in no other poem by Hay (or indeed in no surviving letter). It was composed in 1945, while Hay was in Italy, but incorporates in a wilfully dislocated fashion a much earlier paean to "the hollow", Seanlagan, that haven of peace and tranquillity in Kintyre. The poet then remarks that there is a wide ocean between that boy full of wondrous praise and the man now standing by the Mediterranean; for all its apparent purity, the glittering sea has swallowed "blood and corpses and charred timbers" throughout its turbulent history, and this very day it regorges the war-dead on every shore it laps (the boy's intellectual apprehension of classical history transformed into horrible reality by the man's lived experience). This is the ocean of "frenzied years" that keeps the boy and the man so far apart, and Hay muses:

'Nan déidh am faighear leam san lagan
na dh'fhàg mi uair de m'anam ann?

The theme being articulated is of growth, loss of innocence, the tempering of absolute idealism by experience – in themselves not tragic themes, but in Hay's case processes that were brought to bear in exceptionally traumatic circumstances. War may have given him the opportunity to discover other cultures and broaden his horizons, but it also confronted him with evil:

Man, violent against his will,
tore himself open, looked his fill
and saw; and he is shuddering still. (THAT SAVAGE WOOD)

The spiritual comfort of the Hollow was not lost to Hay, as a poem like TLACHD IS MISNEACH testifies, but the difficulty of connecting the idealised past with the troubled present (especially after his breakdown in Greece) may have contributed to his blockage in recreating the youth of Dougall and completing MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL. Yet the very disintegration of the *magnum opus* has its own sad eloquence. (That same dislocation seems to underlie the LATHA DHOMH'" song of

1968, where we are simply presented with the contemporaneous realities of an idyllic day in Hay's Arcadia and the terror of nuclear war, without elaboration, as if all explanation evaded the poet.)

7. CONFESSIONAL

AN LAGAN's reflections on Hay's own development during the war marks it out from the bulk of his work, for if Hay could be forceful and eloquent (strident even) on behalf of great causes, he was unwilling to use his poetry as a platform for some therapeutic release of private emotion. We should not be too simplistic about the reasons for this. Such poetic restraint probably accorded well with Hay's own character, his modesty and dislike of wallowing. It also accorded well with Gaelic tradition. In that tradition the poet's public voice had always been well established, and the possibilities for the communication of private feeling were fairly circumscribed: passion erupts unrestrained in the corpus of women's songs, but these are mostly anonymous; in a modern context they would be difficult to use for anything but pastiche (indeed, see THRÉIG AN COMUNN). In the male bardic tradition private emotion is channelled into love songs (and laments) composed on time-honoured models. These were good-humouredly satirised by Hay in DO NA DAOINE MULADACH SIN'', but also skilfully imitated in ÒRAN and AM FAILLEAN ÙR (and their English counterparts), and we should remember that the conventionalism of these genres, though stultifying in purely poetic terms, was no hindrance to the creation of countless very beautiful songs.

Traditional Gaelic expectations of poetry were not, then, of insights into the poet's uniquely fascinating heart and mind, and there would have been little pressure on Hay to bare himself, and few models for him to follow had he so wished.

Nevertheless, Hay's status is not that of a traditional Gaelic bard but of a modern European poet, and in view of his wide range of themes and of the demands this awakens in modern poetry readers' minds, certain gaps do make themselves felt. Of erotic love, for example, there is very little sign; few people, one suspects would be convinced by poems like BANALTRUM NAM BÀRD, AN GAOL CHA

D'FHIOSRAICH"" and RABHADH (the other pieces mentioned above at least have the credibility of their musical contexts). These might of course have been inspired by personal circumstances, but their literary tone give them the artificial air of exercises in style, and it is as such they should be rated. In addition to the issues of personal character and poetic tradition, there is the purely biographical one, and it does seem that the absence of sexual passion in Hay's poetry does reflect his personal circumstances. His most emotional poems are without a doubt those inspired by his love of Kintyre, of which he himself would comment towards the end of his life (in FENCES):

I gied it luvie, I gied it likein,
 sic as nane gied tae a luvley lassie,
 that nane e'er gied tae wife or mither, ...
 that wes ne'er gien atween a merriet couple, ...
 that I gied tae the brindlet, wild wilderness land,
 tae the boghole, tae the hilltap, tae the tummlet rocks.

A related question is the almost complete absence of women from his poetic landscape (the elegies to his great aunts and his mother apart). Hay's world is firmly patriarchal: his ancestry is male (he is always his father's son), his archetypes are male, his heroic values are male; women do emerge to mourn their men or lament in some very fine pathetic lyrics (GRUNND NA MARA, Bean Mhòchtàir"", BEAN AN IASGAIR, THE AULD BORDER WUMMAN), but otherwise have little poetic presence outside the most traditional of images such as that of courtly love-song or the virgin-and-whore motif of BEINN IS MACHAIR.

In the early 1970s, however, when Hay was in his late fifties, he did fall in love and composed love poems of apparent sincerity, SREATHAN SÌMPLIDH and RANNGHAIL LETH-ÉIBHINN"". In the latter he praises the unlimited goodness of women, the unfailing support maiden and aged mother give to men and their mad violent world, and declares that he would give the reins of government to a woman, "s bhiodh éibhneas air muir is air tìr" (a decade later he would have been disabused of that notion). One is tempted to read the two RAINN GHRÀIDH, A' CHRAOBH, and the Norwegian quatrain SLUTT of a few years later within the context of that relationship, but the traditional nature of all these poems makes it difficult to judge.

At any rate, it is noticeable that in his later work Hay is slightly less reticent to indulge in "confessional" poetry. Before the war the only such poem we have is the fine IS DUILICH AN TSLIGHE which started off as a *brosnachadh* to the isolated minority who were opposing conscription, but then, following Hay's capitulation in

1941, expresses his shame at having betrayed his principles and not matched actions to words. Part of that poem's power is surely in the admission that in real life other forces intrude on the dictats of high principle, a point consistently ignored in Hay's "prescriptive" poetry, or else played down (NA TRÉIG DO THALAMH DÙTHCHAS). After his long period of acute illness Hay does use his poetry more often to articulate his moods and feelings: so AN DRUIM-ÀRCAN"" gives us the first insight ever into the reality of Hay's fishing experience in Tarbert; the short IS AOIBHINN LEAM"" comments wryly on his necessary stay in the city (although that verse has too many traditional echoes to be simply seen as "confessional"), and *VIA MEDIA?* seems to spring from Hay's own experience of coping with depression; the RANNGHAIL"" to Elisabeth is full of a triumphant optimism that after all his troubles his spirit is unbroken and may yet come to taste some personal happiness; AN IOMAGAIN sees him bidding farewell to depression with a brave optimism, while AN OIHCHE BHUAN, its Scots counterpart, and the Italian ARIA, perhaps give us an insight into the more difficult moments.

An interesting development in the later poems is Hay's insistence on Hope as both a personal and political force. The linkage is most explicit in AR LÀRAICHEAN, a poem which (with strong echoes of Màiri Mhór MacPherson, spokeswoman of the crofter's struggle) prophetically assures us of a Gaelic resurgence:

Masa mì Mac Iain Dheòrsa
 's e an dòchas mo churaidh;
 anns gach cunnart is cruaidhchas
 is e mo luaidh thar nan uile.
 Teichidh an t-eagal
 is an teagamh roimh 'bhuillean;
 cuir e gu 'dhùbhlán,
 nì e cùisean a bhuinnig.

DÙDLACHD IS EARRACH AR BLIADHNA is a poem both of personal comforting and – by virtue of its last line– of political reassurance, which speaks of hope as an "éibhleag ri anuair s fuachd". "Hope is a skald... Hope is a hero... Hope has a sword and Hope has a song..." we are told in the Norwegian HAAPET, and in a Scots counterpart: "Hope's a warrior that wins". The optimism can sometimes have the same simplistic fervour as Hay's earlier nationalist preachings (in AR LÀRAICHEAN, for example, we are simply to take his word for it that the Gaels will return and repopulate the Highlands), yet one cannot but admire the resilience of Hay's spirit, the indeflectable idealism and optimism which had him celebrate life, that "stey brae an' bonny", no matter how difficult his own circumstances.

In some poems, too, Hay reflects on his craft, and we find a consciousness of his poetic calling that had not been expressed in any earlier work, except the CEANGAL of Fuaran Sléibh where Hay had explained "flor chiall mo cheòil" as the defiant proclamation of Gaelic's survival. The same theme animates GU'M CHUR AN AITHNE where Hay shows an attractive confidence in his own talent, and in DREUCHD AN FHILIDH he can say with assurance:

Tha mi cinnteach an còmhnaidh á còmhnaidh o'n Naoinear bhinn.
gu lìth chur air còmhradh s air òrain 'nan caochan still. . .

In that same poem he sees it as his duty to battle in his craft for "the truth without hazy nonsense" (in terms that recall MEFTAH BABKUM""), and A' CHEÒLRAIDH paints a cameo of the poet denied his night's sleep by the "feverish muses". These poems all illustrate the seriousness with which Hay himself viewed his poetic gift in the context of his own troubled life; it was something he rarely, if ever, vaunted in public, and he seems to have been reluctant to even impose his work on friends, but it was clearly a mainstay of his self-worth and sense of purpose. That Gaeldom, shortly before his death, should have awarded him its highest literary prize probably meant more for him than the most prestigious appreciation from any other airt.

8. MISCELLANEOUS

There are of course a substantial number of poems which do not relate to the above classification. Many of them have the air of exercises in form, which should hardly surprise in the work of a man who saw poetry as a craft to be worked at and perfected, and who all his life was interested in the minutiae of poetic technique and style.

Hence, for example, Hay's first incursions into *Tri Rainn is Amhrán*, a hybrid of syllabic and stressed metres that functioned as a kind of native Irish sonnet. Hay was to use the form for nationalist and nature poetry, but his earliest essays in the form are clear (and consummate) throwbacks to the *dánta grádha*, the courtly love poetry of late medieval Gaeldom.

The song metre of five-stressed lines and rich symmetrical rhymes used in the *envois* of the *trì rainn*, and in the envoi to Fuaran Sléibh (CEANGAL) became a favourite of Hay's in the late '70s, both for short epigrams (ULADH, TAIGH NAN CUMANTAN, NA GÀIDHEIL 'SNA BAILTEAN, GUTH THAIRIS, *etc.*) and longer pieces (NA RÀTAICHEAN S A' BHÀRDACHD, BÀR AN DÙN ÉIDEANN); it was also a form with which he experimented in Italian (STANZE IRLANDESE), Norwegian (SLUTT), and German (IRISCHE STROPHE). Another short Norwegian poem (VAAREN) seems to be an adaptation of one of the most charmingly concise of early Irish metres, and the unfinished draft DEIBHIDHE attempts rather unsuccessfully to apply that attractive medieval metre to English.

Humour occasionally surfaces, too, among the delicate beauty, the cool elegance and the passionate conviction (there is much wit, of course, in Omar's account of his encounter with the Touareg, in MOCHTÀR"). Apart from the schoolboy humour of his schoolboy pieces, and the heavy sarcasm of THE SCOTTISH SCENE, there is the wonderful dialogue ÒRNUIGH OISEIN AS ÒR, a slapstick addition to the cannon of 16thc. Fenian ballads, and the send-up of popular céilidh songs of unrequited love DO NA DAOINE MULADACH SIN ; while CASAN SÌODA and its indignant companion piece are amusing, skilful excursions into the domain of domestic township verse; BU UDNÎN, a tribute to the hardy North African mule, has a warm charm, as does that delightful child's guide to ring-net fishing, THE CREW OF THE SHELLISTER.

The ambiance of the Scottish literary scene of the '30s provokes an only half-serious (and surprisingly unpartisan) confrontation, KAILYARD AND RENAISSANCE, and Hay's deceased Renaissance colleagues are paid a tribute in a rather uneven reworking of a late medieval French ballad (BALLADE); both MacDiarmid and Sorley MacLean merit specific tributes, and the former's influence is very clear in IS CRÌON A' CHÙIL AS NACH GOIREAR.

There is a far more elusive indebtedness in TILLEADH UILÌSIS: technically Hay's most untraditional poem in Gaelic, in its expression it clearly echoes that "quiet, unrestrained almost matter-of-fact" tone which Hay found to characterise heroic literature, which he saw exemplified in "the admirably laconic tradition of the Old Irish prose story", and which "time and time again is the tone of Gaelic poetry" (Scots Gaelic Poetry 3, 9). That fine poem shows well Hay's sure sense of artistry, the craftsman knowing what result he wishes to achieve and fully cognisant of his materials.

Hay's acute chameleonesque qualities (see Gillies 1986: 336) which enabled him to

imitate seemingly any number of traditional styles (or more subtly create echoes of them), is evident not only during his early apprenticeship (in poems as diverse as AN SEALGAIR AGUS AN AOIS, BRÌODAL MÀTHAR, and many of the poems already mentioned), but become spectacularly manifest during his "silent" years in hospital, for example in FEAR BREACAIN BHEALLAIGH and the entirety of Source 9, which rolls on in litanies of verse in Gaelic, Irish and Norse (and hybrids), with traditional references scattered throughout in such profusion that one is left bewildered as to where exactly poet and tradition stand apart. It is as if, with his own creativity inevitably in abeyance, all of Hay's poetic energy were channelled into a reprocessing of the masses of raw material his mind had so thoroughly absorbed in the '30s. These astonishing outpourings were released again towards the end of his life, but subjected to more discipline, resulting in some breathtakingly skilful recreations (see the waulking-songs CHAILEIN ÒIG AN STIÙIR THU MI and AM BÀTA DUBH). Other "imitations" include Jacobite songs (SOMEBODY and CUIDEIGIN, KILLIECRANKIE), the lullaby ÒRAN TÀLAIDH, and the lovers' dialogue LAG AN AONAICH. A recurrent feature of Hay's reworkings is his insertion of localised references (Kintyre place-names or dialect), and one gets the impression that the bard is reinjecting into the stream of tradition all the Kintyre folklore which existed once ("na h-òrain a th'ann 's a bh'ann. . .") or which might have been.

THE POETIC CRAFT

1. HAY ON TECHNIQUE

*Seadh, chaith mi mo thìom s mo dhìchioll ri dàin, fhir chòir,
'gan snaidheadh s 'gan lìomhadh sa' bhinnchainnt is àrsaidh glòir. . .*

One hardly needs such explicit testimony from Hay's pen to confirm what his entire poetic output bears witness to, namely that he viewed poetry as a craft, a demanding trade for which the urge to write was not alone sufficient, but which required an apprenticeship and continual practice for the acquiral and perfection of the necessary skills. We have already seen how his earliest attempts in Gaelic were at least partly influenced by the prominence of certain themes in Gaelic poetic tradition and it is time to examine some of the more formal aspects of his work. The perennial opposition of form and content may be thought too mechanistic a way of discussing an organic creative process, yet it is not inappropriate, indeed may be inevitable, in the study of a poet who explicitly set such store by the formal minutiae of his craft. The application of technique to poetry can take various forms, and the choice, say, of metre (perhaps by the recalling of a certain *music*) is of a different order of creative process to the deliberate application of ornament.

Hay's article "Gaelic and Literary Form" which appeared in the last pre-war issue of Hugh MacDiarmid's Voice Of Scotland confirms how deliberate was his cultivation of those formal qualities which have been noted by all critics of his work; "the most obvious failing of formlessness and dispensing with workmanship in poetry", he says in the way of introduction, "is...that in formlessness there is no variety", and the piece's main concern is that Gaelic poetry should not abandon but further develop its technical strengths. We should bear in mind that by this time Hay had already composed such intricate lyrics as AN GLEANNAN, SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE, DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH, as well as the longer CINNTÌRE and TIOMNADH. I quote only extracts from the article:

A literature can blossom marvellously from the sap within itself, but from time to time rain must fall upon it from outside. A gentle rain, not a downpour to strip the leaves from the branches. ... It would be safe to make it a general principle that if the borrowing of a literary form...involves the jettisoning of any fundamental native characteristic, the borrowing will either have a bad effect or, if the native tradition is strong enough, none at all. And the fundamental characteristic of Gaelic poetry is...a highly developed technique.

... In three European languages at least lyrical technique has been highly developed, and intricate systems of ornamentation have been evolved. They are Gaelic, Welsh and Icelandic. These are three languages which stand outside the system which its rather parochial devotees choose to call European literature.

... Most people must be conscious of how horrid are the results in Gaelic of borrowing simple-minded English technical forms. ... It is clear that for Gaelic poets to borrow from English in this way is to gain nothing and to lose all – to lose a technique which must be envied by those who have made the acquaintance with it, but have themselves nothing like it.

... It is when much is required of the composer and when he makes a successful response to the demands, that poetry reaches its highest degree of attainment. Such a remark might sound ridiculously untrue in relation to English poetry, where the tendency has been to shake off the trammels and set the spirit (good, bad or indifferent) free to work its will. But Gaelic seems to set no limits to developments in technique, and has not even yet exerted all its strength in this direction.

Hay singles out one or two contemporary perpetrators of "horrid" borrowing, but there is a broader attack implicit in his arguments. It is now a commonplace of Gaelic literary criticism that the 19th century saw a decline in both metrical and expressive range which continued, with some notable exceptions, down to the emergence of MacLean and Hay. Sorley MacLean had decried the trend in a talk to the Gaelic Society of Inverness in 1938, choosing one of the most popular of the 'Victorian' poets to make his point:

Neil MacLeod's poetry is symptomatic of the rapid decline in the backbone of Gaelic poetry. It is sentimental, pretty-pretty, weak and thin, only sometimes attaining splendour in its occasional realist moods. ... 19th century poetry, as compared with 18th century, has a weakness and flabbiness of rhythm due largely to the overdoing of artificial metrical stresses. (MacLean 1985: 46).

Hay was aware of the poverty of content in most recent Gaelic poetry – "It is time that we had truth again, as well as romance, in Gaelic" he wrote to Young in Feb '40, and in a review (included in the same letter) of Sorley MacLean's contribution to Seventeen Poems & 6d. (a collaboration with Robert Garioch), he asks:

How long ago was it that the last Gaelic poetry that really *meant* anything was produced? At the time of the evictions? Long since anyway. But from these poems it looks as if we are getting out of the rut at last. ... [Mr. MacLean] has avoided our continual lyricism, which at present looks like becoming as maudlin as the Lowland lyric once was.

And upon hearing that Young had procured funding from the McCaig Trust to publish Dàin do Eimhir agus Dàin Eile, he welcomed it as

a sweet smile of Fortune on Scotland. ... The life in these poems is hot enough to break-up even the thick casing of dead-ice that has lain over Gaelic literature so long. (Source 37, 19/12/41).

But the technical flaccidness of most modern Gaelic poetry seemed to preoccupy him particularly: obviously it belied the copious literary inheritance to which he was so sensitive, but he may also have felt that until he (or any other Gaelic poet) had something new to say (as MacLean clearly had), then his poetic energy should concentrate on rearticulating the old themes in a more artistically satisfying way. In all probability he saw the two aspects as interconnected: more discipline in ornamentation and metrics would tend to filter off cliché and the easy option in lyrical expression, and increase its intellectual concentration.

His schooling in the Classics, again, cannot be overemphasised (see Gillies 1986: 336), as it gave him not only a solid grounding in the poetic technique of the West's most influential tradition, but perhaps more importantly a heightened sensitivity to the technical skills nurtured by any poetic tradition. This allied to the necessarily intellectual nature of his acquisition of Gaelic, and his phenomenal powers of memory, would have made him more than normally aware of, and sensitive to, the literary qualities of Gaelic, in a manner that sets him apart from his poetic peers. Sorley MacLean himself, speaking of the burden which the "old songs" of the 16th and 17thc. must put on any modern Gaelic poet who considers musicality essential to poetry, (a burden, because these inimitable songs "will remain for him the supreme hermaphrodite of words and music"), has suggested that:

George Campbell Hay has felt the burden more lightly, in that the music he seems to have most often at the back of his mind is the word music of the Bardic Schools, a more sophisticated, less intense, more attainable music than the 'out of this world' music of *Cairistiona*, *Little Sister*, *Girl over yonder*, *The Jura Islands*, *Mac Sìri*, *I saw my lover*, the two *Ailean Donn* songs and scores of others.

(MacGill-eain 1985: 115)

(MacLean might have found confirmation of his judgement twelve years later, when MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL was finally brought to light: the poem uses the bare, unadorned metre referred to by Hay as "caoineadh lom", but the predominant note is still one of marvellously polished, wrought elegance.)

The Bardic Schools were exactly what Hay looked back to in much of his earlier poetry. "The compactness and art of the bardic poetry has always attracted me", he explained to Kenneth MacLeod in his second letter,

and I sometimes feel that Gaelic poetry needs discipline – it's too easy at times to go on rhyming and rhyming like a b6-bhàrd [*the 7th rank of bards*].

Welsh *cywydd* [a couplet form with elaborate alliterative patterns] is strict, and yet they still turn out perhaps the finest lyrics in Britain – or Europe.

The suggestions he then makes for adapting the art of the medieval bards Hay reiterated in his Voice of Scotland article:

For models of high artistic skill one inevitably turns to the work of the bardic schools. Dán Díreach metres can be adopted [*sic*] by substituting a system of stress for the syllabic system, and by disregarding the rules about classes of consonants. There would remain a regulated system of alliteration and of comparatively richer internal rhyming. The Welsh *cywydd* is suggestive with its consonant sequences [and] it would be interesting to see what effects would be produced in Gaelic by the Icelandic system of triple groups of alliteration within each couplet.

But these are matters of detail, and the main point is that Gaelic's attainment in mere technique is high, and could be vastly higher.

It may be idle to speculate whether Hay's composing had been based from the start on such a clear policy, or if the initial impetus was a much more intuitive attraction towards certain models; at any rate the above statements clearly enunciate what Hay had in fact been doing ever since the adolescent AISLING. Various commentators have testified to the shock of the new which seized them upon their first reading of Sorley MacLean; with Hay the impact is more the shock of the old, from the re-application of a centuries-old ornamental complexity. The intricacy of AN GLEANNAN, Hay's earliest surviving nature lyric, can serve as an example: there three and even four vowel- rhymes bind all but one couplet (in addition to the terminal rhymes between couplets), with much consonantal rhyme in addition:

gleann is sèimhe sruth fo bhruachaibh,
an gleann feurach, lusach, uaine;
uain' a bharrach s a riasg ròmach,
cluain nam fiadh, còrr am fàrdach;

There can be little doubt that Hay fully intended the *cynganedd* sequence in that last line (c-m-f. c-m-f), although whether his word-rhymes (*i.e.* repetitions) he would have recognised as Irish *breacadh* is less sure. If we take another example, this time from CINNTÌRE, we can observe even more clearly what "neo-bardism" involves, since in its expression that poem is so reminiscent of bardic verse:

Sìth o Dhia air màthair m'altruim,
le spreigeadh gràidh chan fhaigh mi clos,
sòlas duit Chinntir' is sonas –
c'uim nach molainn crìoch gun lochd?

Gnàthach sunnd is aobhachd inntinn
 'san dùthaich ghaoil a dh'àraich mi,
 gràin no gruaim cha tig 'na còir-se
 gàire s ceòl as dual di.

As prescribed in his article, the syllabic count has given way to the accentual (*i.e.* the stress metrics of the near totality of post-bardic verse), with a steady 4-beat rhythm; yet, as in most of his lyrics built on the *rann*, one feels that he has purposefully kept a check on line length (keeping as here to seven or eight syllables) so that the *suggestion* of bardic syllabic verse adds to the feel of concision and restraint (an effect reinforced by the occasional accentual irregularity, such as "a' mhuir a' teannadh gu tràigh"). But it is basically in the richness of ornamentation that the influence is clearest: in the two verses above, on top of the final rhyme linking the couplets, one finds, two assonances in the first couplet and three in the rest, alliteration in the first line and in every line of the second verse, and further consonance in each verse; the accomplishment is astonishing, yet these verses are not exceptional – that level of ornamentation is sustained throughout the poem. Nor is it something Hay reserves for pieces with the poise of CINNTÌRE; witness the marvellous juxtapositions of BRÌODAL MÀTHAR:

M'Osgar mór thu,
 m'usgar òir thu,
 mo mhogul chnò a chromas geug...

or the exhilarating cadences of SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE; or indeed the richness of ÒRAN, with its demanding rhyme scheme (the metre is that of Donnchadh Bàn's *Coire-Cheathaich*):

Gràdh nan gruagach o'n dh'fhàs i fuar rium,
 cha n-eil dol suas domh no suain 'na déidh...

(With this kind of song-metre obviously vowel-patterning is more prescribed, but the fourth rhyme in the couplet (here *suain*) is hardly *de rigueur*).

Hay's attachment to bardic verse also led him to pastiche, in his recreations of the *trì rainn is amhran* hybrid form, where three syllabic quatrains lead to a summing up verse in song metre. Hay was to use the form for nature and even political themes, but his earliest essays are elegant, skilled treatments of courtly love themes; unsurprisingly, the metrical influence of syllabic verse is at times strongly felt – if BANALTRUM NAM BÀRD is clearly accentual throughout, what of this verse from AN GAOL CHA D'FHIOSRAICH MI ?

An gaol cha d'fhiosraich mi uair –
 dé, cha chualas e bhith ann –
 ach nise chuartaich e mì
 eadar chas, mo dhìth, is cheann.

Obviously not all of Hay's poems are ornamented to the same degree, but significantly the peaks of embellishment appear mostly in the early poetry. Significantly, too, most of Hay's poems of this early period, say up to 1940-41, have clear antecedents in Gaelic tradition – his nature and sea poems, for example, without necessarily following specific models, powerfully exploit the prodigious store of vocabulary and imagery available, to achieve new heights: *SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE* gathers the expressive power of language diffused in a host of maritime songs, and in its compactness is arguably the best Gaelic song of the type.

His talent is virtuosic and eclectic: in this period he is serving his apprenticeship, testing his own capabilities, working towards finding his own voice, but also, as is clear from the *Voice* "manifesto", consciously extending the poetic field and hoping to update Gaelic poetry by re-energising its traditional strengths. His role-playing talent is prodigious, and operates both in the formal domain and in a much deeper emotional sense. Maurice Lindsay, for example, has said of Hay:

He has a rare gift of what the French poet Patrice de la Tour du Pin calls "bodily grasp", "the ability to penetrate into the being of others, into that profound being which they are most unaware of themselves". All poets must possess this gift to some extent, of course, but in Hay it is particularly marked. Because of it, his poems about old folk, "The Auld Hunter", a Gaelic piece, or this one, "The Old Fisherman", have made many elderly people wonder how a young man can so sensitively understand feelings which he himself can never have experienced. (Lindsay 1948: 23)

Lindsay's appreciative comment seems to underplay the mechanics of Hay's craft. *AN SEALGAIR AGUS AN AOIS* no doubt owes something in its choice of theme to Hay's easy empathy with older people as well as his own passion for wandering the hills and hunting, but in its articulation its greatest debt is to the voices found in Gaelic poetry (this is obviously less evident to a reader without Gaelic dependent on Hay's English version or MacDiarmid's Scots rendering). The poem's last verse strongly echoes Iain Lom, but the poem overall is in the tradition best exemplified by the Lochaber *Òran na Comhachaig* (The Owl of Strone). This late 16thc dialogue between an owl and an old hunter, on the well established themes of *tempus fugit* and *ubi sunt...*?, and with its accretions of *dinnsheanchas*, fascinated Hay (he wrote to Robert Rankin in Jan '44, from North Africa: "The Owl has come into my mind at intervals, and I always reflect what a unique poem it is. I've never met anything quite like it"; his enthusiasm was infectious, and Rankin, after many years of research, was to write the definitive study of the piece; see Rankin 1958). There can be little doubt that *Òran na Comhachaig*, with its lamenting old hunter and its personification of Age as an

obstructor, provided an inspirational model for AN SEALGAIR'''.

Clearly then, part of Hay's apprenticeship was this reworking of tradition, often into gems of technical richness. His interest in the craftwork of poetry and his great technical ability never deserted him (see for example one of his last poems, the tiny but exquisite DÙRD A' GHLINNE), and in the war years we find him exploring these aspects of the literatures he encountered in North Africa and Italy. In that same period, however, as his own voice clearly emerged in innovatory developments, he found less need to ground his poems in tradition, and we find technical structure and ornament loosening their hold somewhat, and the poetic technique becoming less easy to isolate from the poem's total impact.

This is only a tendency, rather than a clear progression, but it is undeniably there. So if AN T-EÒLAS NACH CRUTHAICH seems a good example of Hay's "neo-bardic" verse with particularly rich alliteration, its contemporary ATMAN moves with a more organic rhythm and altogether less ornament; PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE may be composed in a song setting reminiscent of Màiri Mhór's *Eilean A' Cheò*, but CÒMHRADH AN ALLDAIN and especially AR BLÀR CATHA use traditional stress metres with more freedom and in new combinations. IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH proceeds in graceful regular quatrains, but a few months later in the dramatic narrative of TILLEADH UILÌSIS Hay lets go for the first and last time (in Gaelic) of traditional form and regulated rhythm; the artistry of that poem is of a different order from that of Hay's lyrical jewels, and yet the tools are traditional enough – for all its variations in pace, the melody of the narrative is grounded on a bass of ò-rimes, with recurrent *aicill* providing the grace-notes; analysis does little however to explain the hushed beauty of opening verses like:

Rainig mac Laérteis,
seal mu'n d'éirich orra 'n là,
Iotaca is tràighean 'òige.

Anns na tràthaibh cianail
mu'n leum a' ghrian, bha 'n iubhrach àrd
dlùth fo sgàile an tsean chòrsa.

Bha 'n cruinne aosda 'mosgladh,
ag osnaich luchd nan linn a' fàs;
osna air son na gréine
am beul gach dùil roimh'n là;
s an sgùrr a b'àirde air 'ùr òradh.

TILLEADH UILÌSIS may have explored a very flexible approach to poetic narrative, but in the year preceding its composition Hay had been developing (with a facility that took him by surprise) a more traditional form which he had advocated years before, in his Voice article, as "suitable for sustained narrative". This was the

so-called *caoineadh* metre of much Gaelic folk poetry (such as the songs praised earlier by Sorley MacLean): lines of equal stress built up in paragraphs, bound only by the same final-stress rhyme, all other ornament optional.

In this unornamented recitative there may lie the seeds of a narrative form of verse, for certainly some of our finest poetry is to be found in it, just as the finest poetry of modern Greece is her Klephtic ballads [*songs of the outlaws who fought the Turks*] and Murologia [*keens*] composed in the long unembellished lines of the "political metre".

Two years later Sorley MacLean would comment that "Deòrsa...has my obsessive admiration for the anonymous ballad-like stuff which we both regard as the greatest thing in all Gaelic poetry" (Source 37, 7/9/41); this is confirmed by George himself in a letter to John Lorne Campbell (written while on the run, c. April '41):

A réir mar a chì mise e, is ann de'n chuid as fheàrr de'n bhàrdachd againn na h-òrain luadhaidh ud agus òrain eile a rinneadh 'san aon mheadrachd shimplidh riu – "caoineadh lom" theagamh gum bu chòir a ràdh rithe, gun uaim no comhfhuaim sam bith innte ach aig ceann gacha sreath. Cha n-fhaigh thu eadar Dallan Forgaill agus luchd ranngail ar latha-ne bàrdachd a bheir barr air Cumha Nic Raonail –

Dh'fhosgail mi dorus bhur seòmar,
thàinig bhur fuil thar mo bhrògan,
is teann nach d'òl mi fhìn mo leòir dheth.

no air a' chumha ud eile –

Bha mi 'n raoir air bruaich do lice,
ma bha, cha b'fheairrde mo mhisneachd;
b'fhurasda dhomh falbh gun fhios duit.

Cha ghabhadh bàrdachd 'sa' Ghàidhlig a bhith na bu shimplidhe a thaobh ealain, ach, sud agad e, cuiridh i crith 'nad fhuil nach cuir "Moladh an Leómhain" fhéin air cho snasda saothaireach dlùth-thoinnte 's gu bheil e.

The way I see it, among the greatest glories of our poetry we must count the waulking-songs and other songs composed in the same simple metre as them – "bare keening-metre" we should maybe call it, with no alliteration or rhyme at all except at the end of each line. Between Dallan Forgaill and the versifiers of our own day you'll not find poetry to surpass Nic Raonail's Lament –

I opened the door of your room, / your blood flowed over my shoes, / I stopped myself from drinking my fill of it.

Or that other lament – Last night I was by your graveside, / if I was, little cheer it brought me; / easy it was for me to leave without you knowing.

No poetry in Gaelic could be simpler artistically, but, there you go, it shifts your blood in a way that even [Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's] "In Praise of the Lion" can't for all its elegance, craft and tight construction.

Campbell had first contacted Hay to comment on his long study "Scottish Gaelic Poetry", serialised in the New Alliance, where he had once again praised the "unworked simplicity" in which "poetry reaches its greatest height in any language." Elsewhere (Source 37, Oct. 1939) we find him bemoaning "the trend in all modern English poetry" which

militates against the simple, bald style in which much of the greatest poetry is written. ...Personally I favour the bald hard poetry high above any other.

It was an abiding preference: five years later, he would praise the poetry of the French Résistance for being "good in a way entirely new in French – laconic and hard without any striving after those effects". And all his translations from Gaelic (with the exception of poems by Derick Thomson and one other piece in the 1960s) were of these anonymous songs from the 16th-17th centuries. This partiality may surprise in a poet so noted for his formal elaborateness and poise, and indeed who could be criticised for "lack of passion" and seeming "immured in marble" (Smith 1953: 204). And yet, quite apart from direct imitations of the Gaelic folk-song style such as GRUNND NA MARA, are there not more profound echoes of the popular voice in the passionate direct utterance of pieces like AN T-ÒIGEAR A' BRUIDHINN O'N ÙIR, or indeed in the hard vivid nostalgia of LUINNEAG ?

Both these pieces employ the couplets of the waulking-song tradition (LUINNEAG is explicitly a song), but it was the potentialities of the so-called *caoineadh* which Hay set about exploring, in accordance with the blue-print of his Voice of Scotland "manifesto". A later critic has commented that

this traditional paragraphic structure probably affords one of the best starting points for adapting a Gaelic metre to what we may call, for brevity's sake, a non-traditional sensibility (MacInnes 1986: 144)

and it provided the basis for Sorley MacLean's long heroic symbolist poem *An Cuilithionn*, extracts of which were published in early 1940. The two poets' line of thought seem merely to have coincided here (their use of the traditional form differs, MacLean usually rhyming in couplets while Hay adheres to full paragraph rhyme), although Hay was to acknowledge a "comhcheangal ealaine" between *An Cuilithionn* and his own later MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (Hay 1983: 185). That poem triumphantly proved the *caoineadh* metre's narrative possibilities, and Hay proceeded to use it for more discursive purposes in MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR?, AR BLÀR CATHA, FEACHD A' PHRIONNSA, and the later sections of MOCHTÀR". Although the effect of these poems is still highly polished rather than "bald and hard", the craft is less in the regular application of ornament than in the subtle creating and dropping of patterns of rhythm and sound in a way more organic to the poem. It is now difficult to imagine a better traditional vehicle for such sustained description as that of Omar's Sahara journey, the magical TURUS FÀSAICH:

Is nuair a bhiodh an oidhche aca,
an oidhche, s iad a' buidhinn astair

ri 'fionnarachd, an corp air chrathadh
 fo'n aodach bàite le fallas,
 bu deoch á fuaran àrd do'n anam
 bhith leughadh balbhchuaire nam plainead,
 air buidhnean nan reul a bhith cur aithne,
 mion duslach òrdha air a shadadh
 trasd an speur, is troimhe 'nan lasair
 prìomh lòchrain steòrnaidh gach aon rathaid. . .

Hay's control of his material, and his magisterial feel for the appropriate form and application of technique, is well exemplified in the two poems NA TUINN RIS NA CARRAIGEAN and MEFTAH BABKUM": both deal with basically the same theme but to vastly different effect, the first with the concision of the embellished lyric, the second with far more elbow room to explore the fundamental philosophical issue through narrative and rhetoric.

Hay's fascination with the intricacies of poetic technique is well illustrated in his notebooks of the war period. In Source 7, for example, as well as notes on classical Arabic metrics, we find pages of lines and phrases lifted from his readings of French, Arabic but especially Italian poetry, illustrating tricks of technique. The various points of technique are then noted (f.15): first the "continuous patterns" of quantity, stress and syllable count, and then in some detail (illustrated with quotes) "the patterns of recurring ornament overlaying them" (consonant and vowel patterns, syllable rime, and verse patterns). Here, for example, are his notes on consonant patterns (quotes are in Italian, Gaelic, Spanish, French and Welsh):

(i) Alliteration – O.Norse, Old German, A-Saxon, remains in Icelandic.

(ii) Consonant rhyme –

(a) air, ear, oar (one consonant)

Il glorioso scanno / della Donna del cielo.
 a dir "ascolta, se nel cor mi senti."

(b) Two consonants – merry marrow (in Dunbar)

Ri teas goile gréine gile.
 Miré los muros de la patria mia.
 E fasso fera non fare a suo senno.
 Fièrre est cette forêt dans sa beauté tranquille.
 Fuor se' dell' erte vie, fuor se' dell' arte.

(c) Three or more. Cyghanedd of cywydd and englyns.

Duw nel a wŷr, dyn wyl fi
 di-rymiant, Duw 'n dŵr imi.
 D-n-w d-n-w / d-r-m d-r-m
 Tanto, per non tentare, è fatto sodo.
 Tra le più dense frasche alla fresca ombra.
 Quando giostra Aquilone, austro è levante.

He sums up with the remark that

poets master the obligatory patterns and add subtle ornaments of their own only obligatory in other literatures *e.g.* alliteration and internal assonance in English. Most subtle is consonant rhyme, only demanded in Welsh.

Hay notes in the same notebook that "alliteration and rhyme [are] frequent in popular phrases – Blâ râs w sâs – per monti e mari – gun chuid gun chuideachd", and these felicities of speech found in every language he sought to emulate in his translations of epigrams and proverbs (matching one language's tricks with another), such as the following from Arabic:

Gabh is thabhair, trothad is taruinn,
theirig an tîm is ghabh i thairis,
tha'n gobhar marbh s tha 'mholt 'na mhainnir.

Thig an radan seòlta beò air cuid a' chait. (Source 35, 39)

And a similar concern is heard in his own epigrams:

mais il y a bien des pas à faire
de comme il faut à comme il fait. (HYPOCRITE)

Cluinn geurghuth
mo ghuidh', a Dhia;
cop is cobhar,
cobhair iad. (SÌON A' CHUAIN)

as well as in a Scots poem like *VIA MEDIA*? :

Whan the trauchle wad stacher sun an' sterns,
is't girn an' gie owre?
Or fin' the smeddum whaur it derns,
an' dow an' be dour;

A letter of Jan. 1961 shows us Hay again burrowing into the tiny recesses of his craft (Source 37). His only (surviving) letter to Young after 1950, it is an excited communication concerning "that old friend of mine, Homer". Hay refutes "the usual theory ... that [in Homer] the hexameter proceeds on its majestic way, unadorned, except for occasional alliteration"; on the contrary, "Homer was really a skeely, subtle bard in the field of technique", and used full English rime, word-rhyme ("that is, the same word rhyming with itself"), consonant sequences of the *cynghanedd* type, half-rhyme ("rhyme that is just off perfectness, a favourite technique of Duncan Bàn MacIntyre"), and other syllable rhymes –

Some of all that is chance ... but I do not think that it is always chance.

... I jalouse that these are old Indo-European tricks of long-standing, and that Vergil, for example, may have derived some of his from native Italian poetry, including cunning techniques from Oscan and Umbrian (and Gaulish?) songs. Who can say? It's all very old, and hardly commented on at all, and, as I

judge, continually being rediscovered by poets and rhymers.

Speculating on the origin of these "tricks of long-standing" and their possible conduits from one tradition to the next, would logically lead to the question of language interaction, which in the Scottish context particularly fascinated Hay. Only two weeks before the last letter quoted, Hay was writing to another friend (a distinguished linguistics scholar):

Recently I translated about two hundred of Henderson's Scots proverbs into Gaelic, and found that they make very racy Gaelic indeed. Amusing things happen... – "Nae sooner up than his heid in the aumry" becomes "Cha luaithe air a chois na a cheann 'san amraidh", and the resulting contrast between *cas* and *ceann* could almost make one believe that the proverb was originally phrased in the Gaelic of Lowland Scotland. (31/12/60, Source 51)

Much of the letter to Young is taken up with an examination of "word-rhyme" ("an ancient technique on which I could write a lengthy thesis were time available"). Having mentioned Persian, Provençal and Norman French poetry, he turns to an example closer to home:

The old distich:- Duke of Atholl, king in Man,
and the wisest man in aa Scotland.

– has "man" recurring in the Gaelic internal rhyme position (AICHILL *[sic]*), and offers word-rhyme in the form of a pun... A clever technique is to make a word do two (or more) things. Thus "man" rhymes with itself, and also forms a bardic DEIBHIDHE rhyme with "Scotland" (or, as good as).... The AICHILL *[sic]* there I take to be a broad Scots hint that Broad Scots still remembered the Old Gaelic poetry and the Old Scotland of Scone, and it's really a hint left for us among others.

The prophecy couplet about Prestonpans goes:-

Between Seton and the sea,
many a man will dee that day.

– and is very highly ornamented, as if by a Gaelic professional bard (which I am quite certain is another hint left for us). ... Average DAN DÌREACH can show nothing more intricate than that ... homely Broad Scots couplet.

These two couplets are the Hidden Scotland alright, and to my mind are very important indeed. ... These rhymes are really volumes of history left for us to study and understand, such can be the subtle, hinting nature of the Scottish mind.

2. LANGUAGE AND FORM

Hay's curiosity in the quirks of language and of cross-cultural penetration would have found much stimulation in Tarbert, and indeed it was to that very environment that Hay, in the course of discussing Gaelic usage into Tarbert Scots/English with Angus Martin, actually attributed his gift and passion for language and languages:

A.M. I was interested in your comment that the two words were discussed and compared.

G.C.H. Tarbert's like that. When I was wee. They discussed. They had a great personal regard for language – Gaelic and Scots and English. They thought that way. That's how I learned all my languages, I think.

The language shift to English was still a relatively recent development: unlike the south end of Kintyre, with its linguistically divided community in Campbeltown, Tarbert had never had to accommodate any strong Scots-speaking settlement – the Ayrshire fishermen who had crossed over in the early 19thc. (such as George's paternal great-grandfather) had been thoroughly absorbed into the community, and their children would have been as Gaelic-speaking as any in the village. It was with the next generation (that of John MacDougall Hay himself) that the decline became dramatically visible.

This is how the pioneering Norwegian phonologist Nils Holmer assessed the state of Gaelic in Kintyre in the 1930s:

The total numbers of Gaelic speakers in Kintyre (in 1931) is given by MacLaren's Féillire for 1937 as 1,179 out of a population of 11,744, i.e. about 10 per cent. The people included in this census are of course not all natives of Kintyre, and, according to my own experience, few of those 1,179 actually use the gaelic language. Of most of the people here registered as Gaelic speakers it may rather be said that they still remember Gaelic than speak it. And yet this state of things is quite a recent event: on the "Largieside", or the western coast of Kintyre, where Gaelic is now best preserved, people remember Gaelic being commonly spoken only ten or twenty years ago, and old people can tell about persons they knew in their own childhood who did not understand English. It is different, however, with the southern part of Kintyre, where a considerable number of Lowlanders settled (after the time of the Covenanters, it is said), and also the east coast as far [north] as Skipness has few Gaelic speakers. (Holmer 1962: 1).

An extrapolation from the census returns for the two parishes straddled by Tarbert Registration District (pop. 1,557, roughly $\frac{3}{5}$ in Kilcalmonell Parish, and the remainder in South Knapdale) gives us a figure of 336 Gaelic speakers (22%) in

1931, down from 26% of a population of 1,983 in 1921. These figures, derived from the Gaelic statistics for the *total* population of each parish, presume a Tarbert ratio identical to the overall parish ratio, and therefore certainly exaggerate the Gaelic strength of the "urban" community; there is little doubt that the Largside (also in Kilcalmonell Parish) would have had a higher percentage of Gaelic speakers than Tarbert town (and indeed from the census figures alone, *all* the Gaelic speakers *could* be accounted for outside Tarbert district) – nevertheless the figures can give us some idea of the optimum Gaelic colouring of Hay's Tarbert.

Both Hay's paternal and maternal grandparents (and of course his maternal great-aunts) were native Gaelic speakers, but with their generation the linguistic continuum of a millenium and a half was broken: in the space of one generation, English, through education and the agencies of officialdom, displaced the language which had given Kintyre its name and the wealth of its culture for the past 1400 years. (To avoid painting an overdramatic picture of a complex and accumulative process, we should note the comment on the state of Gaelic in Kilcalmonell and Kilberry Parish in 1843, from the New Statistical Account: "The Gaelic is the vernacular language of the parishioners; but the English is displacing it, and the sooner it overmasters the better." Withers 1984: 309).

Though neither of his parents could speak the language, George, as we have noted, was in no doubt that his mother "had some Gaelic", and Calum Johnson he described as "to some extent a Gaelic speaker". Gaelic in Tarbert he heard "openly used, [but] not habitually", although his own visits to Tarbert took place in the summer when English invariably dominated the village (by deference to visitors). Furthermore by his own admission Hay knew little of the north side of Tarbert, as all his time was spent on the hill or on the boats around his own end of Tarbert, and he estimated that "there was far more Gaelic in Tarbert than I ever heard". Hay's engaging tendency to always look on the bright side does make the picture a little difficult to judge accurately, but it seems to have been the sadly familiar one of Gaelic in terminal decline as a living, communal tongue, but nevertheless unavoidably present in remnants of speech.

As good (and entertaining) an illustration as any of the way Gaelic would surface in conversation can be found in A Night With The Beadle, a short story by Hay about a night "at the plash":

"He's mogullt, he's mogullt," whispered the Beadle in ecstasy. "Come on, we'll lift her."

With loving care, as a mother dandles her child, and leaning overboard till I thought he was going to share the meshes with his prey, he brought the net aboard. Suddenly he gave a wild shout, that must have been heard over "seven hills and seven glens," returning, as is usual in those circumstances, to his *langue de cœur*.

""Dhia, tha fear cho mór agam ris a chunna mi riamh!"

"Cum greim bàite air a' mhoisein," bellowed Did-Ye-Get-Yer-Tea, who had caught the infection, tumbling over athwart in his eagerness. "An e bradan a th'ann?"

"Och, no, no; it's a cock-sparra," said the Beadle sarcastically. . .

Scottish Field (Mar. 1940), 40.

Quite apart from such limited use of Gaelic in conversation by Gaelic speakers of one kind or another, a vast number of Gaelic words and expressions were to be heard in the mouths of "people who have no Gaelic beyond a few phrases like *Là maith* ... and *Dé mar a tha thu?*". In 1938 Hay could write that his "collection of [Gaelic] words used in [Tarbert] English now mounts to about 140"; of these unfortunately only 37 (from *A bhalaigh* to *crìoch*) have survived (NLS MS 26747, 1-3). On top of which, "as for idioms, there's no end to them – things like 'If she'll go to her father' for 'take after her father'..." (Source 45, 10/10/38). Examples of dialect words, pronunciations and idioms transcribed c.1961 – some contemporary, others preserved from the '30s, (from Hay's Aunt Liza, for example) – can be consulted in Source 12.

Hay's notebooks, and often the margins of books he was reading, are a mine of information for the linguist or dialectologist, as they bear a host of phrases and expressions such as the ones quoted, heard by him, both in Gaelic and Scots, mostly in Tarbert. It would have been surprising had the linguistic intricacies which so stimulated his mind not found expression in his poetry, and they do indeed surface, but not with the frequency one might have expected. We find examples of lexical "Gaelic-in-English" in *THE THREE BROTHERS*, with the mentions of *bauchkans* (<*bòchdan*), *rudh'* and *céinteach*, (the latter a Kintyre form of *caointeach*). Whether it is more accurate to speak of "English" in this context or of "Scots" is open to question, since what replaced Gaelic speech in those parts was an English substantially modulated by Gaelic in idiom and vocabulary, and further enriched lexically with a Scots at a remove from the Lowland speech to be heard around Campbeltown (where there had long been Scots settlement). Angus Martin has opined (in private correspondence) that although "Scots was – and still is, among older people – spoken in Campbeltown and South Kintyre", in Tarbert "the language after Gaelic was English with a Gaelic *blas* and a good scatter of Scots words among the Gaelic". Douglas Young's recollection of Calum Johnson's "normal conversation" was "as sheer poetry, in a mixture of Gaelic,

Lallans and Biblical English" (Young 1952: 334). And Hay explained the dialect of his early version of THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LAND in the Scots Magazine as "not properly Lowland Scots, but represent[ing] what the people of Tarbert speak when they are speaking English". Here is the first verse of THE DESTRUCTION"" as initially written, in Tarbert dialect:

In flames of fire, in a rudd furnace, in bloodrudd light,
passed away Priam's folk; an' the lowe lept
up in the luft lik a bright stab in the breist o the night;
Daith wandert, an' wild in the streets the sword swept.

The register was brought closer to literary Lowland Scots through spelling alterations and the following replacements (all of them, bar possibly the last, at the instigation of Douglas Young): *reid*, *bluidreid licht*, *fowk*, *bricht*, *nicht*, *wudd* (though Hay resisted the proposed *i* for *in*). In THE LAND OF PROMISE, a poem of the same period, Hay also seems to have had Tarbert speech in mind (note the Gaelic-derived "coorach" and "scraich"), but it too was adapted in the same way as THE DESTRUCTION"" (bright / bricht, folk / fowk).

The Scots of SEEKER REAPER and THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN is similarly attenuated – compare the first poem, for example, to its companion-piece (in rhythm and structure) SPRING HERE NORTHAWAY. But the majority of Hay's Scots poems are in a broader non-localised Lallans, a rich synthesised, "user-friendly" literary idiom which tends to avoid the obsolete or *recherché*.

In his Gaelic poems, too, Hay was very sparing in his use of dialect; indeed it is not till the second part of his career (from 1960 on) that he ventures in this direction, and he does so in a much more purposeful manner than in Scots, with all dialect usages carefully indicated and explained (see for example MIANNAN AN TAIRBEARTAICH). In the earlier period it was obviously of prime importance to him that he should contribute to the development and maintenance of a modern literary standard, capable of addressing educated Gaels from all parts of the country, and self-indulgent particularism was a thing to be avoided. In an article published in June '44, written in Algeria ("Cor Litreachas Na Gàidhlig An Albainn" – primarily on the importance of developing a prose literature), he stressed the central role played by the poets in the maintenance of Gaelic language and identity:

. . . ma sgrùdar ar n-eachdraidh fad an dà linn so chaidh, chìthear gur i a' bhàrdachd a sheas inbhe is maireannachd na Gàidhlig, oir as aonais obair nam bàrd air beul a luchd-labhairt is na comhchruinneachaidhean bàrdachd 'nan làmhnan bha i air sgaradh 'sna ceudan frithchainnt is air dol 'na *patois* suarach gun lìomhadh, gun snas, gun mheas. Is i a' Ghàidhlig prìomh

dhaingneach ar cultuir Albannaich agus is iad na bàird le'n cuid rann a thug tilleadh as an luchd séisidh a bha an rùn daingneach dheireannach ar cinnidh a thoirt a nuas 'na chruach chlach. (An Gàidheal XXXIX.9, 104).

And in a letter to Douglas Young:

For Gaelic, defeatism is the biggest danger going. Optimism, drive and confidence are what will create a new Highlands and revive Gaelic literature, and with the literature, the spoken language. (Source 37, 27/8/46).

This is the inherited responsibility which must have influenced Hay's avoidance of the colloquial in his poetic register (except in specific contexts, such as the CASAN SÌODA poems), and equally his eschewing of the dialectal; when in the later years he did wish to lay more emphasis on his distinctive origins, and on linguistic phenomena which were in the course of disappearance, he was consistent (with the odd exception, like *fuireachan*) in clearly signalling such departures as valuable aberrations.

Significantly all three of the available letters surviving from Hay's re-emergence in 1960 are greatly exercised by the small details of his linguistic and poetic inheritance. We have seen him discuss poetic technique and speculate on Gaelic-Scots transference in his letter to Young (Source 37, 31/12/60). To Angus MacIntosh he writes in a similar vein:

Scots usage, with reference to Gaelic, is an intricate matter. "He had that in his offer" used to be acceptable Scots English, and "Chuir e sin 'na thairgse" is a recognised Gaelic idiom. Is the Gaelic idiom, which is very frequent in religious translated books, derived from the Scots? Very probably. But may not the Scots, in its turn, at some remote date have derived from the Gaelic of what is now English or Scots-speaking Scotland? At any rate, an idiom like "in his offer" has rather a Gaelic air about it... There must have been fields of Gaelic idiom which either disappeared or shifted over into Scots. Anyway, some Scots idioms must be idioms which developed in the areas long ago lost to Scottish Gaelic, as growing Gaelic idioms, and they must have left a certain tendency in Scots idiom formation.

To Robert Rankin he conveyed various fragments of Tarbert tradition and continued:

So much for odd scraps of Tarbert seanchas. Some time, when I have a longish holiday, I am going to type out everything I can remember from Tarbert – stories, proverbs, Gaelic dialect, Gaelic usage in English..., Gaelic words used in English (a large number...) and Scots, of which there is quite a lot... As far as I can make out it will run, in the end, to 30 or 40 pages of typescript, and phonetics of some kind will have to enter into it, if only to indicate that "summer" [samhradh] is *sevrav*...

Unfortunately, as was to be the way for the rest of his life, these plans seem to have come to nothing, but some things did find their way into Hay's poetry of that period (and the odd later occasion) in verses such as the ones sent to An Gàidheal (see GÀIDHLIG IS GÈIDHLIG MU SEACH and RO FHAD' AIR A' MHULLACH) and those published by Gairm under the rubric "Dàin is Rainn an Gàidhlig Tairbeart Loch Fìne". In fact, of these last only MIANNAN AN TAIRBEARTAICH and SREATHAN MEARACHDACH are in distinctively dialectal Gaelic, but some of the others function as reconstructions of the *seanchas* which was or which could have been, when Tarbert was still home to a flourishing Gaelic community: verses such as existed throughout the Gàidhealtachd, about the geophysical reality of Kintyre, its place-names and boundaries, its weather; they are clearly not "nature poems", to be compared with AN GLEANNAN, say, but are on a par rather with the small rhymes, proverbs and epigrams, which flourish all over the world in strongly oral cultures, serving as mnemonics of wisdom, tradition, experience. Some of the lore which Hay might have recorded in the concerted effort planned above, he preserved by inserting into verse, like some small precious stone. Whatever impulse drove him to such activity in later life – the realisation of the passing of time and the loss of tradition, the decline in his own stamina, the need felt all the more in his prolonged exile to root his identity and his craft in Tarbert – these small productions were evidently considered by him a totally valid use of his poetic gift and are of no small significance (however artistically trivial) in our evaluation of the man and his work.

Hay's dialect insertions – in verses ranging from explicit illustrations of dialect (e.g. GÀIDHLIG IS GÈIDHLIG'') to poems enriched in a more artistically satisfying way (e.g. IONNDRAIN NA SÌNE) – can be listed as follows:

1. Phonetic:

- adh > -amh stedmamh losgamh a cheumamh
- ich > -igh glidigh a bhalaigh caraigh cnìodaigh Toll A' Cheiligh
- /a/ (and /a:/) > /e/ (and /e:/) amèireach mèirligh bèagh meadainn (emhsan)
- /a/ and /u/ > /o/ or /o:/ oiread folbh
- /o/ > /e/ Toll A' Cheiligh
- ao > /e:/ na géithe éabhach
- é > /i:/ ìrigh ìbhinn

Also *idhche* (though mostly used non-dialectally for rhyme convenience) and *gheobh*.

Occur in MIANNAN'', SREATHAN MEARACHDACH, GÀIDHLIG IS GÈIDHLIG'', RO FHAD'', AN DRUIM-ÀRCAN''.

The following extract in dialect from a letter to Robert Rankin may also be of interest:

Mar a thuir mi – cha n'èil air siubhal agamsa ach obair, ach coma codhiù bha céilidh againn an raoir anns na Digs aig Ille-Chriosd MacRath, am fear bho Cheanntàile – bedir s a' Chreutair sabaid is sgeulachd gun stad no sgar, us ceann goirt amèarach. Ach 's ann agad tha fios de'n dòigh a th'oirm anns a' bhaile seo nara théid sinn air chéilidh. Tha "terrible air fed" mar a thuir an t-Arannach, 's e ri lomairt na muice. Bha sinne cruinn 'san tseòmar a' seinn "the Ball of Kirriemuir" "On yesterday evening, air feasgar an raoir" 's an leithad sin de dh'òrain, agus bean an taighe ri farcluais cùl an doruis. Lomsgrios na plàighe uirre.

Mur cual' thu a – dh'frich tubaist do Mhax Dunbar 's e ag iomain a charbaid; bhuail esan us lorie mhór le chéile, chaidh am fear a bha 'na shuidhe Lèimh ri Max a mherbhamh, agus Max fhéin, cha mhór nach do chaidh es dà cuideachd. Ach thè a sLèan fallainn arisd, ged a bhè na h-eisnean brist' aige.

(Source 47, 21/2/37)

2. Lexical:

amhsan, ca'-mara, càrsan(ach), drumach, Floraidh Mhór, fuireachan, goireachan, moineach, railleach, soraidh ó.

Occur in MIANNAN¹, AISLING, SRBATHAN², AN T-ANMOCH AIR A' MHONADH, AIG AN FHEURLOCHAN, ÒRAN MARAICHE, AIR SUIDH' ARTAIR³, IONNDRAIN NA SÌNE, LUINNEAG THAIRBEARTACH.

Nearly all of these are words Hay had heard in English speech, (some heard only once). His comments in interview in 1983 give an insight into his linguistic receptiveness, e.g.:

CARSAN – The hoarseness in the rising wind. It's standard Gaelic for hoarseness. Calum Johnson said *cèrsan* – you know, it's /e/ for /a/, it's common in Argyllshire and Arabic, it's very popular in Tarbert. My uncle Angus Law had *cersan*, shortened. He said to me "There's a wee cersan in it the night". ... I put it in plenty of poems, *cersan*, it's very romantic – you know.

GOIREACHAN - Is it the birds in the water? What I heard in Tarbert was *goireachan*. ... Ma grand-aunt was looking out the window and she said: "The burds are making a goireachan on the water".

3. Fishing terminology:

ceannair, coltas, croich, Duine Làidir, druim-àrcan, òchdar, losgadh, reòtach, ringeadh, roithlean, sole bheag, steall, sùil, teachd air aghart.

Occurring in MIANNAN¹, AN DRUIM-ARCAN², LUINNEAG THAIRBEARTACH, GUIDHE AN IASGAIR, MUIR IS TÌR, CAS AIR TÌR. See also THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER and THE CREW OF THE SHELLISTER for Scots fishing terminology.

Any discussion of Hay's use of language must consider also his use of languages. It is to be regretted that we have so little information from the man himself on what led him to compose in one language rather than another. Towards the end of

his life, in interview, he agreed that the selection process was "automatic"; as to what conditions might contribute to his choice of language he simply "couldn't say". (SSS, 3/10/80). His responses to such personal questioning were reluctant, but perhaps even in more loquacious times he would have had very little to add. His French poems, he told Young years before, he wrote "primarily because I felt the urge" (Source 37, 23/10/43), and it does seem that his love for the very stuff of language drove him easily from spoken or literate competence to composition (Source 9 is one long revel in linguistic shifts, with alternating drafts in various forms of Scots Gaelic, Irish and Norse). One suspects a more subtle psycho-linguistic process would have operated, however, when it came to composing in Gaelic or English or Scots.

It has been remarked by one critic that, whatever language he writes in, "the central fact about Hay's poetry is that it is Gaelic poetry" (Robin Lorimer in the Scots Review), and there is no doubt that the Gaelic influence is to be observed throughout the breadth of his work. At times it is a matter of deliberate imitation, as in the application of internal rhyme in a lyric like THE FRESH SAPLING:

Sapling that grew with dew and sunshine and days,
leafy and slender, fresh the scent of its sprays,
blooming unknown with none to speak in its praise,
where I steal in alone in secret to gaze.

or in the *aicill* of KINTYRE:

These on my mouth, I walk
among grey walls and chill;
these are a flame to warm,
a sain against all ill.

the suggestion of Irish *amhrán* in TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN:

Calum thonder, long's the night to your thinking,
night long till dawn and the sun set at the tiller,
age and the cares of four and a boat to keep you
high in the stern, alone for the winds to weary.

or the patterning and word-formations in THE KERRY SHORE:

waves green-sided, bright, white-crested glittered gay. . .

and the clearly Gaelic music behind WE ABIDE FOR EVER:

As long as sun and moon go circling westward,
while, ebb and flow, pulses the constant tide,
while day from night, while light returns from darkness,
with speech and melody we will abide.

The rich texture of assonance and consonance in AT THE QUAYSIDE owes much to Gaelic (and note that this poem was written at a time when Hay was assiduously

exploring comparative poetic technique, in the Source 7 notes quoted above):

Hour and hour the hammering motor
echoes through the hold below;
hour and hour the restless forefoot
soars, then belts the black to snow;

F G Scott found "something pretty new in his *rhythm* sense – no doubt Gaelic" (Lindsay 1980: 203), while Maurice Lindsay has praised "a marvellous lyrical lilt that no Lowlander quite captured"; and the feeling that Gaelic is never far from the surface is reinforced by Hay's repeated use of Gaelic titles for Scots and English poems (LOMSGRIOS NA TÌRE, TÌR THÀIRNGIRE, CÒMHRADH NAN RUDHA, *etc.*; FUAR FUAR specifically alludes to an Irish model).

It is perhaps his poetry in English which is most susceptible to Gaelic influence, and this relates to an apparent disregard for that literary tradition. As one critic complained, "the rhythms and technique of most of the English poems show little awareness of the best of contemporary English poetry" (Scottish Educational Journal). Part of the reason may have been Hay's low opinion of that poetry; of Eljot's verse he told a friend:

Some of the people here are mad on such stuff, and I have had it explained to me again and again. It isn't all balls, but I still find it unintentionally amusing. (Source 45, 20/2/35).

And in his essay Gaelic and Literary Form he firmly relegated that poet to the same branch on the tree of poetry as the crow's grandmother ("Na puirt uile air an aon fhonn, mar a bha iad aig seanmhair na feannaige"). Later, he would advise F G Scott's son that he was "on the wrong track" with free verse, recommending he try instead "experimenting with the Anglo-Saxon metre" (as Hay himself did in WHAT SONG IS OURS and THE SUN OVER ATHENS).

But it may have been primarily his identification with Gaelic, rather than any critical stance, which made him keep his distance from the English literary tradition, a desire to have his productions seen as the English excursions of a Gaelic poet, and requiring no seal of legitimacy from English quarters; certainly his practice flatly rejected the SEJ critic's tenet that the language of each poem – be it Scots, French or English – should determine the criteria for assessing the work.

The criticism expressed cannot simply be ignored, however, and there is a case for suggesting that the poetic dominance of Gaelic in Hay's work may not have been entirely beneficial. If it enabled him to bring an original voice to Scotland's poetry in English and Scots, it may also have hampered him: there is a certain

monotony and predictability, for example, in the rhyming couplets of PLEASURE AND COURAGE (from his own Gaelic) and THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA, as also in the monorhymed tercets of *ESTA SELVA SELVAGGIA*.

At the same time, it is noticeable that in Scots Hay can occasionally exhibit a much freer hand than he does in Gaelic – resulting, for example, in the exuberance of SEEKER REAPER, and the rhythmic modulations of SOLAN and SPRING HERE NORTHAWAY (all three poems written around the same time). If SEEKER, REAPER dances to the music of the engine and sea, in SOLAN the lines hover, soar and dive with the hunting bird:

Hing there, solan,
lik fate up astern;
the watch that doesna wander.
Swing there, solan.
Slip across the wind and turn
in a dippin' arc. Hover up thonder. . .

All the *nua-bhàird* after Hay have to some extent been concerned with freeing themselves from the tyranny of Gaelic music, and it may be that Hay felt no such need precisely because his greater linguistic choice allowed him enough room to manoeuvre and experiment.

Outside influences were absorbed, of course. The Homeric hexameter was brought to bear in a Gaelic setting in the grand lines of FAIRE M'ÒIGE. Italian metrics were adapted not only to Gaelic (BISEARTA and the later AN CNOCAN FRAOICH IS PADRE DANTE), but equally to Scots (FLOOER O THE GEAN) and English (*ESTA SELVA SELVAGGIA*). Indeed Dante's connecting tercets are the basis for one of the strongest sections of that last poem (ll.65-86):

The Irno Bridge; Salerno in the sun,
while Capo d'Orso in a bluish haze
watches the cobalt waves against him run.
(You'll find the rest in any guide-book's praise).
This is the land *par excellence* where you sought
select starred ruins, and the parrot phrase
of guides made wearisome the beauty spot.
This is the hell where barking batteries
heap on the old fresh ruins smoking hot.
Here are your newly made antiquities;
new graves and stumps of riddled gables frown
from Paestum to the Arno's Galleries.

Any insistence on the Gaelic character of Hay's verse should not obscure the versatility of his Scots usage, from the "bricht an' hard" images of THE WHITE LICHT, to the delicate lyricism of FLOOER O THE GEAN, and the colloquial musings

of OOR JOCK:

"It's orra, man, the fowk I ken
wha seem tae gang on burnan grund,
aye breengean oot an' lowpan ben
lik paper men in a breeze o wind. . ."

Hay's versions from Gaelic to Scots illustrate particularly well his grasp of each language's qualities. It is a very sure sensibility that leads from:

A' tionndadh san fhànas air 'aisil,
an saoghal iomadhathach sean
to Birlan i space wi colours bricht,
the auld warld roon its axle gaun

(IS CRÌON A' CHÙIL AS NACH GOIREAR). If we set an example from Hay's Scots prose against his Gaelic verse, we find the same awareness of the specific qualities and possibilities of two languages in their interpretation of a similar idea:

B'e fhéin an luinneagach, gòrach,
sgeulachdach, gàireachdach, pògach,
air bhoile le fion na h-òige.
Bu cheusadh leis mall-imeachd stòlda
a' charabhain sin, ach, is dòcha,
nuair a dhìrich e sa' ghlòmainn
casbhealach Sfa, is dhearc e crònmhuir
na Sahara, 's i aibhiseach dòite,
ghrad dh'fhuirich e gun cheòl, gun chòmhradh.
(MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, ll.267-275)

We haena read it written an' nane has telt us, but we ken it weel eneuch –
when he liftit the heid o the brae owre the shooother o the Camel [Mount
Gamila] , and wan his first blink o thon plain, flat as a dancean-flair, braider
than the sicht can cairry, Paul stoppit deid and his dogmas dwined awa tae
naething, as he thocht on the Ane that streetcht oot thae corses and biggit thae
mountain-waas aroond and ayont thaim. (Men On Gamila, 22).

Such sensibility is of course a *sine qua non* of successful poetic translation, and although the quality of Hay's versions of European (and Arabic) poetry may vary, there is no doubt that at his best his new versions can stand proudly by their originals, as fine poems in the adopted language (his Scots versions of the rakish sonnets of Cecco Angiolieri are particularly fine). Having excluded that body of Hay's work from the present research project however, I do not propose to say anything about it here, except to suggest some of Hay's motives for his translating activities.

There was, once again, the influence of his classical schooling, already mentioned in other parts of this introduction; and the uses of translation as a poetic exercise, when original inspiration was lacking, are plain enough. Then translating was also a well-established part of the Scottish Renaissance programme, intended both to increase awareness between Scotland's own linguistic groupings (what this really meant was acquainting non-Gaels with Gaelic literature, MacDiarmid blazing the trail in the '30s with his renditions of *Birlinn Chlann Raonuill* and *Moladh Beinn Dòrain*); and equally to reforge the links between Scotland and the rest of Europe (again, MacDiarmid showing the way with panache, in a profusion of quotes and references, translations and borrowings).

Hay's own pedagogical intentions are clear from a letter to Young of c. 30/9/40:

The latest idea is for making part at least of European literature accessible in Gaelic, if only by excerpts. I'm going to translate things from the Scandinavian languages, Modern Greek, Welsh and perhaps Spanish. I'm sure Somhairle could produce an anthology of French verse and prose some day, and of course John his brother is a classical scholar. There is also Calum and Hector MacIver ... but it can't be done till the war is over. There will be the publishing difficulty ... [but] in any case we will have done something practical for Gaelic and broken the ring of clergy, Comunn Gàidhealach Britons and academicians who would like to preserve the Gael in a kind of intellectual Red Indian Reserve, where their folklore will not be contaminated by reading the tales of any other nation and they will be aesthetically and morally catered for by the soiree and the Kirk. The poor Gael is a claim for scores of vested interests...who would all like to make and keep him a parochial private cretin for themselves. They won't manage.

Young himself, of course, was a keen translator, and much of his energy was devoted to bringing Gaelic poetry to Lowland attention, including some very fine versions of MacLean (and several of Hay). At this stage, Hay had already translated much from Irish into English (the education of the *Gall* having started way back at Fettes) and one or two pieces from Gaelic, to which he was to add during his period *fo choille*. In Gaelic he had translated ten or so poems from Modern Greek, several from Welsh, English and Icelandic, and interestingly enough two Arabic poems (from English versions). In the ballads about the Klephts (Greek guerillas outlawed by the conquering Turks) he clearly heard echoes of the fugitive MacGregors, and he thought these songs "as good as those of Dòmhnall Donn... The Gaelic language is waiting with open arms for poetry like that"—poetry of a bold, hard lyricism (Source 47, 13/12/38). In a letter to MacDiarmid of the same period, sent with his article on Gaelic and Literary Form, Hay declared himself

all for the "minor literatures" and the "backward races" whose literatures have not been "etherealised" out of life. Our contacts might as well be with the Icelandings or with those grand rascals the Serbs as with Bloomsbury or the Seine. (Voice of Scotland II.1, 1).

In the event, it was not with the "grand rascals" but with their neighbours, the Croats, that contact was made during the war, through an Italian anthology, and the results appeared both in Wind On Loch Fyne and in O Na Ceithir Àirdean. Most of Hay's translations during the war were from Italian literature, many of these produced not in a lull of original inspiration but in the thick of creative ferment, in the period of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL and ATMAN. Some pieces parallel the Irish/Gaelic *dánta grádha* which Hay had adapted for modern consumption years before in his *trì rainn is amhran* poems; and in Cecco Angiolieri, that "turbulent child of 13th c. Sienna", Hay detected "a man of human heart, ... a sincere and warm nature, ... a poet whom the countrymen of Burns, above all others, should understand." (BBC Script, Source 8, 11).

Hay's translating activity continued at a lesser rate into the '70s, partly from Norwegian, but mostly covering the short distance from Irish to Gaelic. By this time, however, there was no lack of enthusiastic translators to make sure that the barriers round the Reserve, so severely breached in the '30s and '40s, would not be replaced.

Drowned in the surging light they prophesied,
lost in the later blaze, in flames akin,
how many herald stars have waned and died,
forgotten in the day they ushered in.

(FORERUNNERS)

3. HAY'S MUSIC

The sheer musicality of many of Hay's lyrics, as well as the explicit song-forms of poems like LUNNEAG, ÒRAN and ALBA GHAOIL Ó, make it less than surprising that he composed melodies to his own poems (and composed some poems on the basis of a melody). He was, of course, an adequately self-taught piper and possessed a vast repertoire of songs (for the most part Gaelic), and he was conscious of the particular pentatonic character of Gaelic melody (Source 55, 2v). One of his earliest tunes seems to have been for SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE, but at any rate in 1939 he was writing to Young, enclosing

some tunes, ach an còrd iad riut. I haven't made words of my own for most of them yet. When I come across a Gaelic poem I like, I naturally hunt for the tune. If I can't find it I start singing the poem or delivering (gabhail) it in a singing voice. Finally a tune emerges ... Of course some are awful and have to be dropped; some come into one's head all at once and they are usually passable. Strange methods! (Source 37, Feb. '39).

Hay's early musical notebooks (Sources 17 and 18) contain mainly traditional tunes, but in late 1947 he made at least two copies of his collected melodies (Sources 19 and 55), one of which he gave to F G Scott. Of the twenty-five tunes included, eight were for his own poems, as follows:

AM FAILLEAN ÙR / THE FRESH SAPLING
 THEN FAREWELL TARBERT
 SORAI DH SLÀN LE CINNTÌRE
 SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE
 LUINNEAG
 ALBA GHAOL Ó
 ÒRAN GAOIL FINNEACH (a translation)
 ÒRAN

BRANG AIR NA SASANNAICH and, later, LATHA DHOMH BHITH SAN RAINICH were composed to original melodies, now lost.

In the early 1980s, Hay drew up a list of forty-four melodies "all unrecorded and not written down" [sic]. These include the following, in addition to the 1947 set (I list only the settings to Hay's own poems or reworkings):

AN CUALA SIBH MAR THACHAIR DHUINN
 ÒRAN NÀISEANTACH
 AIR SUIDH' ARTAIR DHOMH MOCHTHRATH
 AIG AN FHEURLOCHAN
 GARVALT SIDE
 RITORNELLO
 ÒRAN TÀLAIDH
 CHAILEIN ÒIG, AN STUIR THU MI
 EICH MHIC NÉILL
 CRUINNEAG NA BUAILE
 RÒSAN AN LETH-BHAILE
 IS TROM MI 'SIUBHAL SLÉIBHE

In 1983 THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN was added to the list (Source 48, 2/3/83).

Some of Hay's settings were aired for the first time in February 1990 in Edinburgh, as part of a Benefit Performance for the Scottish Poetry Library devised by Ronald Stevenson.

THE EDITION

EDITORIAL POLICY

1 All texts in the edition are based on one copy-text, chosen after all the sources (as listed) had been gathered and collated. Since it was found that most texts could be dated with reasonable accuracy, it was decided to prepare the edition as a chronological record of Hay's poetic writing, with the prime editorial concern being to ascertain and present authorial intention, rather than to establish a "definitive" canon of ideal texts.

2 Such a policy calls for an inclusive, rather than a selective, approach, and the segregation of texts (for example into published and non-published works) was not adopted as a principle. Nevertheless, some bodies of verse have been relegated to Appendices: Hay's boyhood verse (except those poems which he himself preserved in his adult *corpus*), drafts for MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (which properly belong to the notes section), and several other drafts which would have been difficult to incorporate into the edition's critical system or its chronological presentation. A small number of unpublished texts were not included in any form, being either too fragmentary or illegible.

3 All manuscript copies (including typescripts) by Hay were taken as sources, even when having identical texts, since every transcript by the poet represents a *potential* recension. Of all texts produced by the collaboration of the poet with other agents (such as published works or copies by friends), any which could be shown to derive directly and exclusively from a surviving prototype were discounted. Thus:

3.1 – republications from Hay's three published collections (Fuaran Sléibh, Wind On Loch Fyne and O Na Ceithir Àirdean) such as A Scots Anthology (ed. Oliver and Smith, 1949), The Scottish Literary Revival (ed. Bruce, 1968) and various periodical selections from the late 1940s, were not taken as sources; nor were BBC transcripts of Maurice Lindsay's 1948 "Poetry Diary", for which he was given access to Wind On Loch Fyne proofs. Four Points Of A Saltire and Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig (for which the poet himself prepared fresh texts) were accepted however, as was Douglas Young's Scottish Verse 1850-1950 which preserves versions pre-dating Hay's printed collections.

3.2 – Young's own typed copies of *extant* texts (such as the French poems of 1943 sent him by Hay) were not included, but his transcripts for which no certain prototype survives have of course served as important sources

(Sources 38 and 40).

3.3 – In the case of periodical occurrences, when the actual document sent by Hay for publication has survived (such as for poems published by Gairm, Catalyst and Akros), the manuscript text disqualified the printed one.

4.1 Axiomatic in the editorial treatment of sources, and especially in the choice of copy-text, was the fundamental generic difference between manuscript and printed texts (irrespective of the individual status to which some sources may lay claim): printed sources have a finality and (for the editor) an authority which can never be presumed of manuscript sources. The manuscript text of a poem presents a version which may or may not be final; bibliographical analysis will of course help us distinguish between an initial draft, a rough copy or a "clean" publication-ready script, but we can never rule out further revision by the poet prior to publication. The printed version of a poem, however, (presuming the full cooperation and consent of the author, of course) is one which we *know* the poet at a specific, given time judged fit for the public domain. (That is the limit of the concept of "finality"; it refers to the irrevocable *actualisation* of a version, but in no way precludes later revisions by the author).

4.2 Since this edition has operated on an *inclusive* historical (chronological) policy, it has foregone any classification based on the above difference. This makes it essential that the critical apparatus should clearly indicate the "gender" of its sources. Hence all printed sources have been codified with a letter (A to K for collections, P1 to P36 for periodicals), while manuscript sources are identified only with numerals; further, in the listing directly below each poem (heading the critical apparatus), the two types are segregated.

4.3 It should be noted that the policy formulated in 2.3 has the potential to obscure the fact of publication: in instances where there is no other printed source except that dislodged by its prototype from the apparatus, the impression given will be one of an unpublished text derived entirely from manuscript sources. Clarifications are of course given in the detailed listings in the notes, but in order to maintain an immediate visual signal in the apparatus, in such instances I have indexed the relevant source number with a ^P and separated it from the other manuscript sources.

5 The published / unpublished distinction was obviously brought to bear on the choice of copy-text. The status of FS, WLF and OCA is primordial: these are collections carefully prepared by the poet, produced in collaboration with other

agents (publisher, proof-reader, compositor) and ratified by Hay at every stage (ill-health may have reduced his involvement in the third book, but certainly did not prevent him checking its proofs). The involvement of agents other than the poet also of course increases the probability of textual corruption (especially in the case of a Gaelic poet working with a non-Gaelic publisher), and one of the essential requirements of any new edition is the automatic elimination of errors, whenever these can be clearly identified. (Most misprints in the three collections were in any case corrected by Hay in his own copies.) As a rule, I have only reported errors found in the copy-text.

6.1 More problematic is the question of revisions (and of course the line between a corrected reading and a revised reading is not always clear). Hay was an inveterate reviser; in that, he is hardly unique. But what characterises Hay revisions is that for the most part, due to historical circumstance, they were effected between twenty-five and thirty-five years after publication. Does this invalidate them, or reduce their authority? In the American debate, one textual critic has strongly attacked the idea that writers retain authority over their work indefinitely, claiming instead that authorial right expires at some indeterminate point after the initial creative process. Principally an attack on the editorial assumption that later readings should be given precedence over early texts, Parker's argument has a superficial attraction, especially in the case of a poet like Hay whose creative peak was followed by debilitating mental illness then sporadic and uneven poetic activity. Yet as a guiding principle it clearly raises more problems than it solves – when do we deem the creative impulse to have cooled sufficiently for the author to forego automatic authority? Since the cut-off point must vary from poet to poet, and indeed from poem to poem, are we not left to judge each revision by its own merits, thus in effect making editorial aesthetic judgement the decisive agent rather than any methodological principle?

6.2 An edition like this one, which does not purport to present the "best" texts but aims to elucidate authorial intention as accurately as possible, need not be overly concerned with the artistic success of individual revisions but has to decide rather on their status as statements of intent; here the distinction enunciated above (3.1) between types of sources becomes operative. Hay's revisions are of various kinds: the texts published in Nua-Bhàrdachd; the Collected Gaelic Poems typescript of Source 21; the annotated collections (Sources 29, 30, 32, 33 and 54); and a list of revisions to WLF. Then there are the periodical-published poems revised in print or in manuscript, and unpublished poems surviving in more than

one finalised form.

7 As a general principle, printed revisions have been taken as carrying a "final" authority, but only after the individual status of the sources was established, since a collection which has involved proofreading by the poet must take precedence over a periodical appearance (where professional standards do not always obtain, and where there is no authorial proofchecking). *All things being equal*, the latest printed version has been taken as copy-text. Examples may help illustrate the general lines followed (and the undesirability of too dogmatic an approach):

- 7.1 - The copy-text of ÒRAN NÀISEANTACH (a song published in three periodicals) is that of its final periodical appearance.
- 7.2 - That song's Scots counterpart, NATIONALIST SANG, was published twice in periodicals, later sent for publication but not published, then later again redrafted. I have taken the manuscript text *intended* for publication as the copy-text since it clearly represents the author's last "printed version".
- 7.3 - In principle, the Four Points anthology should have superceded earlier collections, but bibliographical evidence suggests that procedure was more careless in the later book, making its readings less reliable (its texts correct three errors but add seven); in practice this only affects one reading, the change of "Wast" to "West" in THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN - the change is supported by a contemporary text in the Morningside Mirror (a typed community newsletter, necessarily less reliable a source than literary periodicals), but not by Hay's subsequent annotations in Source 30 or his manuscript recensions; on balance therefore I have preferred to keep WLF as the copy-text, and simply indicate the Four Points variant in the critical apparatus.
- 7.4 - I have not deemed Hay's annotated revisions to hold "final" authority, and so Sources 29, 30, 32, 33 and 54 have never been adopted as copy-texts. Even though in the case of Source 30's second set of revisions Hay clearly envisaged the republication of WLF, his intentions were never actualised by publication (or even by publication-ready texts); in the critical apparatus headings, these sources are listed in brackets to emphasise their secondary status (as neither fresh manuscripts nor new reprints). Thus the revisions suggested for SEEKER REAPER - additional lines and scotticisations - are given in the critical apparatus, but not incorporated into the text. (The change of "before" to "afore" in 1.9 was accepted as a correction rather than

a revision, since "afore" occurs elsewhere in the poem; similarly "wund" in THE THREE BROTHERS, 1.13).

7.5 – It follows that even Hay's substantial manuscript expansions of such poems as HOMER (expanded from two to four verses fifty years after composition) or THE SMOKY SMIRR"" (from three to five then seven then eight verses, thirty-five years later) could not be taken as authoritative copy-texts, regardless of the literary value of the expansions. There was a case, however, in a chronological edition like this one, for citing each poem twice (in its original published form and in its expanded manuscript version), as it could be argued that the later versions were in fact poems in their own right – not merely tamperings with an original but the products of a second "creative fire". Although the edition would thus have more clearly represented Hay's *activity* in his last year, it would not have particularly elucidated his *intention* (of writing replacements, not alternative versions); more importantly, however well attested his intention of rewriting THE SMOKY SMIRR"" for publication, we cannot tell which version (five, seven or eight verses) would have finally been chosen as definitive. Consequently, it seemed preferable to leave the additional verses to the critical apparatus (they are given in the notes, for reasons of space).

7.6 – What of poems existing only in manuscript, but surviving in more than one apparently "finalised" version? SPRING HERE NORTHAWAY was composed in 1947, but substantially altered in language over thirty years later. Should one version take precedence over the other, or should the poem be treated as two works (one in "Tarbert", the other in broader Scots)? Bibliographical evidence led to the adoption of the earlier version as copy-text: it survives as a typescript – always suggestive with Hay of publication readiness – as compared to the notebook handwritten later copy, and furthermore was sent to F G Scott, an indication of relative "finality".

8 In one important instance, the primordially of Hay's printed collections has been overrun – this is in my adoption of typescript Source 21 as the most authoritative source for Hay's Gaelic poems. The arguments against such a policy are obvious. Recommending it, however, is the fact that the document is the nearest thing we have to a revised edition of Hay – it is no piecemeal venture, but a sustained, unified recension of all the poems (with a few exceptions) from FS and OCA, and with some of the later poems incorporated into the corpus. In an edition which foregoes all modernisation by the editor, it seemed important to give

exposure to Hay's own revisions of spelling and form (including punctuation), and also to register in some way Hay's undoubted intention to revise his work; the adoption of the Collected Gaelic Poems manuscript for copy-text purposes seemed the most legitimate way of doing this. In respect to the later (periodical) poems, the case for preferring Source 21 is very strong. It should be remembered, too, that the manuscript postdates the Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig texts (not a decisive argument in itself, but relevant inasmuch as the reverse situation would have made the "finality" of Source 21 far more difficult to defend); as regards the displaced status of the two printed collections, the decision is far more vulnerable to criticism but, I believe, still justifiable. It may be useful again to illustrate some points of practice:

- 8.1 – As a manuscript source which has not undergone all the insuring processes of a printed collection, Source 21 of course contains errors; but as with any copy-text these have simply been removed (all copy-text corrections are signalled in the critical apparatus). Thus, for example, a line dropped out of MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR? has been restored (as have other lines omitted from the translation). Equally two lines missing from CÒMHRADH AN ALLDAIN but present in the translation (both in Source 21 and OCA) have been restored (from the poem's first periodical appearance), since on balance the evidence (syntactical and bibliographical) suggested that the omission was accidental.
- 8.2 – Substantive revisions (of words and meaning, rather than of spelling or punctuation) are to be found, for example, in DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH and ACHMHASAIN. It bears repeating that this edition does not aim to present the "best" texts (in a literary critical sense), but the version best reflecting Hay's "final" authoritative intention. The revision in ACHMHASAIN (l.15) is in my opinion unfortunate, but as it cannot be dismissed as a typing error (the change is duplicated in translation), I do not deem the editor has a right to ignore it. (Examples such as this one, however, do highlight the risks of the initial policy favouring the manuscript source, since it could be argued that a publishing editor would have put pressure on Hay to revert to his original published reading).

9 The above should have made reasonably clear the limits to the aesthetic judgement applied in this edition. Once the initial choices had been made regarding the status of each source (subjective choices of course, but taking into account the totality of bibliographical information, and based not on the editor's

personal preferences but on my assessment of Hay's intentions), literary criticism was not brought to bear on editorial decisions. It follows of course that texts have not been amalgamated. (To clarify further by contrast, in an edition aimed more at a poetry reading public, and especially one aiming to promote recognition of Hay, I would ignore his 1974 recension of ACHMHASAIN, and would consider incorporating extra lines into SEEKER REAPER, Scots revisions into that and other poems, and perhaps additional verses into THE SMOKY SMIRR").

10 In several specific cases, editorial practice has transgressed the policies outlined above.

10.1 Firstly, the fragmentary state of MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL called for recognition that factors beyond authorial control and in no way conforming to authorial intention (namely the loss of sources and Hay's inability to restore his text within the necessary time limits) had lessened the authority of the published text, and would necessitate a more flexible, eclectic approach to the sources. Excessive "historicism", in blind adherence to one copy-text source (necessarily the published version), would only have obscured the author's intentions, perpetuating the misapprehension that Hay composed two different endings for the poem. The unified ending undeniably intended and written by Hay has been restored by the piecing together of texts, and even by an editorial interpolation (clearly signalled in the text). The unique importance of the poem, I suggest, justify that approach, but I concede that the editorial interference may be judged excessive.

10.2 Secondly, some of Hay's poems in French and Norwegian are problematic, in that they contain linguistic errors which any editor acquainted with those languages would have had Hay correct, but which nevertheless went unnoticed into publication. One of the editor's most basic duties is to correct obvious errors; at the same time it would be wrong to falsify the historical record and give a mistaken impression of Hay's mastery of these languages. After not a few reversals of policy, I finally decided to effect the following revisions (in periodical-published poems):

- correction of the final verb in LE MONTAGNARD (meaningless without the reflexive pronoun);
- correction of a plural form in ENHVER SEILER;
- correction of genitive-clusters in SKOTLAND TIL OLA NORDMANN, STEINEN PÅ FJELLET and ENHVER SEILER, where Hay has repeatedly (but not consistently) duplicated the article ("the wood's the trees", *etc.*). I have removed the redundant articles.

These can be justified as the correction of errors of form, and are all signalled in the critical apparatus; more elaborate linguistic knots (such as the debilitating penultimate verse of ÉPREUVE DE DOUTE) have been left untouched.

11 SPELLING

The spelling used for each poem is that of the copy-text, and variants have only been reported when they represent (or in the less stabilised case of Scots *may* represent) phonetic differences. The consequent lack of uniformity needs no justification in a scholarly edition, and indeed at a time when the modernisation of spelling in Gaelic is still a matter for debate, Hay's own practice over the years may be of interest. (It must be borne in mind that Gairm began to modernise its spelling in 1975 and increasingly standardised its contributions, and that MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, as a Gairm publication, follows spelling conventions substantially removed from Hay's own.) Equally the instability of Scots spelling is clearly discernable in the edition, and in itself could provide a valuable field of study. Douglas Young played a pivotal role in the development of a standardised Scots orthography and in the drawing up of a stylesheet for the use of the makars in 1947, and his typescripts of Hay's poems are a valuable piece of evidence to the experimentation that preceded this advance.

11.1 Hay's own attitude to the orthographical updating of Gaelic was approving. As he told Young : "the more dots and dashes we eliminate from the Gaelic orthography the better (though of course we can't risk confusing '*nam* with *nam* and so on)", and his policy was realised in FS and OCA, with such spellings as *s* (for elided "and") and *san* ("in the"), *cha n-eil* and *an tsaoghail*. These he continued to employ all his life (although he also occasionally used the standard forms '*s* and *an t-s*....). He retained the apostrophe in the conjunction *gu'n* and the comparative *na's*. The participial *ag* was not elided before *c* or *g* (*ag cromadh*, *ag guidhe*), but this was modernised in Source 21. Source 21 also modifies *ìseal* to *ìosal*, *so* and *sud* to *seo* and *siud*, and confirms the tendency seen as early as the MOCHTÀR scripts, to change *éisteachd* to *éisdeachd*. I have not reported any of these changes in the critical apparatus (nor variants such as *anis/ an nis*, *am-muigh/ a-muigh*, or the synthesising of hyphenated compounds, as in *lasairgheal*). I have reported, however, the varied uses of *alld* and *allt*, for their possible phonetic implications, but do not detect any pattern to Hay's usage. Also reported are the modernising lenitions: of *do* prepositional pronouns after *n*, *l* or *s*,

and of the adjectival numeral *dà*.

Although I have regularised Hay's spelling within each copy-text whenever necessary (very rarely), I have eschewed such consistency in the case of phonetic variants. So in CASAN SÌODA I corrected *sud* to *siud* (since that text also has *seo*, which is in line with the general practice in Source 21); but in MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR I have not brought "chan ann duinne" (l.19) into line with the rest of the text, nor have I tried in IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH to reconcile the re-lenition in *chloinn thruaigh* (l.20, previously *truaigh*) with the unlenited *Dèan Dà* (l.51).

Hay's use of accents varies: in the complete MOCHTÀR^{""} typescript, for example, (Source 57) compensatory-long vowels are never accented (*sgorr*, *cunntadh*, *comhradh*), whereas they invariably are in the printed collections, and sometimes are in Source 21. Here I have standardised by consistently using the accent. (I have also inserted accents dictated by rhyme e.g. CUIMHNEACHAN^{""} l.12, following Hay's own practice in DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH l.2).

11.2 In the case of the Scots poems, I have only reported phonetic variants, and have for the most part avoided regularising within poems (see however the examples in 6.4) or adopting revisions. This seems the wiser course for two reasons: first the strong influence of Douglas Young in a good number of the manuscripts, and secondly the lack of a recension comparable in status to Gaelic Source 21. I have attempted to extract what could be safely ascribed to Hay in the abundant spelling variants of, say, THE THREE BROTHERS, or TÌR THÀIRNGIRE, and have not reported spelling recensions in Young's hand. (Textual revisions are shown, since they are probably – in the case of Gaelic texts certainly – by Hay, but Young's hand is always indicated in the apparatus). Hay's own annotated revisions in WLF are neither sustained nor consistent enough to warrant their adoption in this edition, and in some cases have not been reported (for example treatment of the verbal noun/ present participle endings, regulated by the 1947 stylesheet, but adhered to neither in WLF nor in Hay's 1983 revisions).

As with Gaelic texts, it should be borne in mind that spellings may not all be Hay's; it is possible, for example, that Scots poems submitted to the Evening Dispatch may have undergone editing by A D Mackie (see THE SMOKY SMIRR^{""} and EDINBURGH spelling variants).

12 PUNCTUATION

As with spelling, the punctuation used is that of the copy-text. In the very rare cases of deficient punctuation not already corrected by Hay, I have emended

without comment. Punctuation variants have only been reported if they significantly alter meaning or intonation; variants from first drafts where the poet's punctuation is clearly perfunctory have been ignored. Source 21 frequently revises the punctuation of the printed collections, with a marked preponderance of full-stops in preference to semi-colons. Reporting of such changes in the critical apparatus has been restricted to instances where *relative* punctuational values and relationships are altered. In the following extract from AR BLÀR CATHA, for example, (quoting first the FS text then the revised Source 21), the only punctuation change I have judged worth reporting is that of the first line, where the elongating of the pause from comma to full stop significantly alters the intonation; for the rest, the shift to semi-colons and full stops preserves the ratio of the original and does not warrant reporting.

Is i Alba ar clachtharruing,
Is i Alba ar blàr catha;
'S i fhéin a dh'uisgicheas ar fallus,
's i fhéin a gharas teas ar fala;
tha àite do gach buaidh a th' annainn
'na gleanntaichean is 'na bailtean;
tha feum air smuaintean s air tapachd
eadar an stairsneach s ceann a' bhaile.

Is i Alba ar clachtharruing.
Is i Alba ar blàr catha.
'S i fhéin a dh'uisgicheas ar fallus;
's i fhéin a gharas teas ar fala.
Tha àite do gach buaidh a th' annainn
'na gleanntaichean is 'na bailtean.
Tha feum air smuaintean s air tapachd
eadar an stairsneach s ceann a' bhaile.

It should be noted in addition that Source 21 universally inserts commas into adjectival sequences left unpunctuated in the printed collections; this is not mentioned in the critical apparatus.

13 TRANSLATIONS

Translations have been collated in the same way as originals, but punctuational variants or emendations have not been reported. Texts have only been altered when they do not correspond to the copy-text version of the original, or at the lexical level do not do justice to the original. Hence, for example, the abandonment of "scattered" in TRUAIGHE NA H-EÒRPA (1.3), and the insertion of "breakers" in SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE (1.6).

Translations by the editor (when no text by Hay survived) are clearly marked, as are those by Dr. Kruse from the Norwegian.

14 TITLES

No poem has been left untitled and no title has been duplicated, for the sake of clarity. All titles for which the editor is responsible are given in square brackets.

Titles in a language other than that of their poem have been italicised, and following the practice in Four Points Of A Saltire have been given with translation. (In the introduction such poems are referred to by their translated titles to avoid obscuring their linguistic identity).

15 DATING

The decision to present Hay's work chronologically has entailed meticulous efforts at precise dating. Two points need emphasising:

- Such dating, however precise, should only be taken as a relative indicator of composition; it is not meant to suggest that poetic creation is a neat, linear process with a clear start and a clear finish, without fits and starts and free from overlap. We may have a date of January 1945 for the completion of BISEARTA, but who can say when in the previous two years the poem was born or really came to fruition? At the same time it should be remembered that at times the creative process for Hay was very rapid.
- Hay's own sense of time could be rather erratic, and his later datings of early poems (such as in Source 33) are particularly unreliable. Although the editor would vouchsafe the relative accuracy of most of the datings, no claim of infallibility is made.

Dating details are given in the notes. Whenever there is reason to believe that a cited date is a transcription date substantially removed from actual composition, this is indicated. References to source "context" indicate that a dating is derived from internal evidence of a source (calligraphy, textual environment, *etc.*).

16 READING THE CRITICAL APPARATUS

I have attempted to record in the apparatus as clearly and succinctly as possible the variety of readings existing for each poem, and the internal development of individual drafts. Below, after explaining the symbols used in the edition, I give an exemplar, and provide some clarifications.

16.1 SYMBOLS AND ABBREVIATIONS

- * : when poem has more than one source, identifies copy-text.
- corr.* : variant reading altered to copy-text version (corrections or revisions)
- > : copy-text or variant altered to a variant reading
- del.* : reading deleted, not replaced
- rest* : all sources other than copy-text source
- all* : all sources (editor has supplied the text)
- marg.* : reading not contained in body of text (does not indicate omission)
- om.* : text omitted
- ins.* : omitted text inserted
- sic* : error in copy-text
- [] : editor's brackets.
- [] : in sources list indicates a source not included in apparatus but explained in the notes; in variant readings, Hay's own brackets.
- P : identifies a manuscript text as prototype of a printed version (see 3.3).
- (DY) : in a Douglas Young typescript, indicates variant in Young's hand.

16.2

1 **HIND** : BIND *sic* B (*corr.* 30) [2] 14 6 (30) ; P11 *B
 2 **fire** : flame *corr.* 6
 6 **past the peaks** : on the [tops > peaks] 6
 7 **and she seeks** : she dips P11 > and she drops 6
 8 : *om.* P11 in the [] breach *del.* 14 *ins.* 6
 9-10 : 10-9 14 *corr.* 6
 10 **flinging** : reaching *rest* flinging *marg.* 6

- (i) Edited text readings (based on the copy-text) are in bold print.
- (ii) The source-list heading the apparatus shows: manuscript sources (chronologically) ; printed sources (chronologically). The copy-text source is in bold print, and asterisked (*B). Source 2 has been excluded from the apparatus (it may be too tangential or too complex), and is dealt with in the notes. Text 30 is bracketed to highlight its secondary status: it is not an independent manuscript text, but an annotated copy of B (included only for the value of its annotations).
- (iii) The variant readings relate back to the bold reading, not to other variants. So, in line 7, text 6 will have "and she seeks", altered to "and she drops". Note the use of editor's brackets in l.6 to abbreviate an alteration from "on the tops" to "on the peaks".
- (iv) When line numbers are in bold print, the variant readings relate to the entire line. Thus, l.8 is missing from texts P11 and 14 (which has an abandoned draft), and was missing from text 6 but then added. Lines 9-10 were initially the other way round, as in texts 14 and 6, but then reversed in 6.
- (v) Marginal readings exist *in addition* to the main text, not instead of it (unless an omission is also indicated). Hence in l.10 *all* sources except the copy-text read "reaching", including text 6 which in addition has "flinging" as a suggestion in the margins.

NOTES

NOTES

THE HIND OF MORNING

SOURCES : 26 : NLS MS 26767, 30-31. (1932). 3 lines only.
 P28 : Scots Magazine XXX.5 (Feb. 1939), 374.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 9. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 79. (1970).

DATE : Listings 3; but later Listings 8 dates poem to 1933.

Source 30 specifies that the poem was written at Fettes College, Edinburgh. It was submitted to the school magazine, The Fettesian, but turned down (see NLS MS 26752, 14, annotation by Hay).

HOMER

SOURCES : P13 : The Fettesian LVI.2 (Dec. 1933), 128.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 1. (1948).
 P18 : Morningside Mirror (May 1967), 3.
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 79. (1970).
 15 : NLS MS 26739, 6. (1983). Two extra verses.

DATE : Listings 3.

15 has the following two verses after v.1, the first of which is also found on f.3v (with variants as indicated below):

You saw the swordmen; Helen without flaw.
 You saw the spearmen by the Skaeen gate.
 Hector, Achilles, Priam – those you saw –
 Odysseus homeward late.

5 Demodocus still sings within the hall
 Telemachus still sails and seeking goes,
 and Deianera tells of Ilium's fall,
 and Ajax faces foes.

1 swordmen : swordsmen 15a 2 spearmen : spearsmen 15a
 4 : You saw Odysseus homeward [coming *del.*] late. 15a

LAMENT FOR RUARAI DH MÓR MACLEOD

SOURCES : P13 : The Fettesian LVI. 2 (Dec. 1933), 131.
 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15. (late 1930s ?).

DATE : Listings 3. (40 : "Fettes, Easter").

P13 is signed "Seòras Ciotach".

† : also the name of a pipe-tune (see Gesto: 108). The chief in question is Sir Roderick MacLeod of Dunvegan †1526.

FOR THE CORRIE

SOURCE: 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15. Douglas Young. (1940?)

DATE : 40 ("September 1935").

.....

AISLING

SOURCES : 47 : NLS Acc. 10105, letter of 14/11/36.
 52 : Maclean MS. (1936-37).
 P14 : An Gàidheal XXXV.1 (Dàmh. 1939), 12.

DATE : Listings 3.

Both Robert Rankin and Alister MacLean (the recipients of 47 and 52 respectively) accompanied Hay on a sailing trip on the Clyde Estuary in August '36. Hay's reference to the trip in 52, in a note on Eilean A' Chòmhraig, suggests that MacLean's copy was sent him not long after. Hay comments on the poem: "Pretty tiresome, but I think a chappy's going to publish it". (MacLean emigrated too early for this to refer to the Gàidheal). With 47 Hay reports the failure of presumably the same publishing attempt: "Cha do chòrd m'òransa ris na daoine da'n tug mi e. Ach mo thogair. Nach ann orm tha mi-nàire a bhi goid na mara bho Choinneach MacLeòid, agus sealbh cho daingeann àrsaidh aig' orra! Ach ma's le Coinneach a' mhuir is leams' i cuideachd." Hay signed Rankin's copy "Ciotach". When the poem was finally published three years later, it was under the pseudonym "Eilean A' Chomhraig".

15 52 has in margin: "a bit sudden, eh?". Hay may have been influenced here by the brusque changes of theme or image commonly found in the waulking-song corpus.

22 *bid* : explained in 52 as "Tarbert :*creaking*", presumably related to standard Gaelic *bid*, "chirping".

.....

NA GEAMAIREAN

SOURCE : 51 : Macintosh MSS. (letter of Sep '36).

DATE : 51 (apologising for not visiting Angus MacIntosh in Barra, Hay writes: "Shaoil leam gum bu chòir dhomh rann a dhèanamh mar éirig air a' chùis, 's cuiridh mi na rainn dhuit maille ris an litir seo.").

The text is incomplete – Hay cut out the last verses for fear of shocking MacIntosh's landlady: "... ach fòghnadh sin, oir tha na rainn mu dheireadh làn mhionnaichean, 's bidh 'd a' cur nàire air Miss Johnson, ma's ann gu'm faic i seo."

.....

SIUBHAL A' CHOIRE

- SOURCES : [17 : NLS MS 26741, a 18v (1936) 3 ll. +chorus.]
 [b 38v (1936) 6 ll. +chorus.]
 19 : NLS MS 26743, a 8 (1936?) 3 ll. +chorus.
 b 1v (1947) 6 ll. + chorus.
 47 : NLS Acc. 10105, letter 18 (Dec 1936). Seven 3ll.-verses
 55 : Scott Musical MS, 1v (1947). As 19b.
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 4. (1974).
 29 : NLS MS 26777, 12 (c.1983).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 12. (1947).
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 119. (1976).

DATE : Listings 3; 47.

Sources 17a, 17b, 19a, 19b and 55 are all song versions of the poem, which may well have originated in a musical setting. Though the poem was simplified to a direct evoking of the 1935 sailing, the song continued to carry the double thread of sighting and reminiscing.

The initial drafts are as follows :

17a *Chunna mi 'n Coire, haoi ó, deas 's i fo h-uidheam ohó.*

Là gu moch air uchd na cruaike
 feadh nan glac s nam badan dubharach,
 'g èaladh gu seòlt' air tòir nan ruadhag;
haoi ó an Coire i fhéin.

17b *Chunna mi 'n Coire, hí ó, deas s i fo h-uidheam horó.*

Madainn moch air uchd na cruaike
 feadh nan glac s nam badan uaigneach
 chunnaic mi bàt' air àrd nan stuadhan
Hó é s i 'n Coire a bh' ann
 Té dhubh àrd nì gair 'na gluasad
 'n té dhubh chaol nì caoir le tuairgneadh
 's chuimhnich mi mar ghabh mi 'n cuan innt'
'S i 'n Coire i fhéin a bh' ann.

From this was presumably developed the poem recorded in 47, subsequently honed to the version published in Fuaran Sléibh. In 47 it consists of seven three-lined stanzas, running as follows:

1-3	Dh'fhuar sinn roinn gach rudha fhuasaich,	7-9	4-6	10-12	13-15	16-18
	gleusda, gasda rinn i gluasad,					
	shìn gach ball gu teann fo 'n fhuarghaoth.					

I have reported the verse variants of 19a, 19b and 55 with the main text. The refrain variants are as follows:

19a *Chunna mi 'n Coire haoi ó, deas s i fo h-uidheam o-hò.*

19b *Chunnaic mi 'n Coire haoi ó, deas 's i fo [h- del.] uidheam, ho-ró.*

55 *Chunnaic mi 'n Coire, haoi ó, deas 's i fo h-uidheam, ho-ró.*

19a *ò hò 'si 'n Coire a bh' ann*

19b, 55 *Haoi ó, 'si 'n Coire a bh' ann*

all *...Si 'n Coire i fhéin a bh' ann.*

AN GLEANNAN

SOURCES : A : Fuaran Sléibh, 9. (1947)
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 1. (1974)
 29 : NLS MS 26777, 9. (c.1983)

DATE : Listings 3.

.....

ÒRAN DO'N OIGHRE

SOURCE : P36 : The Voice Of Scotland I.4 (Mar-May 1939), 14.

DATE : Listings 3; Listings 8.

P36 quotes an accompanying note to the Editor (Hugh MacDiarmid):

The Gaelic of my home place, Tarbert, Loch Fyne, diverges very widely from the so-called 'standard' Gaelic, wherever *that* may be spoken, but I think the things I enclose conform fairly well to the literary norm. A for é (he) is an exception, but it is to be heard from the Mull to Cape Wrath, and in printed books the rhyme demands it hundreds of times.

Another exception in this poem is *calamh*, a dialect form of *caladh*.

Note Hay's rating of the poem, in a letter of 7?/3/39 (Source 37): "To my surprise they are printing five Gaelic things (I didn't expect any) 3 translations into Gaelic, and two of the feebler efforts."

.....

[WHAT SONG IS OURS]

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 9 (1938-39?). 17 lines.
 3 : NLS MS 26723, 84v (1939). 11 lines.

DATE : 20 ("Oxford 1936").

The typescript sheet 20 is headed "Former Follies" (and holds other early fragments). This poem is glossed: "done in another style", probably a reference to *LOMSGRIOS NA TÌRE*.

Hay mentions the poem in a letter of 6/12/47 to the wife of composer F G Scott :

Did he [*her son George*] ever think of experimenting with the Anglo-Saxon metre - lines of four stresses with the position of the stress varying? It can be very impressive I think. I tried it once, and have often meant to return to it. If I remember rightly it went something like this:-

Whát is our sóg but an álehouse chórus,
 cúrsing the shéep gréy on the hllside &cet.

But it should have the alliteration too. It can be very effective in a sombre way. . .

.....

[AN T-SÀBAID]

SOURCES : P14 : An Gàidheal XLIII.1 (Dàmh. 1947), 7.
C : O na Ceithir Àirdean, 65. (1952).

DATE : Source 33 ("An Tairbeart '36"); but the lack of mention in any listings and the date of first publication cast some doubt on this 1980s ascription.

3-4 : the MacDonald forces headed by Alasdair MacColla and Montrose inflicted a decisive defeat on the Campbells and their Covenanter allies at Inverlochy on 2 February 1645. Iain Lom's exultant song about the battle specifies the day was a Sunday.

[DÙRACHDAN NOLLAIGE 1936]

SOURCE : 47 : NLS Acc. 10105 (letter of Dec. '36).

TÌR THÀIRNGIRE
The Land Of Promise

SOURCES: ~~40 : NLS Acc.7085/15 (late '30s).~~
38 : NLS Acc. 6419/101 (2) (late '30s).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 8. (c.1960 + c.1982).
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 8. (1948).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 86. (1970).

DATE: 36 ("Oxford, 1937 december"); and Listings 3.

t : in the Irish "Life of Brendan" (*Betha Brenainn*), the Paradisal land seen by Brendan in a vision ("Éirigh, a Brenainn 7 dorad Dia duit inní rocuinguis .i. tír táirngire") and reached by him after seven years sailing in a small boat of hide. (See O'Donogue 1895: 24-25).

THE THREE BROTHERS

SOURCES : 38 : NLS Acc. 6419/101 (1). (1937).
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 4. (1948).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 78. (1970).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 4. (c.1960).

DATE : Listings 3.

35-36 **rudh'** : headland. **céinteach** : dialect form of *caointeach*, Otherworld female whose wailing presages death in the community.

Note that 38 is the copy-text used by Young for his Scottish Poetry 1850-1950 (pp. 288-290). It includes a handwritten account by Hay (dated Feb 1937, and rewritten twice by Young in typescript) of the story which inspired the poem:

In the winter about ten years ago these three brothers left Ayrshire in their skiff with their week's wages in their pockets, although the sky to south was all dirty and haary. It must have been south of the Cumbraes that the gale came on them, but they never put back. They held on past Garroch Heads, through the tide-rip there, and across the wide, open Inchmarnock Water between Bute and Kintyre. They reached Kintyre after running across a huge sea which must have often broken aboard over the gunnels of their undecked skiff. But

for all their hardihood they were drowned not a mile from; for a "bare squall" leaped down on them from a gully in the hills and "took the mast out of her and flattened her". At least that is what must have happened.

What certainly happened is this. Their folk and their friends were sitting talking round the fire, when between midnight and one in the morning there came three heavy knocks on the door. They thought that this was someone playing a trick, and one ran to the door and opened it quickly. But there was no one there. They could hear the wild noise that the gale was making out on the loch, and they were so uneasy at this unknown knocking that they had no taste for sleep. And so they sat on, without even so much as saying why. About break of day they heard a great wailing from the point near the house, and tho they were willin to think it was the crying of a bird none of them thought so.

Next day there was a heavy sea on the shore and they couldn't use the boats, but they went along the shore-tracks and at the point of the ebbing stone they came upon a skiff which they knew well enough drifted ashore and grinding her backs on the rocks. Her net was twisted round the stern thwart and the rudder-head, half overboard, and her mast was snapped and her sail rent. A calm day followed and the boats went out with the long lines; and by noon they lifted up three from the place where the tide had carried them.

In his typescript accounts, probably intended for inclusion in his anthology, Young dates the tragedy to c. winter 1922, and ends his introduction:

The language is Tarbert English, that is: precise and anxious English with a Southern Highland voice, and outcroppings of Scots and Gaelic.

Although the poem underwent some changes before publication in B, the Tarbert idiom was retained.

LUINNEAG

SOURCES : 19 : NLS MS 26743, 2r. (1947). Two verses +chorus only.
 55 : Scott Musical MS, 2r. (1947). As 19.
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 17. (1947).
 54 : Rankin Fuaran Sléibh, 17. (c.1960?)
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 9r. (1974).

DATE : Listings 3.

1 **B'e gairbhe** : **Gura cruathas** in an early musical list (Source 18, 16v), and **Gum b'e gairbhe** in Listings 3 and 35.

1-2 : cf. "Chan e fuaim na gaoithe an raoir chum an cadal uam", from the Loch Fyne poet Eóghan MacColla's *Ròsan an Lethbhaile*, and "Tha 'ghaoth an iar cho caithreamach. / 'Si chum an raoir 'nam chaithris mi" from a song by the Aigeannach (which Hay set to music, see Sources 19,4r and 55,4v).

FADA-GEÀRR

SOURCE : P14 : An Gàidheal XXXIV.3 (Dùdl. 1938), 47.

DATE : derived from letter to Robert Rankin of 11/5/37: "I'm sending you ... two ranns to Alasdair [MacLean, schoolfriend] expostulating with him for denying the need of an accent." (Source 47).

16 **rac** : the word is found in Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair's *Birlinn (Beannachadh Luinge, 1.17)*, and glossed in MacLeod 1933.

A' CHAS AIR TÌR
Foot Ashore

SOURCE: 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15 (late '30s).

DATE : 40 ("1937 (summer)"); but dated to 1936 in Listings 3.

† : cf. Gaelic proverb – *Is math a' chas air tìr* ("Good is the foot ashore").

14 : Although the poem was discarded, this fine line was redeployed by Hay; it is found in a fragment in Source 7, 24v:

Sma watters,
Wa [Wee ?] land...socht by Dignity
while, fleecan pomp an' bandsmens crashanbye,
bides in the muirman's stride across the brae,
the lang swell merchan ridged against the sky.

After sea and hill, the image finally found its place in the cityscape of EDINBURGH.

.....

MI 'FÀGAIL NA TÌRE
Leaving The Land

SOURCES : P26 : Scots Magazine XXX.2 (Nov. 1938), 122.
45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6 a letter of Nov 1938 b letter of 26/9/40.
40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15 (late '30s).
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 1. (1948).
~~30 : NLS MS 26778, 1. (c.1982).~~
15 : NLS MS 26739, 7. (1983).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 77. (1970).

DATES : Listings 3 and 8. 45b confirms this date.

† : from the first line of the 18thc. song *Cumha Choir' An Easain*.

9 **Sleca** : Sliabh Gaoil. Hay explains in 37a : "They generally call Sliabh Gaoil *Slia'*".

.....

SORAI DH SLÀN LE CINNTÌRE

SOURCES : 19 : NLS MS 26743, a 7. (1936?). V.1 only. (Tempo ³/₄).
b 1v. (c.1947). V.1 only. (Tempo ²/₄).
18 : NLS MS 26742, 19. (c.1947). As 19b.
55 : Scott Musical MS, 1v. (1947). As 19b.
5 : NLS MS 26728, 36v-37r. (1982).
15 : NLS MS 26739, 1-2r. (1983).
24 : NLS MS 26753, 67 (letter of 5/10/83).

DATE : Listings 3. But 19b and 55 are dated "Earrach 1936". In the 1980s, Hay associated the song with much younger days, dating it in 5 to 1928, and introducing 15 as "òran a rinn mi 's mi 'nam bhalach 'gam chur do'n sgoil amach an Dùn Éideann". In Source 26752, 14 he notes: "I made a start on a Gaelic song at the age of twelve: *Soraidh slàn le Cinntìre s le Loch Fine mo ghràidh...*".

.....

TO A LOCH FYNE FISHERMAN

SOURCES : P34 : The Voice Of Scotland, 1.4 (Mar-May 1939), 15-16.
 E1 : Scottish Lyrics (Book V), 25-28 (1939).
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 5 (1948).
 G : Scottish Verse 1851-1951, 288 (1952).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 84 (1970).

DATE : Listings 3.

This was the first of Hay's lyrics to be set to music by Scott, in June '39. Presumably Scott first saw the poem in The Voice... (although Douglas Young could well have been another agent), but as composer and poet first met around this time (probably Summer '39, not 1937 as claimed in Lindsay 1980: 99), it is most unlikely that Hay would not have seen the song before publication; moreover, peculiarities of Scott's text are confirmed in B. E1 has therefore been included as a source.

'S LEAM FHÉIN AN GLEANN

SOURCE : P36 : The Voice Of Scotland, 1.4 (Mar-May 1939), 13.

DATE : Listings 3.

This was the other of Hay's "feebler efforts" mentioned in Source 37 (see ÒRAN DO'N OIGHRE notes). See also satirical English verse of the same title in THE SCOTTISH SCENE.

† : the name of a pipe-tune (see Gesto: 87-88).

DO BHEITHE BÒIDHEACH

SOURCES : A : Fuaran Sléibh, 10. (1947).
 54 : Rankin Fuaran Sléibh, 10. (1960 ?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 2. (1974).
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 116-17. (1976).

DATE : Listings 3.

CUIMHNE NACH TÉID Á S A Memory That Will Not Fade

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15 (1938-39?).
 P28 : Scots Magazine XXX.5 (Feb. 1939), 373.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 6. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 84. (1970).

DATE : 40 ("summer 1938") and Listings 3.

9 **Lethe** : in the Latin poets, the river of forgetfulness in Hades.

THE FISHERMAN SPEAKS

SOURCES :
 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15. (1938?).
 45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6, letter of 26/9/40.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 10. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 80. (1970).

DATES : 40 ("Summer 1938"); 45.

B and J have the footnote: "1938 - when the Loch was alive with herring, and the men, "unemployed", were set to mending the road that runs along its shores." A letter of Sept. '38 (Source 47) reiterates the concern underlying the poem:

Thug mi dà sheachduin ann an Tairbeart, oir cha b'urrainn domh gun dol ann, ach cha robh móran r'a dheanamh. Bho roinn na Maoile gu ruig Ceann Loch Fyne tha 'mhuir làn do sgadan cho briagh garbh sultmhor sa bh'ann riamh. Tha Caol Bóide loma-làn dhiubh, us bha'd 'gam faotainn aig an Sgeir Bhuidhe 's an Dubhchaollinne, s bha sùil aibhiseach a' sìneadh amach bho Dhrum an Dùin agus Iomachar ann an Arainn cha mhór gu ruig an taobh eile de'n Chaolas. Ach codhiù se beag iarraidh orra tha sa chùis, no se 'm bacadh a rinneadh air aon luchd sgadain a b'fhiù s a b'fhiach saothair a chur air tìr, cha dean am pailteas ud bonn feuma do mhuinntir an àite - ach amhàin fear no dhà us bàta mór le motor làidir aige. Is truagh a bhi faicinn beairteas sa mhuir cho goireasach fagus, agus bochdainn air tìr; na h-iasgairean ri obair air na rathaidean mar phrasgan dreamasgail Ghallda. Ach tha Breatann mór us saoi bhir, 's nach math a bhi ad Bhreatannach! Bidh an tsaorsa agad codhiù - 'se sin, saorsa gu màl a phàigheadh 's do dhùthaich fhàgail.

I spent a fortnight in Tarbert, for I couldn't not go, but there wasn't much to do. From the Moyle up to Kinlochfyne the sea is full of herring as beautiful thick and plump as ever was. The Kyles of Bute are bursting with them, and they could be found at the Sgeir Bhuidhe and 'n Dubhchaollinne, and there was a huge shoal stretching out from Druim an Dùin and Imachar in Arran almost to the other side of the Sound. But whether it's because of low demand, or it's the efforts that were made to prevent a single herring load worth the trouble getting to land, all that abundance won't do an ounce of good to the local people - except one or two who have a large boat with a strong engine. It's a crying shame to see such wealth in the sea so near and handy, and yet poverty on land; the fishermen working on the roads like a pack of Lowland rabble. But Britain is great and prosperous, and what a joy to be British! You have freedom, anyway - the freedom, that is, to pay rent and leave your country.

The Lamp Itsel' Will Tell Ye, a short story by Hay published in the Scots Magazine (October 1940) takes up the same theme:

The latter days of desolation had come on the entire business. True, herring had never been so plentiful for years. From Brown Head in Arran to above Otter they were there. All day and every day the solans worked in swarms along the bights, and herring had been got with splash-nets inside the very harbour.

Here was wealth for the taking, one would have thought; but it could benefit nobody. In the recent bad seasons boat after boat had been sold, many of them to become yachts, and there were not more than seven pairs in the harbour. The men were away on yachts or coasters, or (most bitter thing of all) working on the roads as navvies. All the cunning and the wisdom that had accumulated through generations stood the people in no stead, and the most uncannily certain tracker of the wandering shoals was no better than the biggest fool in the fleet once it was a matter of picks and wheelbarrows. (XXXIV.1, 62).

LOOKING OUT FROM KINTYRE

SOURCES:
 P26 : Scots Magazine XXX.5 (Feb 1939), 374. Five verses only.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 13 (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 81 (1970).

DATE: B, and Listings 3.

P26 consists of vv.1-4, and an additional penultimate verse, as follows:

The Marxist covenanter, gospel-mad,
that spits before your feet for dogma's sake,
the ministerial monster, seemly clad,
the sheep that bleat, the herd that is their stake.

CINNÌRE

SOURCES : P14 : An Gàidheal XXXIX.1 (Dàmh. 1943), 9.
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 15-16. (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 6-8. (1974).

DATE : Listings 3.

The poem was published in A with a translation by Sorley Maclean, who had been approached after the loss of the translation proofs in 1947. Hay's own translation in 21 is basically an ammended version of MacLean's.

41 **Iain Mòr** : John MacDonald of Islay (fl. c. 1400), son of John I Lord of the Isles. His sept of the MacDonalds extended their sway to Dunivaig and the Glens of Antrim. (A song to one of his most celebrated descendants speaks of North Kintyre as "the Ulstermen's Fort".)

ÙRNUIGH OISEIN AS ÙR

SOURCES : 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6. (1938?). Shorter version.
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 51-53. (1947).
38 : NLS Acc. 6419/101 (2). (24/10/39).

DATE : Listings 3.

1-4 : for examples of *Ùrnuigh Oisein*, see Ross 1939: 124-135, and Campbell 1872: 40-47.

75-78, 80-83 : note that these lines are not translated in 38. Unless the omission is accidental, Hay's translation probably corresponds to a version earlier than 45.

ÒRAN

SOURCES : 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6 (1938?).
P23 : Poetry Scotland 3, 34. (1946).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 22. (1947).
19 : NLS MS 26743, 6. (1947?).
55 : Scott Musical MS, 5v. (1947?).
J : Four Points of a Saltire, 98. (1970).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 12. (1974).

DATE : Listings 3.

LOMSGRIOS NA TÌRE
The Destruction Of The Land

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc. 7085/15. (1940?).
 P28 : Scots Magazine XXX.5 (Feb 1939), 372.
 P36 : The Voice Of Scotland 2.2 (Dec 1945), 1. "First four verses".
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 14. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 87. (1970).

DATE : Listings 3. 40 (like the later Listings 8) dates the poem to 1937, but also places publication a year early to Feb 1938.

P28 has a break between verses 2 and 3, and before the last verse. The substantial linguistic differences between its version and the later one are explained by Hay's note to P28: "The dialect of the above poem is not properly Lowland Scots, but represents what the people of Tarbert speak when they are speaking English." In the later version the linguistic register has been shifted into a more distinctive Scots; some of the changes effected are seen in Young's annotations to 40.

See the fragment WHAT SONG IS OURS for an earlier treatment of the same theme.

25 "Keppoch is wasteit" : "'s a' Cheapaich 'na fàsach" from Iain Lom's *Murt na Ceapaich*.

.....

[RANN AOIRE AIR BÀTA]

SOURCE : 45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6 (letter of 26/10/38).

Presumably by Hay. Having quoted one sailing song and mentioned picking up the tune of another over a crackly wireless, he goes on: "How do you like this— *I gun ùrlar bòrd dhiith*. But I must stop this dol-amach!".

.....

DO NA DAOINE MULADACH SIN NACH GABH ACH ÒRAN GAOIL
MA'S BANAIS NO BAISTEADH NO MÒD E.

SOURCE : 45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6 (letter of c.1/11/38).

DATE : Listings 3.

In a letter of 20/12/44 in which he criticises some of his work, Hay remarks: "*Tha Mìle Màiri Bhàn...* is quite amusing, but it's a wee bit kind of clever". (Source 37).

.....

AN SEALGAIR AGUS AN AOIS

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. a Hay ts. b . (1940?).
 F : Modern Scottish Poetry, 80-81. (1946).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 19. (1947).
 54 : Rankin Fuaran Sléibh, 19. (1960s?).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 109. (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 16. (1974).

DATE : 40b ("An Tairheart. 2/11/38."), and Listings 3.

Source 15, 3v, has two quatrains from 1983, under the title AGE AND THE HUNTER, which Hay may have envisaged inserting into this poem and its English version AGE AND THE HUNTER:

Bha mi uair s bu choingeis còmhla
 cnoc is còmhnhard, lòn is learg
 Thainig an aois gu h-obann, grìsfhionn
 is sgob e dhìom siud. Mìle mairg!

I was a time /and > when/ it was equal,
 level or /hill > steep/ where heather grows.
 Age came /on > upon/ me sudden / , > and/ fallow
 and snatched that from me. A thousand woes!

13-16 : my thanks to Dr. D E Meek for drawing my attention to the following verse from Iain Lom's *Cumha Mhontróis* (of 1650): "Nan tachrainn is tu fhéin / Ann am boglachan Beinn Éite, / Bhiodh uisge dubh na féithe / Dol troimhe a chéile 's ploc." (Mackenzie 1964: 58).

AGE AND THE HUNTER

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (1940?).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 19. (1947).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 109. (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 17. (1974).

DATE : 40 ("Edinburgh 5/11/38."), and Listings 3.

See notes to AN SEALGAIR AGUS AN AOIS for possible extra verse.

SONG

SOURCES : [45 : NLS Acc.9927/6 (with letter of c.1/11/38). 1 verse only.]
 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (1938?). 2 verses only.
 P23 : Poetry Scotland 3, 34-35. (1946).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 23. (1947).
 H : The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse, 582-583. (1966).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 99. (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 13. (1974).

DATE : 40 ("Tarbert. 1/11/38"), and Listings 3.

t : the title of 40 refers to the third verse of ÒRAN (from which SONG derives; see note below, also letter to Tom Scott in connection with H confirming that the Gaelic song is the original). SHE IS ALL RICHES is the title given in a list of material (poetry and prose) sent to the Scottish Field in November '38 (Source 5, 1).

9-16 : This verse, inspired by lines 21-24 of ÒRAN, seems to have been the first composed. It is first found in 45, introduced thus to Kenneth MacLeod:

Here's a translation, much expanded, of *Fion ad' bheulsa* into 'Tarbert' -

Rudd the mooth lik the wine o' Flanders,
 rudd and tender, an fine wi' pride;
 white the thrott that throbs wi' her singin,
 white the neck that the ringlets hide,

lik a burst o' sun on brokkin watter
when the West wunn scatters the sendrift wide,
lik the driftin snow that the wunn is blowin,
whusperin up on the hullside.

.....

KINTYRE

SOURCES : 45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6. Letter of 14/11/38.
15 : NLS MS 26739, 9r. (1983).
P33 : S.M.T. Magazine, 23.3 (Sep. 1939), 25.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 2. (1948)

DATES : Listings 3.

After 45 Hay writes: "Damn it, I saw Lagan Roaig and Airidh Fhuar then, and I near grat." In P33 the poem ornaments an article *Kintyre - Daughter of the Hebrides*, by a MacNair Reid. Note in Hay's diary (Source 5, 15v): "A copy of the SMT arrived with the Kintyre poem in it. Apparently they think the honour of publication sufficient reward."

.....

TIOMNADH

SOURCES : A : Fuaran Sléibh, 13-14. (1947).
54 : Rankin Fuaran Sléibh, 13-14. (1970?)
21 : NLS MS 26745, 5-6. (1974).
29 : NLS MS 26777, 13-14. (1983).

DATE : Listings 3.

1 Ach có : in Listing 3, poem is listed as **Có bheir gu beachdaidh dhuinn**.

13 Tìr Nan Òg : paradise of Gaelic mythology. Abhalon : paradise of Arthurian legend.

19, 23 bios : use of the relative future ending -as in independent position is attested in several dialects, but only in use with certain pronouns, and in dialects of the north and east peripheries of Gaeldom (see Gleasure 1986). The only other use of it by Hay I have come across is in a contemporary letter (of September '38), applied as here to the substantive verb in a habitual present sense: "Bíos mi gabhail neònachais...".

23 Tìr Fo Thuinn : Otherworld inhabited by the drowned.

50-51 : St. Brendan is said to have sailed seven years in a coracle in search of the Land of Promise of the Saints (see O'Donogue 1895).

.....

Hay's next letter again takes up the theme (and appends an apposite quatrain, see RANN COMHAIRLE):

An e gu bheil an t-Easbuig Sasunnach gad fhàgail car mì-thoilichte? Siuthad a dhuine, s na gabh air an t-sròin e, oir cha robh mi a' dèanamh cuspair cuimsichidh de do shròin fhéin no de shròin Albannaich air bith, ach de shròin mhóir dheirg nan 'luirgneach Lunnainneach' is nan gille-ruith aca.

20 wait till the crisis : "colloquial English for *wait till the week-end*" [P27b].

In P27b the poem is signed "Sròndearg Mac na Bracha Mhic Eòrna" (*Rednose son of the Malt son of Barley*).

'S LEAM FHÉIN AN GLEANN

† : name of a pipe tune (see Gesto: 87-88).

AM FIANN AIR AN UILINN

† AM FIANN : The 'Fenians' of Ossianic song and story – early Irish band of mercenaries under the leadership of Fionn MacCumhaill. The most popular heroes of Gaelic legend.

intro *Séid a dhuine bhig* : I have inserted the Gaelic from 45b.

OUR NATIONAL BUILDING

Saint Andrew's House by the Calton Hill in Edinburgh was officially opened in 1938.

.....

BANALTRUM NAM BARD

(*Trì Rainn Is Amhran*)

SOURCES : P14 : An Gàidheal XXXV.3 (Dùdl. 1939), 46.
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 26. (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 14-15. (1974).

DATE : Listings 3.

.....

AN GAOL A BH'ANN

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. a Hay ts. (c.1940) b Gaelic + English (1940?).
35 : NLS MS 14967, 33v. (1945?).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 25. (1947).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 94-5. (1970).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 14. (1974).

DATE : Listings 3.

Possibly based on a short Greek lyric translated by Hay as DÌOCHUIMHNE and published in O Na Ceithir Àirdean.

.....

LOVE IS FORGOTTEN

SOURCES : 3 : NLS MS 26723, 83v-84. (1939?). Three verses.
40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (c.1940).

DATE : Listings 3.

t : The title is as given in Listings 3, and in a letter of 19/12/41: "Love is forgotten (of which I don't think much) and The Hunter and Age are translations from my own Gaelic." (Source 37).

3 includes drafts of a further verse:

Pour out some salve impassionate
that shall consume their quiet distress
give the [warm > nursed] flame of inward hate
for this heartbreak of friendliness.

(with variants of the second couplet:

Give us a flame of ... and Better the warmth of ... / than this)

.....

[SGAIRT MO DHAOINE. .]

SOURCE : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 39v-40r (1946).

DATE : letter of late September 1939 (Source 37; see below).

Although the surviving text was considered for insertion into MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, the lyric was originally intended for a long political piece, for which the only evidence is a letter to Young of autumn 1939:

As for DEALBH NA H-EÒRPA, I'm glad you like it. There is a great deal of scurrility in it, although scurrility is in accordance with genuine Gaelic tradition which is to give your aversions the full benefit of what you think, and then a bit more "air sgàth an fhasain". The first part dealing with those that sit on the seats of the mighty was to be scurrilous for a contrast to the later parts showing what they had done to Scotsmen, which were all to be after the manner of "Tha iad ann an grunn na mara" ... Both were to get their just deserts in fact, as were the intermediate British muinntir na h-Alban who get them in one of the lyrics "Sgairt mo dhaoine 's am mórachd". It will be finished if I'm spared.

.....

[RANN COMHAIRLE]

SOURCE : 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6, undated ts. letter, c. April 1939.

Hay had sent Kenneth MacLeod his satirical SCOTTISH SCENE in mid-February, and not heard from him since. He suspected that the collection might have annoyed MacLeod, especially his attack on jingoistic Anglican prelates BUFFALO BILL IN GAITERS.

.....

AN DÉIDH TRÀGHAI DH THIG LÌONADH
After Ebb Comes Flood

SOURCES: 1 : NLS MS 26721, a 67 (incomplete) b 36v-37. (1939).
 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (1939?).
 P19 : New Alliance and Scots Review I.1 (Mar 1940), 8.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 18. (1948).

DATE: 40 ("September 1939"); B.

4 **in blooms a frieze** : Hay and Young shared doubts about this, Young glossing "Jeeze!" in 40, and Hay writing in mid-October 1939: "God help me, I've thought of nothing to string up instead of my 'blooms a frieze' yet!" then in early February 1940: "owing to my laziness the 'blooms a frieze' are to come out in all their horror" [in the forthcoming P19].

6-7 : All sources bar B have additional verses between verses 1 and 2. Thus 1a:

Craobhan crom thar iomall fairge,
 trom a foirm air feadh na coille;
 fonn fiadhaich an fhàsaich leathainn,
 sian do ghàirthonn mu do dhoirean.

Cluinnear fo dhuilleach ùr nam badan,
 sùgh air charraig teachd fo chobhar;
 cluinnear ri seòladh seach an eirithir
 eòin ri ceilear, binn an coireal.

1b cites only the first line above then develops an English couplet, so that the version then found in 40 and published in P19 runs (with 1b variants noted below):

Craobhan crom thar iomall fairge,
 trom a fairm air feadh na coille;
 fonn fiadhaich an fhàsaich luraich,
 sian do ghàirthonn mu do dhoirean. *

5 We saw the black rocks drowned, our shore ablaze,
 a hem of foam round sunshot forest ways.

5 **black ... ablaze** : []swallowed, and our shore > black rocks drowned, our coastland gleam *corr.* 1b

6 **forest** : woods and *corr.* 1b

* Trees stooping over the edge of the sea, heavy its uproar throughout the wood; wild land of the lovely wilderness, the cry of your loud waves (is) about your groves. [P19]

.....

A BALLAD IN ANSWER TO SERVIUS SULPICIUS RUFUS

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc. 6419/38a, letter of mid-Oct. 1939.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 10-11. (1948).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 10-11. (1982).

DATE : 40 ; B.

The poem was prompted by Douglas Young's poem on the outbreak of war: " Leaving Athens, 2nd September 1939" (see Young 1947: 28-29). In notes to B, Hay mentions in particular Young's stanza:

More likely home to ruins. That old jurist
 Servius Sulpicius Rufus, as a tourist
 among the wrecks of Greece serenely pondering,
 wrote to his Cicero what seemed the surest
 anodyne for his grief. And in our wandering
 we have a consolation, not the poorest.

Young's poem goes on to quote direct from Rufus' letter (written in 45 B.C. to comfort Cicero on the death of his daughter), and continues: "The carcass of ancient cities lying / may teach a man the smallness of his dying. . ."

Both 37 and B provide notes to the allusions in the poem, the more detailed in 37.

6 *Nos homunculi*: "We little men". Servius Sulpicius Rufus wrote: "Are we little men to be indignant if any of us short-lived beings dies or is killed, while in one single place so many remains of towns lie overthrown?". [B]

8,16, etc : At the foot of his last verse in 37, Hay offers an alternative to his leitmotif **She [They] lived afore she [they] deed...** : "If you prefer— **They lived their day, sin deed. An' sae maun I.**" Much later, in a letter of 4/1/44 he mentions the latter as "the better version for the concluding line". (Source 37).

14 *gleichgeschaltet* (variant 37): "standardised, amalgamated" — a topical allusion, as the term is used exclusively to designate Hitler's gathering of all German institutions (social, cultural, political) under the umbrella of the Nazi State in the early to mid-1930s.

17 : refers to the line "Tá Teamhair 'na féar agus féach an Traoi mar tá." ("Tara is grass, and see how Troy is.") [37]. The line is from an Irish quatrain, probably read by Hay in O'Rahilly 1925, and translated by him as shown below (Source 37):

Do threascair an saol is shéid an ghaoth mar smál
 Alastrann, Saeusar, 's an méid sin a bhí 'na bpáirt;
 tá an Teamhair 'na féar, is féach an Traoi mar tá,
 's na Sasanaig féin do b'fhéidir go bhfuídís bás!

**The world o'erwhelmed them, and swept like chaff by the blast
 Alexander, Caesar and all their people have passed;
 the grass hides Tara, and see how Troy doth lie,
 and the English themselves, it may be that they will die.**

18 *Guaire*, or Guaire Aidhne, King of Connacht, who died AD 663, was famed for his generosity, and it was usual for poets to call their patrons a Guaire or an athGhuaire ("a second or a re-Guaire"). He lived at *Durlus*. [37].

20 *Sycharth* was Owen Glendower's place, praised by many Welsh poets as a hospitable house. [37].

21 *Emain Macha* was the palace of the Ulster kings, near Armagh, and *Tailtiu* is Teltown where the great fair or gathering of all Ireland was periodically held. (Very reminiscent of Olympia.) [37].

22 The MacEwens had a castle near Kilfinnan (at Eilean Ardgadain) in Kerry Cowal. Only the site is left. [37].

26 *kains* : taxes and tributes. [37]

27 *Lia Fáil* : the Irish Stone of Destiny, used in the installation of Scottish kings at Scone till its removal by Edward I of England in 1296.

28 *Canmore* : Malcolm III, king of Scots (r. 1058-1093).

29 **Carnaborg** was a fastness of the MacLeans in the Treshnish [Islands, off Mull]. It is wonderfully steep and strong. [37]. **Duntuilum** : a seat of the MacDonalds of Sleat, in Skye.

30 **Mingarry** : seat of the MacIans of Ardnamurchan.

32-33 : 37 has two extra verses; one before the *envoi*, and the other appended with the note "You can add this verse before the *envoi* if you like":

They ettle tie ding doon the Canongate,
that smellt sae sweet, some day. Aye, aye; we'll see.
The Calton Jyle, frae whar it stood o' late,
a wheen o' clerks rule us by their decree;
the Crystal Palace (fuich! eh mighty me!)
flew up in sperks. (Praise Goad, I hear ye cry.)
But wha wad dee servin' his enemy?—
They lived afore they deed, an' sae maun I.

Realms hae come smertly doon, lik ony wean
that rinnin' on a rough rodd in the nicht
an comhair a shroine, striks its fit t'a stane,
an comes a spiedrach. *It* gaits up a'richt,
the wean; the empire passes frae oor sicht —
braid empires, lik deid jeelyfush they lie.
(We maun stan' oot, an folla oor awn licht.)
They lived afore they deed, an sae maun I.

Both verses are mentioned in a letter of 4/1/44 (Source 37):

... the verse 'Realms hae come smertly doon, lik ony wean' contains some nonsensical – or grotesque – simile about a jellyfish, and a horrible flat line 'It gets up aa richt'. Better without it. What about 'They ettle tie ding doon the Canongate'? It's a doubtful case. But I'm fond of the bit about the 'wheen o clerks'.

33 **Dia**: "God" – the nickname acquired by Douglas Young during his time at St. Andrews University, and consistently used by Hay. (See Young 1970: 12 for associated story).

1918 - 1939

SOURCE: 16: NLS MS 26740, 4v. (1983).

DATE: 16 ("Dùn Eideann 1939").

IS DUILICH AN T-SLIGHE

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (1939-40?). Six verses only.
C : Q Na Ceithir Airdean, 42. (1952).
32 : NLS MS 26783, 42 (1974).
33 : NLS MS 26784, 42. (c.1983).

DATE : 33 ("Dùn Eideann '39"). Hay's datings from the 1980s are not always reliable, but the poem itself and the title in 40 suggests a date either at the outbreak of war or shortly before Hay's departure west to avoid conscription. In any case such a date can only apply to the first six verses (*i.e.* the poem as found in 40); the subsequent four verses must have been added after Hay's apprehension and enlisting in 1941.

t : previous to C, Hay refers to the poem only by its first line, but Listings 8 include a poem DO DH' ALBANNAICH ÒGA ÀRAIDH, most likely this same one. The title inserted in 40 is in Douglas Young's hand.

The poem was set to music by Douglas Young (Source 37, letter of late April 1940). Note Hay's comment on 20/12/44 (discussing the plans for his projected collection):

I have thought all along that certain things marked out for the book had their heart in the right place, but were far from being poetry. *Is tiamhaidh dùsgadh a' mhochthraith* is poetry in my estimation, though there are several good reasons for not publishing it at the present juncture...

.....

ALBA
Scotland

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15 (1939). GCH ts. 4 verses.
P30 : Scottish Art And Letters 2 (Spring 1946), 17.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 17. (1948).
E3 : Lyrics by Francis James Scott, 100-102. (1949). Thirty-Five Scottish Lyrics
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 76 (1970).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 24. (1975?).

DATE : derived from 40 (which mentions "the Trì Rainn just written ", so that the poem must pre-date November '39; see AN GAOL CHA D'FHIOSRAICH), and from absence in Listings 3.

t : The title in 40 is a traditional incitement chorus found in rowing songs and others (see for example MacPherson 1868: 157).

12... : 40 has a fourth verse appended:

Scotland is wind-headed, and hell storms;
but her we would spin, scattered sticks on the tide.
Up wind! while the red ember of hope warms,
for over this weary water our goal bides.

Note the early March 1940 entry in Hay's diary (Source 5, 20v): "Visited F.G. Scott [in Glasgow] and spent a long time thrashing out the final form of *The blaffering wind*." The song was broadcast, with four other Scott numbers, on the BBC Scottish Service on 27/7/49 (at 10p.m. - probably too late an hour for the hospitalised Hay to have been allowed to listen).

.....

AN GAOL CHA D'FHIOSRAICH MI

SOURCES : [3 : NLS MS 26723, 83v (1939). One verse.]
40 : NLS Acc.7085/15 (1939).
38 : NLS Acc.6419/101 (1940).
45 : NLS Acc.9927/6, letter 16 (26/9/40).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 27 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 15 (1974).

DATE : derived from 40, where Hay notes: "Scottish Field has had [The Hunter And Old Age] ... for twelve months"; in his diary he complains: "Wednesday [11 Oct.] ... The Scottish Field has not published my article [A Night With The Beadle] this month as promised. They have had it a year". (Source 5, 16v). Both article and poem are listed together in Source 5, 1, among items sent for publication in late November '38, so this dates 40 to late 1939. (The poaching story was finally published in March '40).

9-12 : The poem seems to have originated in this verse (whose rhythm differs noticeably from that of the first two), drafted in 3 as a Gaelic and English quatrain (with the Greek heading: ἄλλοι, δὲν με λύπασαι, δὲν με σπλαγγνίζεσαι.... ["Alas, you show me no compassion, you show me no pity..."] and also listed in Greek in Listings 3):

Och nach gabh thu truas rium, och, nach duilich leat mo chor, thus' a' càradh do chùil bhàin, mise dol bàs air do shon.	Chan eil truas aice rium marg.
And have you no compassion or pity, then, to spare, when I for you am dying, and you are doing (your) hair.	And have nothing of compassion marg. or pity, then, for me to spare. marg.

In 38 Hay appends the English quatrain to his prose translation:
And have you not a shred of pity
or mercy, then, for me to spare?
Good Heavens! I for you am dying,
and you are doing up your hair!
– but that's a little too flippant.

There is a Scots version of the poem by Douglas Young (see Young 1947: 32, "Lass Wi The Keekin-Gless").

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CEITHIR GAOTHAN NA H-ALBANN

SOURCES : A : Fuaran Sléibh, 33 (1948).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 21 (1974).
K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 120-21 (1976).

DATE : derived from absence in Listings 3 and from letters (Source 37).
In a letter of 23/11/43 Hay writes:

FG Scott has just written, saying that he wants a Gaelic thing on National Anthem lines to make music to. I'll prod my Muse. What should suit him very well is Ceithir Gaothan which I think you will have somewhere along with a literal translation (e.g. in the Red Book).

(The Red Book was Young's collection of Hay's poems with "all the best versions nicely spelled and legibly typed. My own is a potential sore head to palaeographers", 20/4/43). On 29/3/44 Hay thanks Young for "the copy of the *Four Winds*, which I've straightened out and sent on to FG Scott."

This suggests that the poem was written before Hay's enlistment (May '41); it must certainly predate his departure for Africa. Another reference also supports an early date of composition, when, discussing his planned collection, Hay includes this poem among the "hill and sea, boat and bealach, adolescent stuff". (Source 37 4/1/44).

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[THE WAUKRIFE CORP]

SOURCE : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15.

DATE inferred from absence in Listings 3.

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NA BAIDEALAN

SOURCES : 3 : NLS MS 26723, 80v-81 (1939?). Incomplete draft.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 19 (c.1940). Four verses.
45 : NLS Acc. 9927/6. Letter 16 (26/9/40). As 20.
35 : NLS MS 14967, 34 (1945).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 16 (1974).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 18 (1947).
K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 118-20. (1976).

DATE : contexts 3 and 45.

4-5 : The extra verse in 20 and 45 runs:

Neòil mhlorbhailteach 'gan càrnadh suas
's 'gan snìomh an cuairteagan cas,
ag imeachd mar gum b'ann le tàir,
's an tàirneanach 'nan cridh' ag at.

3, the earliest draft, gives it first (followed by verses 2 and 1, and lines 11-12), thus:

Neòil mhiarailteach 'gan càrnadh suas
'gan snìomh cuairt
advance gu mórdhail air màrsal mar gum b'ann le tàir
's an tàirneanaich 'nan cridhe astaigh.

In a letter of 27/1/43 (*sic*, for 1944?) Hay sends his mother items for Fuaran Sléibh, including "four of the old poems revised" (Source 23, 4). The revision of NA BAIDEALAN may date from this period.

.....

GRUNND NA MARA

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of "early February" 1940.
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 34. (1947).

DATE: 37.

The poem may have been intended as part of a sequence (see notes to SGAIRT MO DHAOINE). *Thunder They Ligg*, a Scots version by Douglas Young, was included in Fuaran Sléibh.

1-2 : from the 18thc. lament for a drowned lover *Ailein Duinn shiùbhlainn leat*, attributed to Anna Campbell of Scalpay.

.....

SOOTHWARDS OWRE THE SEA

SOURCE: 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of 17/2/40.

DATE: 37.

In his letter Hay describes the song as "a vulgar ballad for the times, to the tune I made for the *Lowlands o' Holland*". The tune can be found in Source 17, 24.

.....

THE OLD FISHERMAN

SOURCES : 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6. Letter 16 (26/9/40).
 P30 : Scottish Art And Letters 2 (Spring 1946), 17.
 E2 : FG Scott: Seven Songs For Baritone Voice, 2-3 (1946). 3 vv. only.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 12 (1948).
 [53 : Neill MSS (3/9/69).]
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 89 (1970).

DATE : 45 ("an t-earrach 1940").

The poem is dedicated to Calum Johnson in Source 30 (and List 11). Calum Johnson (1878-1944) was skipper of the Tarbert skiff *Liberator*, on board which Hay served his apprenticeship in ring-net fishing. For a portrait of Calum Johnson and an account of his influence on Hay see Martin 1984: 54-57.

53 is a text written out by Hay in Milne's Bar, Edinburgh (at that period still the "poets' pub"), on the flyleaf of a copy of O Na Ceithir Àirdean which he gifted. In view of the special circumstances of transcription, I have not included this text in the apparatus (its peculiarities, if artistically willed rather than improvised by faulty memory, could have been incorporated in the forthcoming J). Its variants are as follows:

verse 2: 9-12 (10 **her** : its)

verse 3: 13-14 (14 **calm was** : calms were)

The tide that flowed has set to ebbing. My dancing days. . .

verse 4: 5-6 15-16

.....

THE KERRY SHORE

SOURCES : 40 : NLS Acc.7085/15. (1940).
 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6, letter of 26/9/40.
 E2 : FG Scott: Seven Songs For Baritone Voice, 10-12 (1946). Three verses only.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, p.7. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 90 (1970).

DATE : derived from 45, Source 5, and absence in Listings 3.

See diary entry for 14/4/40 (Source 5, 21): "Looked in at F G Scott's [*in Glasgow*] ... The three poems I sent him had struck a spark, and lo! three songs." The three poems sent must have been this one, THE OLD FISHERMAN, and ALBA.

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FUAR FUAR
Cold Cold

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter postmarked 23/4/40.
P8 : Chapbook 2 (March 1946), 37.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 29. (1948).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 89 (1970).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 29 (1982?).

DATE : 37. At the foot of his typed letter, Hay inks in: "Here's a verse. No more has come", and verse 1, then a further verse, and "two, only the last to come". Verse 3 appears at the top of the page with the comment: "Finil! It shows you only have to take the trouble."

† : The title and structure of the poem echo a 9thc. Irish poem on winter, (copied down by Hay in Source 2, 28v), starting:

Fuit fuit
fuair inocht Mag Lethon Luirc,
árda in snechta nás an sliab
nocha roichenn fiafh o cuid.

.....

[ALBA ÀRSAIDH]

SOURCE : 38 : NLS Acc. 6419/ 101.

DATE : derived from 38, which probably dates March-July 1940.

At the foot of the verse Hay notes: "I'll finish this and send it with your lubrications on Medieval Latin Poetry", which Young glosses "Medieval Latin Lyrics". (This must be Young's essay On Influences in the Evolution of Medieval Latin Rhyme delivered as a talk to the Classical Association of Scotland in 1947 and of which a typescript exists in Source 36, dated 1940 or 1941). Hay twice refers to the paper in other letters, first on 17/2/40, then, some time before 26/3/40: "Your Latin thing will arrive next week, plus something more like a letter". It is unlikely that 38 substantially postdates these letters, but it must postdate both ALBA GHAOIL O and BRANG AIR NA SASANNAICH (since 38 includes a translation of the former).

The verse could of course well pre-date this copy. Note Hay's stated intention above to add to the verse; no such further verses have survived.

Hay specifies that the verse was composed to the tune *Marbhphaisg air an t-saoghal chruaidh*. This is Hay's own melody for Eachann Bacach's *Óran do Lachann, Triath Cholla*, for which see Source 19, 3.

7 : if this line has any literal significance, one could date the verse to one of Hay's proselytising tours in Argyll, for example in May 1939, or Spring 1940 prior to the Argyll by-election.

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AM MARAICHE GÀIDHEALACH 'SA CHOGADH

SOURCES : 5 : NLS MS 26728, 3. (1940?). First draft.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 18. (1940?).

DATE : The calligraphy and paper type of 20 confirm this general dating (compare with material sent to Kenneth MacLeod in Sep 1940, Source 45), as also the poem's theme.

24 : the correction in this line dates from c.1982.

.....

[BRANG AIR NA SASANNAICH]

SOURCES : 38 : NLS Acc. 6419/101 (1940).

DATE : derived from Source 37 (card of 16/7/40).

Hay writes in 38: "I'll send you the tune when I get near a piano"; and on the postcard (Source 37): "The tune I had in mind for *Cuiridh sinn brang* explains the versification". This seems to date 38 (and therefore ALBA GHAOIL O, included on the same sheet) to June-July 1940. Hay described the song as "very nearly doggerel" (Source 37, 5/6/44).

13-16 : note in a letter explaining his stance against conscription: "...b'e mo ghuidhe gun cuirte as do'n dithisd aca [*Sasunnaich is Gearmailtich*]. A bharrachd air sin cha bu toigh leam ruith gu h-umhal d'an ionnsaigh air a' cheud fhead a dhèanadh iad, cleas a' mheasain." (c.1944, Source 45).

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ALBA GHAOIL O

SOURCES : 38 : NLS Acc. 6419/101 a b translation.
37 : NLS Acc. 6419/38a. One verse and melody only.
P27 : Scots Independent 215 (July 1944), 5.
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 29 (1947).
19 : NLS MS 26743, 2v. (1947). As 37.
55 : Scott Mus. MS, 3. (1947). As 37.
21 : NLS MS 26745, 17 (1974).

DATE : derived from 38, probably dating June-July 1940 (see BRANG AIR NA SASANNAICH).

P27 (printed with minimal punctuation) is accompanied by a translation by the Rev. John Mackechnie (who acted as Hay's Gaelic agent during the war, and wrote a regular Gaelic column for the Scots Independent).

Hay's immediate model for this song was Silis na Ceapaich's *Òran do Rìgh Seumas* of 1784 (see Ó Boill 1972: 16-18), itself part of a larger complex of songs which Hay mentions in a paper on Gaelic song-groups (Source 22, 121-122):

Silis na Ceapaich wrote a political song after Mo Mhalaidh bheag O.....and so did Piaras MacGearailt [*18th c. Irish*] ... There are plenty of Mo Mhalaidh bheag O (or Òg) songs. Rob Donn ... MacColl and there is the popular song Mo Mhalaidh Bheag Òg itself.

.....

CÒMHRADH NAN RUDHA
The Talk Of The Headlands

SOURCES: 4 : NLS MS 26727, 53v (1940?). Incomplete.
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of 1/8/40.
 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6, letter 16 (26/9/40).
 P28 : Scots Magazine XXXIV.1 (Oct 1940), 80.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 6-7 (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 90 (1970).

DATE: 37 ("Dùn Éideann 27/7/40"). B, however, gives 1939.

[THRÉIG AN COMUNN]

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (letter of 28/8/40).
 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6 (letter 16, of 26/9/40).

DATE derived from 37.

In 37 Hay tells Young: "...meanwhile there is a moan on the back of this page written *sub persona amici cuiusdam* who made a great to-do when his girl took a tirravee."

CUIMHNEACHAN DO DH'EALASaid AGUS DO DH'ANNA NicMHAOILEIN

SOURCES : 45 : NLS Acc.9927/6, letter of 26/9/40.
 P14 : An Gàidheal XLII.6 (Màirt 1947), 77.
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 3 (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 40. (1974).
 24 : NLS MS 26753, 57-58 (letter of 10/12/82).
 13 : NLS MS 26737, 14r (11/12/82).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 3 (1983).
 15 : NLS MS 26739, 4-5 (20/10/83).

DATE : context 45.

Ann MacMillan (Black by marriage) died on 25/1/40, and her older sister on 21/9/40.

In a letter of early February Hay reports:

The younger of my two great aunts died 12 days ago, and of course I have been in Tarbert from then almost till now. Loss of a personality is a bewildering thing – and she was one – and I am sorry that I cannot fully believe in spirits. Ach beannachd leatha, bha i laghach.

And in 45 Hay writes of the "very mixed budget" enclosed (thirteen poems):

The first poem is a (very poor) tribute to my two great-aunts. The elder of them died in Tarbert last week and to my sorrow I could not get away to her funeral. There we have lost two great personalities, and a link with the old world. Oh well. "Marbhaig air an tsaoghal chruaidh!"

The sisters, like Catherine Hay's own mother Jessie MacMillan, were native speakers of Tarbert Gaelic. Although Hay never heard them converse in Gaelic, he nevertheless owed them his initiation into the language. He plied them with questions, and, in his own words: "they thought – This boy is keen on Gaelic; we'll spoil him; we'll teach him some Gaelic" (SSS, 3/20/80; see Martin 1984: 53).

1 : Note the correction given Angus Martin with 24 : "*Cill Aindreis* : this should be *Cill Ainndreann*, an old -nn genitive of *Ainndrea*: (Saint) Andrew. However there is *Sloc Aindreis* at the head of the harbour." Both forms had already been noted by Hay c.1960 in Source 13, 6.

12 : I have been unable to identify the quote.

[AN CUILEANN CRUAIDH]

SOURCE : 3 : NLS MS 26723, 85-86. (c.1940).

DATE : context 3 and theme of poem. The urgency of tone, and especially verses 8 and 9, suggest a time between the outbreak of war and Hay's flight to the hills of Argyll in October 1940.

1 : the poem is listed simply as NACH SEALL A' CHRAOBH UD in Listings 35.

Note the following outburst:

Molaidh mi 'n dreathann donn, is gabhaidh mi mo phort reasgach fhéin, is gus an téid mo thachdadh chan abair mi facal sìobhalta ri Sasunn. Sasunn – tha am facal e fhéin 'na phurgaid thilgidh dhomh, dìreach mar a tha e do na h-Innseanaich, do na h-Arabianaich, do na h-Éiphitich, do na h-Iùdhaich, do mhuinntir Bhurma, Kenya is iomadh àit' eile. (Source 47, c. Apr. 1939)

I shall praise the wren and stick to my own stubborn tune, and till I'm throttled I won't say one civil word to England. England – the word itself is a purgative to me to be spat out, just as it is to the Indians, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Jews, to the people of Burma, Kenya and many another place.

AONARAIN NA CILLE

SOURCES : G : Scottish Verse 1851-1951, 286 (1952).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 21 (1947).
J : Four Points of a Saltire, 105 (1970).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 11 (1974).

DATE : from Source 37. The poem must predate April '42, as on April 9 Hay first heard a musical setting of it by Margaret Brown (artist, and wife of the Scottish Socialist polemicist W. Oliver Brown) (see Source 37, letter of 23/7/44, and Young 1952: 333).

The poem was published as an octave verse. There is a Scots version by Douglas Young included with G (or see Young 1947: 31, *Guestless Howff*). Young's source for G would be his own copy from the time of composition.

CASAN SÌODA

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 23 (1942).
P3 : A' Bhratach 3, 2 (1942).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 28-29 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 34-36 (1974).

DATE : 20 ("6/3/42"), and Source 37 (letter of 13/3/42).

In his letter to Young, Hay encloses the "results of recent inspiration", namely "an address, not serious, to a cat, and a reprimand, serious, to a woman (not an AT\$)" – see RABHADH).

RABHADH

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 20 (1942).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 24 (1947).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 104 (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 11-12 (1974).

DATE : 20 ("11/3/42") and Source 37 (letter of 13/3/42, see CASAN SÌODA).

7 *cursta* is one of the uncommon words which Hay attributed to his great-aunts, the sisters MacMillan (see Martin 1984: 54).

SGUABAG 1942

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 21 (1942?)
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 31 (1947).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 19 (1974).
 29 : NLS MS 26777, 31 (1983?)

DATE: A ("Catarraig 1942"). From poem itself, Spring '42 ?

Hay was based in Catterick military camp, Yorkshire, from mid-August '41 till his departure for North Africa in November '42.

† : *Sguabag*: meanings in Dwelly's dictionary include "smart breeze of wind", "female that moves with a sweeping gait", "gusty wind" and notes the expression "*Trì là Sguabag*: three days, the 7th, 8th and 9th of April". A rhyme noted by Hay speaks of *Sguabag*, *Sguabag*, *màthair Fhaoillich fhuair*, *a mharbhadh caoirich is caoil uain...* ["mother of cold End-Winter, who'd kill sheep and young lambs"] (Source 23, 20).

FÀIRE M'ÒIGE

SOURCES : P14 : An Gàidheal, XLI.1 (Dàmh. 1945), 7.
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 133v (1946?).
 C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 1-2 (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 39 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 1 (1983).

DATE : from Sources 23 and 37. In a letter from North Africa of 27/1/43 (*sic* ; 1944?) (Source 23, 4), Hay tells his mother: "Item no.6 is in the wee book and I think Dia [Douglas Young] may have a copy too. It consists of fourteen long lines or so, not divided into verses. The first two lines as I remember them go: *Sud e m'fhàire...*" (he quotes ll. 1 + 3). This must date the poem to before Hay's departure to North Africa in Nov. '42.

A letter of 8/4/42 (Source 37) refers to metrical experiments which clearly must have given birth to the piece:

... Then I was trying my hand at assimilating hexameters to Gaelic. Clearly stress would have to take the place of quantity, for you can only get two long vowels together in compound words like *ògmhìos* (and then in speech the stress of the word often robs one vowel of its length).

Instead of two longs, and a long and two shorts, we must have a stressed syllable separated from the next stressed syllable by one unstressed or by two unstressed syllables. As Gaelic

verse can't carry on for hundreds of lines beginning each line with a stressed syllable, an anakrusis [extra syllable(s) preceding the first foot of a line] must be permissible, but it shouldn't be too regular or run for a number of lines continuously.

The final disyllabic word of one line will rhyme with its fellow in the next line, and one vowel rhyme will be continuous over blocks of lines, maybe of 3 or 10 or 36 or any number, just as the matter of the verse (still in the womb of time of course) falls into blocks. Thus a speech by someone would make a natural block of rhyme (the terminology isn't elegant, but I don't think it's obscure.)

Lines so long would be bald without internal rhyme. The 3rd foot can rhyme with the 5th or with the 4th, or the 2nd with the 4th. That allows for plenty of variety and room to move at ease.

Some day of course this magnificent invention will be used for the Gaelic Odyssey, Aeneid, Theokritos, Argonautica of good old Apollonios Rhodios (whom I esteem more than is fashionable), Hesiod, Lucan and anything else that goes on six feet.

2 : This line may have been an addition to an originally sonnet-structured poem (see quote above from letter to Catherine Hay where Hay cites lines 1 and 3).

7 : "Sliabh Gaoil, where Diarmaid was killed by the magic boar" (from Hay's article Grand Stravaig.)

DUILLEACH AN FHOGHAIR

SOURCES : A : Fuaran Sléibh, 28 (1947).

DATE : Source 37 (letter of 2/6/42).

In his letter Hay tells Young: "...I haven't written much. Only another *Trì Rainn is Amhran* which I enclose with its translation. An invitation, not to the *Valse*, but (I suppose) by generalised delicate and poetic hints *Au Lit*. However it's very noble in tone indeed, including as it does night and day, spring and autumn, the rising of the sun and the setting thereof. Not novel images, but satisfactory".

The following year, in North Africa, Hay produced a French version (see TROIS VERS ET ENVOI).

SKOTTLAND TIL NORDSJØFARERNE

SOURCE : B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 78 (1948).

DATE : B ("1942") and Source 43.

Hay wrote on 19 October '42 to Mrs. Fanny MacTaggart (recently appointed Scottish Representative of the Norwegian Government Information Services, and organiser of the Norwegian Exhibition to be mounted in Edinburgh that November), to suggest the production of a Norwegian pamphlet on the Scandinavian influence on Scottish place-names and Gaelic. He ends his letter:

Jeg vedlegger et dikt som jeg skrev for noen tid siden til de Nordmenn som tilsøker Skottland "nordsjøveien", og jeg ber dem om å huske at, selvom det finnes noen feil i språket, ordene kommer fra hjertet.

I enclose a poem that I wrote a while ago to the Norwegians who visit Scotland "the north-sea way", and I ask you to remember that even if there are a few mistakes in the language, the words come from the heart. [transl. AK]

In a second letter a week later Hay enclosed his Scots version of a Norwegian poem seen and translated by him "a while ago" (that June, in fact). [Letters: Source 43]. In a letter of 4/8/43 (Source 37), listing his linguistic credentials as part of his campaign to be transferred to the

Intelligence Corps, Hay mentions the letters exchanged with Fanny MacTaggart, and SKOTTLAND TIL NORDSJØFARERNE "which I think was read at the winding-up dinner of the Norse Exhibition in Edinburgh [28 Nov. '42] – it was mentioned in the papers anyway."

DEUX VERS

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 4v. (1944?).
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 74 (1948).

DATE : 35 ("Bône [Algeria], Juillet 43").

Both sources specify that the poem is a translation from the Gaelic (see AONARAIN NA CILLE).

LE REVENANT DU MARIN PARLE À SA MÈRE

SOURCES: 35 : NLS MS 14967, 3v (1943).
37 : NLS Acc.6419/38, letter of 21/7/43.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 73 (1948).

DATE : 35 ("Bône [Algeria], Juillet 43").

This is a version of the second section of GRUNND NA MARA, and marked in B "*du Gaèlique Écossais*". Sending it to Young along with TROIS VERS ET ENVOI, Hay comments: "Two more examples of how to pass your time in the Ordnance Corps" (37).

4 **aveugla** : Young questioned this in his copies (Source 22, 150v and its carbon in 37), suggesting **s'aveugla** instead. This seems to make better sense ("Memory blinded itself that night"), but Hay must have been aware of Young's suggestion when he stuck to his original version.

TROIS VERS ET ENVOI

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (letter of 29/9/43).
35 : NLS MS 14967, 4. (1944?).
P36 : The Voice Of Scotland III.3 (Mar. 1947), 12.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 74 (1948).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 74 (1982?).

DATE : 35 ("Bône [Algeria] Juillet 43"), and 37 .

As indicated in B and P36, this poem is a translation from the Gaelic (see DUILLEACH AN FHOGBHAI).

LE GAËL RÉFLÉCHIT

SOURCES: 35 : NLS MS 14967, 3 (1944?).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letters **a** of 4/8/43 **b** postmarked 21 SP 46.
 P19 : New Alliance and Scots Review V.1 (Jan-Feb 1944), 10-11.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 71 (1948).
 P18 : Morningside Mirror (Dec. 1967), 13.

DATE: 35 ("Bône [Algeria] Juillet '43").

1 **goéland** : In 37a Hay tells Young: "I sent Sam [Sorley McLean] and F G Scott copies which contained a few slips. For some reason I put *cormoran* for *goéland*, though, God knows, cormorants never hover but pelt along like hell a foot or so above the surface". This is the slip he repeated in Young's copy.

In 37a Hay tells Young that this and the next poem "were well received here", and in 37b: "The reflections are rather irregular metrically, but to the point, though".

L' ÉCOSSE M' ACCOMPAGNE

SOURCES : 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of 4/8/43.
 35 : NLS MS 14967, 8 (1944?).
 P19 : New Alliance, V.1 (Jan-Feb 1944), 10.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 72-73 (1948).

DATE: 35 ("Bône [Algeria] 31.7.43").

STANCES DE SIMPLE SOLDAT

SOURCES : 6 : NLS MS 26729, 9 (1943).
 37 : NLS Acc. 6419/38a, **a** letter of 4/8/43 **b** letter of 18/10/43.
 35 : NLS MS 14967, 3v (1944?).
 P36 : Voice of Scotland IV.2 (Dec. 1947), 32.
 B : Wind on Loch Fyne, 77 (1948).

DATES : 37a, and 6 ("15.8.43"). **CRIME ET PUNITION** and **LE CAPITAINE** are dated by inference.

L'ESSENTIEL

4 : In B Hay adds the note: "**Le système D** – le système débrouillard, l'habitude de se débrouiller." To Young he explains it as *wangling* (37a).

"NE T'EN FAIS PAS ..."

In the months previous to 37b, Hay had been unsuccessfully renewing his application for a change of post, away from the boredom of Ordnance Corps work to a charge more suited to his linguistic abilities (he was at this time fluent in Norwegian and French, and his knowledge of Italian and Arabic was good enough for him to be used by his unit as unofficial interpreter). Although he even urged Douglas Young (then Chairman of the SNP) to exert whatever pressure he could back home, all approaches were turned down by the War Office.

It was in this context that Hay sent Young his little verse, in disguise:

Les Arabes, j'ai remarqué, ont de jolis dictions en vers, et j'en ai traduit un. Le voici: "Ces goujats..." L'auteur s'appela Deòrsa ou quelquechose de la sorte, je crois.

The Arabs, I've noticed, have neat little epigrams in verse, and I've translated one. It goes: "Ces goujats...". The author called himself Deòrsa or something like that, I think.

ÉPREUVE DE DOUTE

SOURCES: 35 : NLS MS 14967, 5v-6 (1944?). One extra verse.
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38, letter a of 23/10/43. (As 35). b postmarked 21/9/46.
 P36: The Voice Of Scotland 3.1 (Sep. 1946), 18-19. - 2vv.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 75-76 (1948).

DATE: 35 ("Barral [Algeria] 27.10.43") and 37a.

Hay writes in 37a:

Such things, if the language is correct, and the verse sincere, will win a lot of sympathy and goodwill if they get round. Primarily I wrote my French things because I felt the urge, but there's that thought in it, too. The same goes for the Norwegian poem. Such efforts can be our British Council.

13 **Regarde** : the noun *regard* may have been intended here, giving the sense: "(A) look which says...", but all copies have the imperative verb, unquestioned.

40 : The extra verse found in 37a and 35 runs:

Car on a vu – on verra – – l'on verra – 35
 d'avachis, serfs bien soignés
 d'encasernés lâches, las,
 de peuples morts, surveillés.

For one has seen - will see it yet - spent listless men, well-tended serfs, cowardly weary garrisoned folk, peoples dead and under watch.

The envelope of 37b bears a Scots draft by Douglas Young of verses 1, 2, 3 and 11, and in a letter of 4/2/47 he writes: "I have never got translated yet your *Épreuve de Doute*, but in the next interval I shall take it up again."

The preoccupations of this poem are elaborated in "a monologue which I addressed myself as I gazed from my tent upon the Algerian scene", sent to Young on 2/12/43 (source 37), of which I quote only extracts:

Such is the state of Scotland today that anything, everything will turn the thoughts of a Scotsman abroad towards her in a questioning way. After the exile, the return. After the return – what? ... To speak frankly, when I think of Scotland now I do so with anxiety and bitterness, because I think that the maiming and extinction of the Scots as a nation is intended, and that it is being forwarded – consciously or unconsciously – by some Scotsmen, mostly bought or snared by vanity.

[Scotland] is a storehouse of that force of the future, Water Power... Her coasts are a complex of actual and potential naval bases and easily protected anchorages for all kinds of shipping... She is the natural terminus for the Transatlantic Air Route... Three such reasons are enough to condemn any small nation to unwelcome attention from its greater neighbours, even to attacks on its existence.

And so we find the attempts to devitalise and mongrelise our people, to divest us of youth, vigour, labour power, industries, everything... The attack is many-sided..

Those instances, and others like them, are the kind of news from home that makes Scotsmen overseas anxious and bitter. And that is why their constant prayer is that their countrymen

and countrywomen at home should become awake to the peril now, and fight against it. ... It rests with the Scots at home to see to it that we do not come back to such a ruined remnant of our country, I think that some of us would rather die abroad than have such a homecoming.

Hay postscripts: "But I'm not always as pessimistic as that".

FHEARAIBH S A MHNÀI NA H-ALBANN

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 5 (1944?).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 30 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 18 (1974).

DATE : 35 ("Barral [Algeria] 27.11.43").

This poem was most probably Hay's response to a request from the composer F G Scott: "F G Scott has just written, saying that he wants a Gaelic thing on National Anthem lines to make music to. I'll prod my Muse." (23/11/43, Source 37).

ATHAIR NAN CLUAS

SOURCES : 37 : Acc. 6419/38a, letter of 10/3/44.
35 : NLS MS 14967, 2v (1944?).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 50 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 37-38 (1974).

DATE : 35 ("6.3.44 Châteaudun du Rhummel" [Algeria]), and 37.

t : *Bà Udnîn*, "the Father of the Ears" – an Algerian Arabic nickname for the donkey. [A].

[RANN FO CHRAOIBH ORAINSE]

SOURCE : 6 : NLS MS 26729, 40r (1944?). (Cutting of published article).

The quatrain is lifted from a published story by Hay *Fo Chraoibh Orainse*, whose appearance I cannot locate, although Alba Nuadh seems the likely source: on 5/3/44 Hay writes (Source 37): "Have had two numbers of 'Alba Nuadh', one with an article (or a rambling conversation about nothing) of mine". (A sister article, *Caifidh Mór Na h-Òigridh*, again in the form of a dialogue with private Gilleasbuig, was published in May 1947 in An Gàidheal XLII/8).

During an uneventful nightguard, Gilleasbuig has composed a soldier's plaint in time-honoured mode:

Chuir iad mise thar mara
's còta lachduinn an rìgh orm,
fad o m'dhùthaich 's o m'dhaoine,
tric fo smaointean 's fo mhighean.
Is truagh nach éireadh Muir Lochlainn,
is i copach, fuar, fìochmhor--

He is mercilessly interrupted by the narrator, whom he then challenges to explain his own feelings for North Africa:

"Gu dearbh fhéin" orsa mise "cha b-e so mo dhachaidh no mo dhùthaich, oir gheibh thu sin eadar an dà Ghalltaobh 's cha n-ann eadar Tùnaid is Oràn. Cha n-iad na dubh chuileagan aingidh seo cuileagan còire Chinntire, aig a bheil de mhodh 's gun eòl daibh sgar. Cha n-e is cha n-iad, ach cha n-urraim mi gun àicheadh gur toil leam cothrom fhaotainn air eòlas a chur air cinnich eile - air na beachdan is na barailean a thig iad amach leo, air an creideamh is an dòigh air an aor iad Dia, air an taighean 's am biadh, air gach cànan a sgileas iad, gu ruig is air na chuireas iad umpa eadar burnus is eile. A h-uile socair a dh'fhaodas tu ainmeachadh, air a' cheann thall fàsaidh tu sgìth dhith le bhith 'ga shìor mhealltainn... Nach iad làithean bruthainneach Àildiridh is Tùnaid a dh'fhàgas amblas air Tobar na Crìche Gile an déidh seo, is nach iad leathadan odhar sgreaganach Djebel Harr a chuireas sgiamh eile ris an sgéimh a bh'air Sliabh Gaoil mu'n d'fhalbh sinn thar mara. Bheir mi dhuit rann an éirig do ranntachd, anns an abair mi ris na h-Albannaich: . . ."

BROSNACHADH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent 214 (June 1944), 5. Two verses only.
P23 : Poetry Scotland 2, 32-33. (1945). + translation by John MacKechnie.

DATE : There is no evidence for the poem before its appearance in P27; its absence from Source 35 in particular strongly suggests the poem was composed before Hay left Britain (Nov. '42). Internal evidence, however, might suggest a date in the latter end of 1943 (compare verse 1 and Hay's monologue of 2/12/43 quoted below under ÉPREUVE DE DOUTE).

An explanatory note in P27 reads: "These stanzas are from the collection of George Campbell Hay's Gaelic Poems, which is now in the press ... Rev. John MacKechnie is to provide English versions of the Gaelic poems. Lallans verses will also be included." MacKechnie (who had a Gaelic column in the Scots Independent) was acting as Hay's agent for the planned Gaelic book, and it was he who sent Maurice Lindsay BROSNACHADH for publication in Poetry Scotland. Lindsay's correspondence to Young (Source 37) reveals that Hay objected to publication, but that a month later the matter was resolved:

I'm trying to have the Hay poem withdrawn, but with what success I don't know yet. Parts of P.S. were in fact printed the day we talked. I have searched through my letters from Mrs. Hay and can find none referring to the matter. The cleric, who, as Hay's agent, sent me the poem, must bear the sole responsibility if it is too late to withdraw, which I hope it is not. (9/1/45)

G C Hay sent me another airgraph. It seems there has been an ado about nothing. He thought the poem in P.S. was an earlier poem of the same name!!!". (10/2/45)

There is no trace of an earlier "Brosnachadh", although the title could fit AN CUILEANN CRUAIDH or BRANG AIR NA SASUNNAICH. Alternatively, there is the possibility that BROSNACHADH was indeed the poem which Hay intended to keep from public consumption (or at least did not wish to see paraded in a showpiece like Poetry Scotland, as opposed to a propaganda paper like the SD). He had already indicated that the poem should not be included in his projected collection, telling Young in December '44 that "*Alba Ghaoil O* may just be poetry, but definitely *Brosnachadh* isn't." There is no firm evidence that BROSNACHADH was composed during Hay's active service, (its companion piece in P23 dates from 1939), and the context of Hay's Dec. '44 comment does suggest an early date of composition. Hay may simply have backed down strategically to placate MacLellan (who was publisher of Poetry Scotland) and MacKechnie, after his recent moratorium on the publication of the already advertised Gaoth Air Loch Fìne.

Maurice Lindsay rated the poem more highly than Hay and printed it in full in his 1947 article "The Poetry of Modern Scotland" (The Lion Rampant 1.2, 24-25), to illustrate the unsentimental, hard-edged quality of the new Gaelic verse.

AN CNOCAN FRAOICH

SOURCE : [35 : NLS MS 14967, 1-2r (1944). Pasted over; minimum legibility.]
 37 : NLS Acc. 6419/38a, letter of 12/3/44.
 P27 : Scots Independent 242 (Oct 1946), 5. One verse lacking.

DATE SOURCE : 35 ("Châteaudun du Rhummel [Algeria], 10/3/44"); 37.

In his letter Hay says of his "latest Gaelic outburst":

It's not very high and solemn poetic or Pindaric, being rather of the street ballad variety or at best of the Seán Clárach type. It goes to the tune of *An Cnuicín Fraoigh* ... There you have an example of what the vin rouge d'Algérie can do when taken in the right spirit.

10 **iall** : the word is just visible in 35, confirming that its omission in 37 is accidental.

[BAIL' ÌOMHAIR]

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 10 a hs. b ts. pasted over a. (1944).

DATE : 35 ("15.3.44 Châteaudun du Rhummel [Algeria]").

t : from Listings 8. Baliver was a township in South Knapdale, deserted in the course of the 19thc. (see Ordnance Survey 1867-68, sheet CCI, where it is marked as ruins). It was the subject of a short story by Hay, *Home*, in The Fettesian of July 1934.

DLEASNAS NAN ÀIRDEAN

SOURCES : [3 : NLS MS 26723, 87 (c.1939?). 8 lines only.]
 35 : NLS MS 14967, 4v (ts) + 11 (hs. one line visible). (1944).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 32. (1948).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 20. (1974).

DATE : 35 ("Rouiba [Algeria] 10.5.44").

The lines in 3 are as follows:

Tha slor shéideadh mu 'creachann,
 tha slor cheathach mu 'sliosán,
 is fiar fo na casan
 a h-aisridhean snigheach;
 cha tréig a' ghaoth tuath
 a guaillean car tiota
 ach bidh /gal > sgál/ aic' ag greasad
 an slor shneachda 'na chithean.

The lines may have been intended for a nature poem, before being taken up again for the more didactic piece. See also BEINN IS MACHAIR for a development of the central image.

[RINN SIBH CUAN . . .]

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, f.12, a hs. (partially legible) b ts. pasted over hs. (1944).

DATE : 35b ("Rouiba [Algeria] 15.5.44"); but verses 1 and 4 are from 1939 (35a).

The poem may have had its origins in Hay's projected sequence of political invective DEALBH NA H-EÒRPA, mentioned in a letter of late September 1939 (Source 37).

AN CEANGAL

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 9v. (1944-45).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 54. (1947).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 110-11. (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 84. (1974).

DATE : 35 ("Rouiba [Algeria] 24.5.44").

MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL

SOURCES :

6 : NLS MS 26729 a 23v-24r (1944)
 b 26r *under flap* (1944)
 c 26r *flap* (1944)

35 : NLS MS 14967
 1-52 18v-19r (29/6/44).
 53-118 19v-20v (30/6/44).
 119-193 21 (3/7/44).
 194-266 22 (4/7/44).
 267-303 23r (5/7/44).
 304-342 23v (9/7/44).
 343-444 24-25r (15/7/44).
 445-479 25v (21/7/44).
 480-585 26-27r (27/7/44).
 586-624 27v (2/8/44).
 625-693 28 (20/8/44).

35+ : NLS MS 14967, 38v-40 (2/7/44)
 "Rainn, Ràidhean is Tòimhseachan Arabach o'n Aifric Mu Thuath".

36 : NLS MS 14968
 694-764 15-16r (4/3/46, Kavalla).
 765-797 16 (11/3/46, Kavalla).
 798-820 16v-17 (31/3/46, Kavalla).

20 : NLS MS 26744 a 42-42A ("SAHARA JOURNEY").
 b 40 (letter of 20/8/44).
 c 41.
 d 44A (31/3/46, Kavalla).
 e 44 (1946?).
 f 43 (3/2/46 Kavalla) (+ 10/9/47 An Tairbeart ?)
 g 43A (1946?)

23 : NLS MS 26748 a 5 (letter of 5/7/1944).
 b 7 (letter of 31/3/46).

7 : NLS MS 26730 a 37-38r (1946).
 b 38v (1946).
 c 39r (1946).
 [d 40r (1946).]

57 : Burns MS (1946-47).

P36 : The Voice of Scotland IV/2 (Dec. 1947), 26-29

P9 : Edinburgh Evening Dispatch (6/12/47), 4.

C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 44 (1952).

31 : NLS MS 26783, 44 (c.1961).

32 : NLS MS 26784, 44 (1983?)

P15 : Gairm a 10, 155 (Gea. 1954). ("TURUS FÀSAICH").
 b 76, 330 (Fogh. 1971). ("AN DUINE AGUS AN COGADH").

21 : NLS MS 26745 a 71 (1974).
 b 75-76 (1974). ("AN DUINE AGUS AN COGADH").

D : Mochtàr Is Dùghall (1982).

NOTES

(Notes by Hay are indicated)

27 *Gefreite(r)* : German infantry soldier.

33 : "The war is shite! The *Führer* shite!"

34 *Seig Heil* : "Hail Victory", German military salute under the Nazis.

36 *diumàr* (jumar) : a plant common on the mountains of North Africa. From its short stem pointed leaves spread out fanwise. Its root is eaten. [D] *debel* (jebel) : mountain.

38 *Rùimi* (Roumi) : "Roman" i.e. a Westerner, non-Arab.

47 *marbat* (marabout) : a holy man, or his descendant and the tender of his shrine. [D]

49 *thileab* (taleb) : a lettered man. Every schoolmaster is a taleb, but not every taleb a schoolmaster. Literally a "seeker" (after knowledge). [D] *iomàm* (imam) : a religious functionary in a

mosque, who usually delivers the Friday *khoṭba*, or sermon. [D]

53 : a common Arabic saying – *Kull shi fī yedd Allah*. [D]

55 *dūar* (douar) : a native village. [D]

58 : *el-barud*, or gunpowder, is used as a synonym for warfare. *Yetkellem el-barud* – the powder speaks, war is afoot. [D]

60 *Tiorailliūr* (*Tirailleur*) : a North African infantry soldier. [D]

75 *Čaifir* (Kaffir) : an Unbeliever, a godless man, blasphemer. [D]

83-84 : the Moslem has five obligatory prayer hours a day, and before every prayer he must perform ablutions. The prayer hours are *El Fejr*, or daybreak; *Ed Dhor*, or midday; *El Asr*, half way between midday and sunset; *El Maghrib*, or sunset; *El 'Isha*, when the afterglow has faded from the sky. [D]

86 *İblis* : Satan. [D]

90 *Muaidīn* (Muezzin) : the man who calls the Muslims to prayer with the formula: "Come ye to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep." [D]

94-95 : according to the Moslems Mohammed was the last and greatest of the Prophets, who included Moses (*Mussa*), Abraham (*Ibrahim*) and "our Lord Jesus Son of Mary" (*Sidna Aissa ibn Miriam*). [D]

99 *čaid* : chieftain. *šich* / sheikh : chief.

102 *Rinneadh ionnlaid* (His ablutions were performed) : an Arabic saying of a man who has died. Ablutions are performed before prayer and on the dead. [D]

Note the verse quoted in Source 6, 16r (with 102 drafted on the opposite page):

§ El-mīt – Am Bās : Tawwada – ma silla sh, / hezz qshāshu – ma willa sh.

He made his ablutions – he did not pray / he took away his belongings – cha do thill e.

104-110 : based on a long religious lament by Tunisian oral poet Amor Ben Yūsef (copied out by Hay in transliterated Arabic and French in Source 6, 16). Composed in rhyming double-line paragraphs the poem (or song) is in East Maghreban dialect. It includes the following lines (the translation is from the French):

Sâmur el-qelb sreĵ	towweg dukhkhâna ...
Jâwer Sidi Freĵ	u nsû jeyyâna
Sâmur el-qelb ugedd 'ala bwey hanîni;	
beddel dârhu menjedd-	ma 'âd ijîni
sag erhîla tsegged:	ya horg eknîni
Sâmûri waqqdd	nâri mash'ûla
fâged baba 'l-akbâd	qoffodh merhûla ...
Jâwer nâs eb'âd	wa tegga zûlho.

The hearth of my heart is kindling, it is spewing its smoke ... / Sidi Frej is his abode, his coming (every evening) has been forgotten.

The hearth of my heart is all ablaze for my beloved father; / no more doubt, he has changed house, he will no longer come to me / he has raised camp and gone his way, o burning of my heart.

My hearth is ablaze, its flame burns in me / I have lost the father of his heart's darlings he has packed his belongings ... / He bides among strangers, his shadow has vanished.

111-115 : cf. the following lines from the Ben Yûsef poem (Source 6, 17r-16v; second and third lines also noted in Arabic script inside Source 35 cover):

Lâ temmen chi l-ayyâm	Râhi h'azzâna.
Lâ temmen chi l-ayyâm	Choûma r'orriya
Râhi mouch dâr douâm	Nâsek wîn hiya

Place not your trust in the days they are source of trouble. / Place not your trust in the days they are sinister deceivers, / this world is no lasting abode. See: where are your parents?

124 **Abd al-Cadar** (Abd el-Qader) 1808-1883 A.D. : self-styled Emir of the Faithful, who proclaimed a *Jihad*, or Holy War, against the French shortly after they had captured Algiers. He built a fortress at Takimdent, of which nothing remains today. He fought the French for more than ten years, and finally he was obliged to be continually on the move with a sort of nomad court and capital called his *smala*. The French treated him with generosity, and he came to terms with them in the end. He has descendants alive today. [D]

128 **burnus** (burnous) : a hooded cloak.

131 **a lann Innseanach** : swords wrought of Indian iron are cited by Hay as a common motif of old Arabic poetry, and comparison is drawn with the "Spanish blades" of Gaelic verse (Source 6, 45r).

147 **smala** : see note 124.

148 **Aimîr nan Dîleas** (the Emir (*Ruler*) of the Faithful) : see note 124.

161 **saibhlean siùbhhlach** (moving granaries) : *mtamir er-rahala* – a nomad kenning for flocks. [D]

189 **tâh as-sûr** : "the wall has fallen".

190 **mûr Thakideimt** (the rampart of Takidemt) : see note 124.

192 **Côirneil Iussuf** (Colonel Yussuf) : a European who was seized by the Barbary corsairs, went over to Islam and attained a high position in the Sultan's army. When the French landed he took their side, and captured the fortress of Bone (the barracks there are named after him *Caserne Yussuf*). He subdued the countryside around there in a rather merciless manner. Finally he reached the rank of general. [D]

210 **tobar Zemzem** : "The well of Zemzem is near Mecca, and pilgrims bring back its water which is sprinkled on the dead." [23a]

215 : "Keening is very common at funerals outside the big towns, and sounds pretty terrible. 'Roaring and sighing' a Scots fellow described it once." [23a]

222 : the "witnesses" (*shuahed*) are the two stones, one at the head and one at the feet. [23a]

230 **Deaha** (Jeha) : a popular daft character about whom scores of stories are current. If an Arab messed his work I used to ask him if he was related to Jeha, and that always caused a laugh. [23a]. (Note in Source 13, 2, among various words and expressions (of c.1960): "*You are Jeha!*" when you say something silly.

Harûn na Còrach (Harun er-Rashid, the Just) : the capricious sultan who appears in the 1001 Nights, and is another popular favourite for yarns. [23a]

263-266 : Arabic epigram translated by Hay; entitled in 35+ (38v) : **A Chur Cùram Air Fògradh** ["To Banish Anxiety"].

285 **siomūm** (simoom) : hot suffocating desert wind.

288 : Arabic saying; Hay quotes it in his essay "Poetry In The World Or Out Of It?" (Scottish Art And Letters 3, 52).

314 : In the Iliad, the Greek fleet leaves for Troy from the port of Aulis.

326-329 : from a line by the 6thc. poet Hassân Ibn Tâbit, cited in Brunschwig 1937: 14, to illustrate the *Sarf* metre, and included in Hay's notes from that book (Source 7, 18r); the line is translated : "Nous le boirons pûr et mêlé, puis nous chanterons dans les demeures de marbre" (*We shall drink it straight and mixed, then we shall sing in the marble abodes*).

334 **an Sudân** : former French Sudan, now Mali, south-west of Algeria.

395 **Tuargach** (Touareg) : nomadic Berber people of the Central Sahara region; considered by Arabs as only lukewarm adherents to Islam, its culturally homogenous but politically disparate tribes were organised hierarchically (and matrilinearly) around an aristocratic warrior caste, whose principal activity was the quasi-institutionalised *rezzi* or herding raid (in the manner of the Gaelic *creach*), which included the pillaging (or alternatively the hired protecting) of trans-Saharan trading caravans. European exploratory initiatives into the heart of the Sahara in the course of the 19th century finally led to large-scale colonisation by the French in the early 1900s, and with pacification and the opening up of the Sahara inevitably came the breakdown of traditional Touareg social structure. The tall, veiled Desert Pirate, however, had become a central figure in French literary exoticism.

400 : phrase noted in Source 6, 17v – "Allah yen'al lahiti; gum mallachd Dia m'fheusag."

430-432 : The mountainous **Hoggar** region lies on the Tropic of Cancer, in southern Algeria, in the heart of Touareg country; **Tamanrasset** is an oasis settlement in the Hoggar, and is also the name of a *oued* (river or dried-up river-bed) which runs west into the **Tenezruft**; the latter, one of the Sahara's two expanses of utter barren desolation, separates Touareg country from the territory of the Maures. The **Imusharh** were the aristocratic warrior caste of the Touaregs, feudal overlords who disdained all manual labour (leaving herding and cultivation to the Imrad, their pastoral vassals) and saw their *raison d'être* in their raiding activities.

439 **raspàrs** : included in Hay's contribution to the Historical Dictionary of Gaelic, explained as "overbearing behaviour (Kintail)". Possibly heard from Kintail man Christopher MacRae, a contemporary in Oxford. In Source 12, 2r, however, (c.1962) the word is attributed to Calum Johnston. I have accented in accordance with the pronunciation given by Hay.

442 : presumably "is latha samhraidh fada (air dhol) seachad"; as the relevant page is missing in 57, one cannot be certain at what stage the deletion or omission occurred.

469 : again, with the relevant page gone amiss, we cannot tell if 57 would have shared the 35 reading. The echoing of 1.386 suggests a possible reason for deletion.

471-478 : the precious *tagelmoust* veil, worn by the male Touaregs, and removed only for sleeping.

481 **Sidi Ocba** : 7thc. Islamic general; took part in the conquest of North Africa and attempted to quash Berber resistance; he was killed in battle at Sidi 'Okba, near Biskra, in 683A.D.

564 **Bàrdo Thunais** (the Bardo of Tunis) : palace which served as winter residence to the Beys of Tunisia.

601 **Ya Rabbi, Rabbi!** : "O My Lord, my Lord!"

646-649 : Henri Lhôte, in a detailed study of the Hoggar Touaregs which Hay may just have had access to, states that "for drink they take only water ... and milk; in the last fifty years they have grown accustomed to drinking green tea in the Arab manner, flavouring it with mint or certain aromatic plants of the Hoggar" (see Lhôte 1944: 237).

694 : editor's asterisks; in D this passage runs directly from Omar's narrative, but the sources link it with the Obayd section.

729-30 : see Pindar's 8th Pythian ode, final passage – "We are things of a day. What are we? What are we not? The shadow of a dream is man, no more. But when the brightness comes, and God gives it, there is a shining of light on men, and their life is sweet." [Lattimore 1947, 80]

750-754 : an Arabic riddle quoted by Hay in Source 6, 15r:

[El-qalb]. 'Ala idoqqfi şandûq / ihûm ala el-gherb û esh sherq / mâ yelqâsh emnîn itûq. Il bat dans une caisse / rôde de l'ouest à l'est / et ne trouve pas où sortir.

"[The Heart]. (Thus:) it beats about in a box / goes from west to east / and finds no way out."

794-796 : from Hay's reading of the anthology Poeti Croati Moderni, of which he translated much in the latter months of 1944.

798-820 : Hay tells his mother in 23b :

Here is the next instalment of the well-known pair. I'm afraid Obayd may get a bit sententious, but he must say his piece. ... We'll clearly have to be careful with Obayd, or he'll sound like extracts from MacCheyne's sermons. I've got my eye on him.

804 : cf. among Hay's notes (Source 6, 17v-18r):

Nous considérons le repas comme un véritable contrat "et-ta'am 'ahed". Quand nous avons placé entre nous "le bienfait de Dieu" notre accord est définitif et sacré. "Quand tu veux t'assurer de la fidélité de quelqu'un, souris lui au visage et placez la nourriture entre vous deux" (Dicton) (Khan el-ma u el-meleh; il a trahi l'eau et le sel. Khain hatta el-meleh..).

"We see the meal very much as a contract, "food is a contract". When we have laid out between us "God's bounty", our agreement is certain and sacred. "If you wish to ensure a person's loyalty, smile to his face and put food down between the two of you" (Proverb) (Khan el-ma ... : he betrayed the water and the salt. Betraying even the salt...)."

813-814 : Arabic epigram translated by Hay. 35+ is on f.40r.

842 **alfa** : a species of grass.

846 **Antar** : warrior-poet (fl. 600) who became a hero of popular legend and the subject of a celebrated chivalric romance, the *Sîrat 'Antar*.

847 **gàita** : Maghreban bagpipes.

908-11 : these lines (as well as the "Soillsich!" of l. 905) are italicised in 57 (and D).

953-958 : based on an early 16thc. anonymous Italian poem calling the city of Florence to repentance, and which includes the lines:

O popolo della Italia meschinello,
i' veggo la tua rovina tanto crudele,
che morte chiamerai zucchero e mele.
Se tu sapessi quello che à seguire,
gli uomini desidererbbon di morire

O mean-hearted people of Italy, your fall as I see it will be so terrible that death will be called by you sugar and honey. If you knew what is to befall, even the men would wish to die so as not to witness such barbarity. . .

Hay came across the poem in his reading of Savonarola (see Savonarola 1927: 136), and notes the 'sugar and honey' motif in Source 7, 36.

954-56 : the lines **nìthear nithean ann bhur dùthaich / a chaoidh nach fhaigh sibh as bhur sùilean** appear among the initial drafts for the DÙGHALL section (Source 7, 36v).

961-970 : based on an Arabic riddle, "The New-born Babe", recorded by Hay in Source 6, 15:

Le Nouveau-né.

Ala dhíf, ù frahna bìh / là jùna màshi là ala sâqih / jâna min bled, là trâb fih / ðbahna sha ù el-adhâm fih. / Jâ bi-hedhâna wa stakenn [?] / qâd bi-hedhâna wa staken.

C'est un hôte à qui nous avons fait fête / he hasn't come walking on his legs / come from a country where there is no earth / we have sacrificed for him a ewe and eggs / he came to our side and rested in peace / he settled at our side and put himself in security.

1048 **Saghuan** : Jebel Zaghouen, mountain south of Tunis.

1049 *etc.* : see appendix for plan and drafts of DÙGHALL section in Source 7.

1049-80 : possibly an earlier independent lyric, listed as SA MHADUINN BADAR CADAL S DÙISG in Listing 35.

1110-25 : see draft 5 in appendix.

1174-75 : 7b has the following marginal notes:

The sea: a bhuidseach an aodainn phreasaich na foille
àilleag nan geas 's nan ceudan cruth cho seanaghlic ris na cnuic.

1194-99 : 7d consists of the following isolated draft:

ròshluagh marcshluagh
am Bàs geal air steudaibh glasa
cìrein nan stuadh le ruathar []
mór fhainge mhór. . . .

1207-20 : note the following plan for this lyric in 7b:

Darling where the wee burn trickles out from hazels through mol and sand; be satisfied with it my child, where you sailed your wee boat and baited your first hook. The din and heat of foreign ports, the long strands weary with heat, fo lunn mall a' chuain mhóir leave an empty chair and a sore heart.

marg: Bì gu m'mhiann, na géill do'n fhiabhras

1221-61 : this page was probably mislaid after Hay decided to send AN DUINE AGUS AN COGADH (*i.e.* ll. 1221-51) to Gairm. After the publication of MOCHTÀR Hay attempted to reconstruct or rewrite the passage (see draft 10 in Appendix 2).

1252-55 : I have taken these lines from the fragments in Source 7 (see draft [1] in Appendix 2), as there are no extant copies of the complete, finalised conclusion to the poem (see preceding note); I have also taken the liberty of altering the first line to concord with Hay's translation.

ATMAN

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 12v-13 (1945?).
 P10 : Comhar (Eanáir 1946), 3.
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 132v+130v (1946?).
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 11-13 (1952).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 102-03 (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 46-48 (1974).
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 128-131 (1976).

DATE : 35 ("Nocera [Italy] 11.8.44").

15 **Debel Iussuf** : Sliabh Ioseph [P10]; beinn an dùthaich Aildirì [C].

36 **Mondovì** : baile beag margaidh san Ailgèir [P10].

41 **Sidna Aissa** : ar Tighearn Ìosa [C]. Our Lord Jesus; to the Moslems Jesus was one of the prophets [21].

AN T-EÒLAS NACH CRUTHAICH

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 41 (1944-45).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 39 (1944-45 ?).
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 137v (1946?).
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 16-17. (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 48-49. (1974).

DATE : from letter to Catherine Hay of 29/11/44 (cf. PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE).

6 **gràdaibh** : "degrees", tomhas teas agus fuachd [C]; the word is marked obsolete in Dwelly.

CÒMHRADH AN ALLDAIN

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 32-33 (1944).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 27-28 (1944?). b 29-30 (1947?). Page missing.
 c 31-34 (1946?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 41-45 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 4-7. (1983?).
 P2 : Alba, 27-29 (1948).
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 4-9. (1952).

DATE : 35 ("31/10/44. Villa Morese [Italy]").

7-14 : rivers in Algeria, Tunisia and in southern Italy. The following details are given in Source C: **Hamiz, Harrais, Safsaf, Seabùs, Buidima, Meidearda, Remel** : aibhnichean an Aifric mu Thuath (an Aildirì is an Tùnaisi). **Cruimiri** : ceann-dùthcha an Tùnaisi. **Sgiogda (Skikda no Philippeville), Constantina** : bailtean an dùthaich Aildirì. **Picentino, Forni, Irno, Sele** : aibhnichean deas air Salerno san Eadailt. **Lìri** : abhainn fo Chassino, eadar Napol is an Ròimh.

19-20 : note the fragment in Source 7, 56v : **na clachan beaga 'ga choiteachadh gu scinn**.

65 : ceòl nan Sìrein a chuala Uillseas [C]. The sirens' music heard by Ulysses.

30 **canntaireachd** : cantering, vocalised pipe-music.

71 **Là Lùnaid** : "Lugh's Day", August 1.

81 : two of the variations in a pibroch.

86 **am Feasgaran** : seirbhis fheasgair na h-Eaglaise Caitligich (*Vespers* sa' Bheurla). [C].

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ED IO RIMASI AD ODORAR LE FOGLIE

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 34 (1944-'45).
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 153v (1946?).
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 10 (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 45 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 10 (1983).

DATE : 35 ("12.11.44").

t : seanfhacal Eadailteach / an Italian proverb. [C].

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AT THE QUAYSIDE

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 34-35. (1944).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (with letter of 27/8/46).
 P? : unidentified periodical; cutting in Source 1, 3v (2/10/1946).
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 16-17 (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 82 (1970).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 16-17. (1982?).

DATE : 35 ("16/11/44").

23-24 : annotated in 30 – *Les promontoires fantômes sur leur écume accroupis. (The ghost promontories crouched on their froth.)*

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PRÌOSAN DHA FHÉIN AN DUINE?

SOURCES: 23 : NLS MS 26748, 6 (letter of 29/11/44).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 39 (1945 ?)
 35 : NLS MS 14967, 35 (1944-45).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 38-39 (1947).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 105-107 (1970).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 24-26 (1974).

DATE : 23 and 35 ("23.11.44").

Hay tells his mother in 23:

Here is the Gaelic poem I sent to Crombie S [*Saunders, editor of Scottish Art And Letters*] along with the English one. As you'll see, this poem, Atman and "Knowledge That Does Not Create" are really a group, and their ideas all lie in the same direction. But there's no harm in their being published separately, especially as there may be one or two more on this theme, or themes related to it.

Let me know if it strikes you as sermonising in tone or not. It's impossible for me to tell, and sermonising or moralising is a deadly trap to fall into.

41-44 : note the following quote from the German Romantic writer Novalis in Source 7, 3: "Gli uomini non sono limitati da nient' altro che dalle opinioni" [*Men are limited by nothing other than their opinions*]. Novalis featured among Hay's reading in the latter months of 1944.

BISEARTA

SOURCES: 35 : NLS MS 14967, 40v (1945).
 F : Modern Scottish Poetry, 78-79 (1946).
 C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 39-40 (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 68-69 (1974).
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 122-25 (1976).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 39-40 (1983)

DATE: 35 ("16.1.45"). But C "1943", and 21 "Bòne 1943".

The poem undoubtedly assumed its final form in Italy. Hay inscribed in 33: "Meadrachd Eadailteach seo. The metre of the Gaelic is the metre of an Italian medieval religious poem", of which he gives a verse. Slightly misquoted after 35 years, it is the opening of *Pro Itinerantibus* by the 15thc. Dominican preacher (and Florentine civic leader) Girolamo Savonarola:

In su quell' aspro Monte,
 Dove contempla la Magdalena
 Andian con dolci canti
 E con la mente santa e serena, . . . (Savonarola 1927: 53)

[*Up this arduous mountain, Where contemplates the Mary Magdalene, Let us go with hymns, And in a mind saintly and serene.*]

Savonarola's poems were read by Hay in late 1944 (Source 37, letter of 20/12/44, and Source 7, 58v reading list) and the above lines are quoted several times in his notes on poetic technique (Source 7, 12v-16v), with more extensive quotes in Source 6.

t : Tunisia was trapped in Allied-German cross-fire in the last months of the North African campaign (Nov. '42-May '43) with the last of the German resistance based around Bizerta and Tunis.

For six uneasy months German command and French administration co-existed, while Tunisian towns and villages were bombed in a war which Tunisians could not by any stretch of the imagination regard as their own. (Calvocoressi 1989: 394).

1-4 : note fragment in Source 7, 56v, possibly pre-dating adoption of the Italian metre:

Chunnaic mi'n dreòs san oidhche air faire ag crathadh a sgiathan s a' ruagadh nan /reul > rionnag/ làimh ris.

F includes a Scots version composed by Hugh MacDiarmid at Maurice Lindsay's behest.

AN LAGAN

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 36 (1945).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 42-43 (1947).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 29-31 (1974).

DATE : 35 ("Pastena [Italy] 11.2.45"). But the first section of the poem dates (or originates) from 1937 (see Listings 3 and 35, CÓ CHUNNAIC AN LAGAN DÌOMHAIR).

† : the inspiration of the initial poem was Seanlagan (SSS, 3/10/80).

7-8 : Hay twice mentions the Fenian associations of Sliabh Gaoil in articles: it is the hill "where Diarmaid was killed by the magic boar" (Grand Stravaig, 340) and "where Grainne heard the ominous cry of the heron on the morning of the day that Diarmaid was killed there" (A Turn On The Hill, 260).

BEINN IS MACHAIR

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 30v-31 (1945).
 C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 14-15 (1952).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 14-15 (1983).

DATE : 35 ("Pastena [Italy] 12.2.45").

37-54 : note the following verse on an Italian pattern, drafted in the latter months of 1944 (Source 7, 16r):

[Troimh > Tha/ uisge geal an àtha,
 s e gàireachdaich 's a' boillsgeadh,
 glan drithleannach mar sgàthan
 fonn gàirdeachais gun fhoill ann
 na's càirdeile na [n del.] doimhne
 a chunnairt dhoill 's e tosdach
 na smuain, a ghaoil, a thomhas
 's gach glomhar

marg: ceud glomhar innt' air fosgladh
 ceud sloc nach tomhais——
 Donn, dall, domhain, sàmhach
 a' snàgail fo na bruaichean

(The model was an anonymous Italian hymn of c.1500, see Savonarola 1927: 123, or verse quoted in Source 7).

CLANN ADHAIMH

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, 44v (1945).
 P23 : Poetry Scotland 3, 33. (1946).
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 20 (1947).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 10 (1974).

DATE : 35 ("16.2.45").

The poem echoes the theme of the Ship of Fools (of Sebastian Brant's long satirical poem *Das Narrenschiff* of 1494). Hay would also have been aware of the two satirical poems by the Bard MacIntyre in the Book of the Dean of Lismore, describing a mysterious ship of drunken, wanton women (see Watson 1937: 218-233; my thanks to Prof. W. Gillies for the reference).

IS E CRÌOCH ÀRAIDH

SOURCES : 35 : NLS MS 14967, .29v-30 (1945).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 36-37 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 22-24 (1974).

DATE : all ("18.2.45").

CASAN SÌODA A' FREAGAIRT

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 1 (1945-46).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 48-49 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 36-37 (1974).

DATE : 36 ("25.2.45").

28 : note extra verse in 36:

Tha bean nam poit an conas rium s cha b'e mo chomain diù e.
Is mi ghlanas diù na truinnseirean, s i fhéin 'gan cur fo m'smigeid.
Is tric a thog i iad mar dh'fhàg mi iad, s a chàrn i orra 'n dinneir,
gun uiread is a h-aparan dhol thairis orra idir.

The woman with the pots quarrels with me, which is hardly what she owes me. It's me cleans up the dishes for her, as she sticks them under my nose. Often has she picked them up exactly as I left them, and piled on the dinner without so much as a wipe of her apron. MB

32 na Dàin : Sorley MacLean's collection Dàin do Eimhir agus Dàin Eile, published in 1943, and received by Hay in February '44. (Source 37). Craobh Nan Teud : title of a long poem in MacLean's book dedicated to Hay.

41-44 : this verse and the date can be read through the pasted page, at the back of verse 1.

NA TUINN RIS NA CARRAIGEAN

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, a 2 b 44 (1945).
P14 : An Gàidheal XLI/4 (Faoil. 1946), 35.
22 : NLS MS 26746, 128v (c. 1946?).
P30 : Scottish Art And Letters 4 (Aut. 1949), 25.
C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 18 (1952).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 50 (1974).

DATE : from context 36 (and absence from Listings 35).

AN T-ÒIGEAR A' BRUIDHINN O'N ÙIR

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 3 (1945?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 27-28 (1974).
 P14 : An Gàidheal XL/11 (Lùn. 1945), 87.
 A : Fuaran Sléibh, 40-41 (1947).
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 126-29 (1976).

DATE: P14 ("30/3/45").

MEFTAH BABKUM ES-SABAR ?

SOURCES: 36 : NLS MS 14968, 3v-4 (c.1945).
 42 : NLS Acc. 7980/43, letter of 24/8/46.
 P27 : Scots Independent 257 (Jan 1948), 2. Unattributed.
 C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 22-25 (1952)
 K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 132-37 (1976).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 54-56 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 22-23. (1983)

DATE: 36 ("Salerno [Italy] mìos a' Mhàigh 45").

5-7 : cf. "Ya qalbi, 'alesh etkhemmem? Mektub 'andhu mzemmem. (My heart, why be anxiously thinking? He has your lot written and stored up for you)." North African Arabic saying noted in Source 6, 17v, and included (with translation) in draft of The Dancers at Ras El Hamra (Source 22, 19).

9-10 : cf. among Hay's notes in Source 6 (17v):

Dans les couches laborieuses de la population le [*sic*] croyance est ferme en cette "part de bien" (*rizq*) que la Providence attribue à tout homme. (Qasmek ma' khialek u ajlek, wain temshi mohadhinek; ta part avec ton ombre et l'heure de ta mort, où tu vas [*sic*], sont à ton côté.)

[In the labouring strata of the population there is a firm belief in that "portion of goods"...which Providence allots to every man. (Qasmek.etc. ; your portion, with your shadow and your hour of death, wherever you go, are at your side).]

11-14 : the North African poem on which this is based is in Source 6, 19v:

Wa Quila fi Es-Sabir (and it is said of patience):
 Bena Allah le-l-akhiara baitan samawuhu,
 momum wa ahzanu wa hiyatanuhu edh-dhor;
 wa edkhalahum fihi wa eghlaqa (eghlafa?) babahu,
 wa qala lehum "Miftahu bikum es-sabru".

He built a house for us of which the walls are affliction and evil, and entered us in and shut the door, and said to us "The key of your door is patience". (Meftah babkum es-sabr).

37 **an Ioslam** : glossed in Source C, with additional expression "*dâr Islam*: taigh na h-Ioslaim, na tìrean Arabach."

41-42 : my thanks to Dr. Thomas Clancy for bringing to my attention an entry in the Annals of Tigernach for c.625 A.D. (see Revue Celtique XVII, 178):

Mongan mac Fiachna Lurgan, ab Artuir filio Bicoir Britone lapide percussus interit.
Unde Bec Boirche dixit:

Is uar in gáeth dar Ile,
dofuil oca i Cìnd tire,
dogena[t] gnim amnus de,
mairbfit Mongan mac Fiachnae."

Mongan, son of Fiachna Lurgan, was struck with a stone by Arthur, Bicoir's son, a [north] Briton, and perished. And hence Bec Boirche said: "The wind blows cold over Islay; there are youths approaching in Kintyre: They will do a cruel deed thereby, they will slay Mongan, son of Fiachna. (A O Anderson: Early Sources Of Scottish History I, 147-48).

Hay's quote may be based on an erroneous interpretation of "dofuil oca".

46 : very probably a conscious echo of 'cluinneamaid annas do làimhe', a phrase used, it seems, as a formal invitation to a bard to declaim (see the Blind Piper's *Cumha Choire 'n Easa* and the account of Iain Lom's burial, Watson 1918: 3225+note). Hay himself used the expression in a short story of 1944, *Fo Chraoibh Orainse*).

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TILLEADH UILÈISEIS

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 4v-5, 43v-44 (1945-46).
A : Fuaran Sléibh, 44-45 (1947).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 31-34 (1974).

DATE : 36 ("Salerno [Italy] 23.5.45").

36 does not indent ll.1 4 7; 21 indents 1.25, (by mistake?).

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AR BLÀR CATHA

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 5v-7 (1945).
P36 : The Voice Of Scotland II/3 (Mar 1946), 2-5.
22 : NLS MS 26746, 162v-161v (1946?).
C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 26-29. (1952).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 57-60 (1974).
33 : NLS MS 26784, 26-27 (1983).

DATE : 36 ("2.12.45 Perugia [Italy]").

Note the following from *THE FREEDOM OF EUROPE Is That England's War Aim?* , an article by Hay published in the Scots Independent of December 1942:

Several generations of Scotsmen have fought and pioneered to gain those "colonies and dependencies", and on some few individual Scots they have conferred benefits. But on Scotland as a nation they have brought depopulation and casualty lists, wars and far-off distractions and neglect at home; and it is as a nation that we think today....

We have helped to enslave others for long, and in doing so have come near to enslaving ourselves. We have won dependencies, and reduced our own land to a place among them. We have sweated to develop Africa and Asia and have hewn farms from the forests of Canada, leaving Assynt and the Gorbals, the bracken-covered townships and the vennels, to become a shame and a danger to us as a nation. **We are going to give up such folly.**

13-14 : In 1631 Mackay troops were taken by the 1st Lord Reay to fight in the Thirty Years' War with the Protestant army of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Scots mercenaries had long been part of the Royal Household Guard of France, and their status in the *Maison du Roi* was formalised by Louis XIV; Jacobite regiments were also recruited to the French army under Louis XV.

13-20, 30-41 : these passages are not indented in 21, but I have retained the form published in C, which better signals the varying metrics of the poem.

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FORERUNNERS

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 7v (1946).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of 27/8/46.
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 145v (1946?).
 B : Wind on Loch Fyne, 15. (1948).
 P17 : Morningside Mirror (Oct 1968), 3. One verse only.
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 81 (1970).

DATE : 36 ("Καβούρι [Greece] 9.1.46").

Note the poem *AN RÉALT AONARAC* in Source 2, 37v (late 1930s):

The solitary star, convenient to the dawn,
 that heralds the light to come in no uncertain way,
 proclaims to night the midday sun – thereupon,
 the shadows vanquished, yields to approaching day.

Absorbed in the dawning rays they professed,
 lost in the later light, in seams astrae,
 how many profet souls have justified
 the prognostications they made concerning the day.

In meive dóinnall ó dóinnail

.....

GREY ASHES

SOURCES : 8 : NLS MS 26731, 4r (1946). Three lines only.
 36 : NLS MS 14968, 8v (1946).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, letter of 27/8/46.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 28 (1948).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 79 (1970).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 28 (1982).

DATE : 36 ("10.1.46").

.....

THE WHITE LIGHT. . . .

SOURCES: 36 : NLS MS 14968, 7v-8 (1946).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 26 (letter to Catherine Hay of 13/1/46).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 30-31 (1982?)
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 30-31 (1948).
 P23 : Poetry Scotland 4, 37-38 (1949).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 92-93 (1970).

DATE: 36 ("Καβούρι, στὴν Ἀττικὴ [Greece] 10.1.46"); 20 ("Dear Mum, here's another of our latest...").

1-8 : written as four long lines in 36.
 5 *Hymettus* : mountain in Attica, east of Athens.

OOOR JOCK

SOURCES : [8 : NLS MS 26731, 4r (1946). Five lines only.]
 36 : NLS MS 14968, 9 (1946). Eight lines only remain.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 25 (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 88 (1970).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 25 (1980s).

DATE : 36 ("Kavouri [Greece] 12.1.46").

8 consists of the following fragments (cf. ll. 13 3 4 30):

Life's nae lang eneuch for [hurryin marg: rinmin] –
 Life's nae lang eneuch for mumlin
 Breangin oot and stertin ben
 lik a paper man in a breee o win'.
 Life's nae lang eneuch for greetin.

KAILYARD AND RENAISSANCE

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 9-10 (1946). Four extra lines.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 26-28 (1948).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 26-28 (1980s).

DATE : 36 ("Kavouri [Greece] 13.1.46").

44-45 : the following lines are added in 36:

Scotland mine, kind fate defend her
 frae the like o draggin' Spender;
 but soop her clean, as wert, o asses
 biggin Kailyairds on Parnassus!

ACHMHASAIN

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 12. (1946).
 38 : NLS Acc.6419/ 101 (2). (1946).
 P27 : Scots Independent 236 (April 1946), 5.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 118 (1946?, revised c.1969). b 94 (1969).
 53 : Neill MSS (Feb. 1969). See Catalyst 2/2 (Spring 1969), 4.
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 77-78. (1974).

DATE : 36 ("3.2.46 Καβάλλα [Greece]"); 45 ("A' Ghréig 1946").

11 *measan* : "Perhaps you had better gloss *messan*. It is a Gaelic word, borrowed by Scots, and means a lap-dog or a pet dog." [53].

STILL GYTE, MAN?

SOURCES : [8 : NLS MS 26731, 4r. (1946). Two lines only.]
 36 : NLS MS 14968, 13v-14. (1946).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a, with letter of 27/8/'46.
 B : Wind on Loch Fyne, 29. (1948).
 P23 : Poetry Scotland 4, 34. (1949).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 83. (1970).

DATE : 36 ("Kavalla 30.3.46").

8 has only: Stude I in yere claes – Gang sornan kindness at her dure.

ESTA SELVA SELVAGGIA

[This Savage Wood]

SOURCES: 8 : NLS MS 26731, a 4 b 25v-26 (1946).
 36 : NLS MS 14968, 40v-43 + 37v (1946).
 P30 : Scottish Art And Letters 3 (Spring 1947), 16-19.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 20-24 (1948).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 20-24 (c.1983)

DATE : context 36, and Source 8, 23v ("12.4.46 Esta Selva Selvaggia to Crombie Saunders for Scottish Art and Letters").

The embryonic draft 8a runs as follows:

We have seen yesterday – seen it pass among the shellbursts, headlines blasted away,
 explained away. Regret, relief. Guess at tomorrow fearful hope (might not come) angry
 fear. Where is today Fiction, midnight moment (last night) tomorrow morning Bridge
 over Irno a father tries to peddle his daughter's body. Greek kids round workhouse
 Frenchmen at Amiens Arab-Kabyle hunger hatred fleas hop on August pavement Harmony
 Now tomorrow is it or yesterday?

Ask the old men

But can they say?

Haus kaput capito?

Ask yourself and will your way

familie in Thütringen, in Russische Gebiet

αντάρτης [resistance fighter]

Αγγλικό σκυλί, σκυλί, σκυλί [English dog, dog, dog]

Yesterday made them, they wrote an end to yesterday in blood and pacts and protocols

Yesterday? We saw it die / among the shellbursts in the sky
to a chorus of headlines tartan of tracers, pale with flares
Mankind has looked deep into its own heart, & is shuddering still—
Italian airman – Voilà ce que vous avez [marg. tu as] fait?
"un secondo di differenza..."
a little electricity applied to the softer parts, eh?

At Piedimonte d'Alife – She'd poisoned them – had the strength to use his Luger. . . .
Wean falls and has to be lifted. . . . they're so weak, i poverini

t : from Dante's *Inferno*. [B]. See Canto 1, 4-6: "Ahi quanto a dir qual era è cosa dura / esta selva selvaggia e aspra e forte / che nel pensier rinnova la paura." ("Ah, how painful it is to speak of this wood, so savage and harsh and brutal, and the very thought of which rekindles my fear.")

29 **Bou Arâda** : town in north Tunisia, 70 km s-west of Tunis.

33 **Bofors** : anti-aircraft gun.

35 : "Bastard, there's what you've done!"

41 **Folgore** : an Italian division, destroyed in Africa, reformed as the Nuova Folgore to fight against the Germans in Italy. [P23, B].

43 **Ostia!** : "(by the Sacred) Host!" [B].

46 **I Fridolin** : Italian nickname for the Germans. [B]

53 : "Damn it! These native gentlemen. . ."

60 **Fransâwi** : A Frenchman. [B]

65-86 : this passage is in the *terzina* rime scheme of Dante's entire *Commedia* (aba bcb cdc etc.).

66 **Capo D'Orso** : a promontory on the north-east tip of Sardegna weathered in the silhouette of a bear. Hay's glossed alteration in 30 to "Capo D'Orzo" presumably reflects local pronunciation.

84 **Perduta gente** : the "lost people" of Dante's *Inferno*. Cf. the Gaelic "Cho caillte ris an Diabhul"—as lost as the devil. [P23, B]. See *Inferno*, Canto 3, 1-3 : "Per me si va nella città dolente, / per me si va ne l'eterna dolore, / per me si va tra la perduta gente. . ." ("Through me is the way into the city of sorrows, through me the way into pain eternal, through me the way among the lost and damned...").

93 **Poverinil** : poor wee things! [B]

95-97 : "House fucked - house finished - fucked - got it? - family. Everything's fucked. Got it?"

101-103 : cf. the following noted down in Source 7, 12r:

El-kebâr y 'amlu el-harb, mush i enha. Fi-sh-shâm keînn kullhum ki-wahed.
(Hussein Dey [by Algiers]). Noi siamo ignoranti, e non abbiamo voluto la guerra.
Sono stati i signori a farla. I signori sono istruiti, non vogliono star tranquilli . . .
(Sant Antonio). Se dichiarano la guerra ancora una volta i popoli dovrebbero
ammazzare i governi ed' abbracciarsi . . . (Salerno).

The big shots make war, it'll never end. In wickedness [?] they are all as one. (tr. Y.Dutton).

We're uneducated folk, and we never wanted war. It's the masters who got into it. The masters are educated, they won't stay quiet . . . If they declare war one more time, the people should kill off their governments and embrace each other.

102-108 : I pezzi grossi : the big knobs. [B] gros bonnets : ditto el-kebâr bass : only the great. [B] Halûfl : pig! [B] Βουλγαρικό σκυλί! (Boulgarikó skulí) : Bulgarian dog! [B] Cretini 'e merdal : filthy cretins! [B] Βρωμεροί (Bromeroí) : stinkers! [B] Τὰ Μακαρόνια (Tá Makarónia) : the Macaronis. [B] N'âd dîn bâbak! : curse the faith of your father! [P23] salauds : bastards. Jene Scheissherm! : Shits, all of them!

104-109 : note, in a letter of 7/3/45 (Source 37):

The most depressing thing of all is this. You meet individual Frenchmen and Arabs, and individual Italians and Greeks who are charming, or fine men, or put it how you like. You become friends with them, exchange addresses and so on – you know "*Après la guerre vous devez faire une visite chez moi. C'est obligatoire ça*", or "*Ba'd et trad lâzem tîz 'allna, ya khîya*", or "*Verrai vederli dopo la guerra, nevvero?*" or "*Μετά τόν πόλεμον θά φιλοξενῶ σε στο σπίτι*" I can hear them all saying it. Then you observe that the Frenchman loathes the Arab and detests the Italian, that the Arab hates the Italian and the Frenchman, that the Italian thinks the Arabs are animals while the Greek has it in for the Italian. "*Je ne peux pas les voir, ces Macaronis-là*", "*Non possiamo vederli, quei Francesi. Ce l'hanno con moi!*" Yet all the individuals are too damned good to get knocked over the head for the sake of old feuds. It's very distressing.

English xenophobia (108-109) he had already remarked on (3/5/44):

I can't imagine a more cosmopolitan place than the seaboard of North Africa. You have to study people individually and figure out what they are... You certainly find a vast number of pleasant people wherever you go, though curiously enough the average English soldier in his ignorance seems to find nothing but crowds of "dirty bastards", who are much inferior to him in every respect, wherever his masters order him to go.

TRUAIGHE NA H-EÒRPA

- SOURCES:**
- 22 : NLS MS 26746, 128v (1946?).
 - P36 : The Voice Of Scotland 3/1 (Sep. 1946), 16-17.
 - P14 : An Gàidheal XLV/3, 46. (Màirt 1950).
 - C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 19 (1952).
 - 21 : NLS MS 26745, 51-52 (1974).
 - K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 122-23 (1976).
 - 33 : NLS MS 26784, 19 (1983).

DATE : derived from absence of any mention before Listings 8, and from thematic link with *ESTA SELVA SELVAGGIA*.

AN T-IASGAIR

- SOURCES :**
- 26 : NLS MS 26767, ix (1946?). Three lines only.
 - 36 : NLS MS 14968, 21v (1946).
 - 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (letter of 27/8/46).
 - 22 : NLS MS 26746, 136v (1946?).
 - P14 : An Gàidheal, XLII/1 (Dàmh. 1946), 6.
 - 20 : NLS MS 26744, 35 (1947?).
 - C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 30 (1952).
 - P17 : Morningside Mirror (Spring 1972), 20.
 - 21 : NLS MS 26745, 61 (1974).
 - 33 : NLS MS 26784, 30 (1983??).

DATE : 37 ("An Tairbeart Chainntreach, Mìos Lùnaid 1946"), C, 20.

13 a **dhuine** : this ordinary phrase may have had a special resonance for Hay, being one of the Gaelic expressions commonly heard in Tarbert English (see word-list, NLS MS 26747, 1).

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THE FISHERMAN

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 19v-20r (1946).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 35 (1947?).
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 15 (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 80 (1970).

DATE : 36 ("Tarbert, August '46"), 20. (Source 30: "from my own Gaelic").

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BLOIGH EADAILTEACH

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 39 (1946).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 48 (1946?) b 126 (1975?).
 P1 : Akros 11/31 (Aug 1976), 8.

DATE : context 7.

The piece is based on lines 31-33 of Petrarch's First Sestina (Le Rime XXII):

Con lei foss'io da che si parte il sole
 e non ci vedess' altri che le stelle,
 sol una notte, e mai non fosse alba.

rendered by Hay (in his version of the Sestina published in Wind On Loch Fyne):

Were I but with her from the setting sun,
 and nothing else to see us but the stars,
 one night, one night never to know a dawn!

The Fragment may have been considered for inclusion in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL, as its first extant appearance (7) is among drafts for that poem from 1946.

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TLACHD IS MISNEACH

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 21v-22r (1946).
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 136v (1946?).
 C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 31-32 (1952).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 62-63 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 31-32 (1983).

DATE : 36 ("An Tairbeart, Mios Lùnaisd '46"); also 33.

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PLEASURE AND COURAGE

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 19 (1946).
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 18-19. (1948).
 J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 85 (1970).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 18-19 (c.1983).

DATE : 36 ("Tarbert, August '46").

As implied by the title in 30 (and stated explicitly in footnote) this is an adaptation of TLACHD IS MISNEACH.

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STOC IS FAILLEANAN

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 21r-20v (1946).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (letter of 15/9/46).
 P14 : An Gàidheal XLII/3 (Dùbhl. 1946), 38.
 C : O Na Ceithir Airdean, 33-34 (1952).
 P17 : Morningside Mirror (March 1968), 4.
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 63-64 (1974).
 33 : NLS MS 26784, 33 (1983).

DATE : 37 ("The thing I am sending you herewith was written in Gaelic three days ago, then in English the day after").

33 appends "Do Tholl a' Cheiligh", and Source 32 is annotated: "Ghearr iad na craobhan uile aig Toll a' Cheiligh etc. ?".

3-4 : note in Source 7, 56v, among a list of poetic ideas (c.1945):
 Cha n-fhaic thu 'n stoc aig lìonmhoireachd nam fiùran uime.

.....

OLD STUMP AND YOUNG SHOOTS

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 22v-23 (1946).
 37 : NLS Acc.6419/38a (letter of 15/9/46).
 P19 : New Alliance and SCOTS REVIEW 7/7 (Oct. 1946), 7.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 33 (1948).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 93 (1970).

DATE : 36 ("Tarbert 14.ix.46"); 37 (see STOC IS FAILLEANAN).

As indicated in 37, B and J, this is a version from the Gaelic.

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SCOTS ARCADIA

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 23 (1946).
 P36 : The Voice Of Scotland, III/3 (Mar 1947), 17.
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 2-3 (1948).
 J : Four Points of a Saltire, 91 (1970).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 2-3 (c.1983).
 15 : NLS MS 26739, 10r (1983). One verse only.

DATE : 36 ("Sunday 22.ix.46").

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WE ABIDE FOR EVER

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 23v-24 (1946).
 P19 : New Alliance and SCOTS REVIEW 8/6 (Oct. 1947), 95.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 25 b 57 (1946?)
 P27 : Scots Independent 74 (May 1977), 8.

DATE : 36 ("Tarbert October '46").

30 : the line refers to two poems (both "To Hugh MacDiarmid") featured in Source F (Hay's copy of which, NLS MS 26776, bears indignant underlinings). In the one poem, G.S. Fraser takes MacDiarmid to task for his Celticist concerns:

What a race has is always crude and common,
 And not the human or the personal;
 I would take sword up only for the human,
 Not to revive the broken ghosts of Gael.

This last phrase riled. Hay not only quotes it here, but also in his contribution to a series *The Scotland I'd like to see*, in the New Scot II/10 (Nov. '46), where he writes:

We want a Scotland where there is no rotten and rotting defeatism about the Highlands, where no poet can talk of "the broken ghosts of Gael" and where our Gaelic heritage is not left to moulder in obscurity. The Gael is not broken, nor is his culture a dying culture, sorely though it has been tried, and here is the answer in Gaelic to the premature bewailers of his disappearance: . . . (MEFTAH BÂBKUM ES-SABAR?, ll. 22-26.)

The second poem is a warmer tribute by Maurice Lindsay:

. . . Foreigners see our country veiled in romance,
 a land where savages robbed and roved in clans;
 our people, slow, unwilling to advance,
 soft-spoken Gaelic ghillies ...
 You have put that contemptuous nonsense back in its place,
 and are no longer concerned with the rotting shielings
 and the dreary, crumbling dust of a vanished race;. . .

The offending phrases were cited again by Hay in another defiant apologia, *Gael Warning*:

We haven't noticed it, but can it really be so? Are we doomed or dying out, the broken
 ghosts of a vanished race? [Scots Review, 8/7 (Nov. '47), 104].

.....

UNA PIÙ CRUDEL DEL MARE (*Orlando Innamorato*)
One More Cruel Than The Sea

SOURCES : 36 : NLS MS 14968, 24v (1946).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 53 (1940s?).
P19 : New Alliance And SCOTS REVIEW 7/9 (Dec. 1946), 11.
10 : NLS MS 26734, 39r (1981).

DATE : 36 ("above Seanlagan October '46").

† : from the 1768 reworking by Francesco Berni of Matteo Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato* (late 15thc. chivalrous epic), read by Hay in July 1945, and from which he noted some lines in Source 7, 23r. (This line is from Book I Canto XXIX, verse 6). I have dropped all reference to Boiardo in the title, since his original text is substantially different from Berni's version (Boiardo's dame is more cruel than a bear... see Book I. XXIX. 4).

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THE TWO NEIGHBOURS

SOURCES: 36 : NLS MS 14968, 26v-27r (1946).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 69 (1946-47?).
P17 : Life And Letters 56/127 (Mar 1948), 215.
H : Oxford Book Of Scottish Verse, 299 (1966).

DATE : 36 ("4.xi.'46").

This poem was to have been included in Wind On Loch Fyne, but it was taken out by Hay in view of impending publication in Life And Letters, and to make room for SEEKER REAPER. (NLS Acc. 5000/ 448, and letter from Catherine Hay to F G Scott). The poem was set to music by F G Scott.

† : 36 notes in brackets: "MacCaig and Calum". Archibald MacCaig and Calum Johnson worked at the ring-net fishing as "neighbours" (i.e. as a boat pair). Hay worked on Calum's boat *Liberator* most Septembers in the 1930s, during vacations; MacCaig's boat was the *Seònaid*. (See Martin 1984: 56). Calum Johnson died on 25/4/1944.

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NA CASAN AIR TÌR

SOURCES : C : Q Na Ceithir Airdean, 43 (1952).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 70 (1974).
33 : NLS MS 26784, 43 (1983).

DATE : Although 33 has "An Tairbeart '46", the absence of the poem from both Source 36 and Listings 8 suggests 1947-'48 as a more likely date.

7 **gealbhan** : the normal word for a hearth-fire in Tarbert Gaelic, according to Hay, "teine" being used of bigger conflagrations (SSS, 14/5/79).

29 **crann-céile** : used in the 16thc. poem *Caismeachd Ailean nan Sop* (see Sinclair 1898: 24-26, where the term is glossed as 'helm').

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ARDLAMONT

SOURCE : B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 3 (1948).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 91 (1970).

DATE : the absence of any other sources suggests that this was one of the late additions to the WLF manuscript, sent to the publisher in October '47.

FAIRE

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 46-47 (1947).
C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 35-36 (1952).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 96-7 (1970).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 64-66 (1974).
[33 : NLS MS 26784, 35-36 (1983).]

DATE : 20 ("20.viii.47"); C ("Lochgilphead 1947" – where Hay was hospitalised in November '46).

33 bears the dedication: *Do Chalum MacIain* ("For Calum Johnson").

See the related lyric *A' Bhean A' Bruidhinn* in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL.

THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN

SOURCES : P12 : Evening Dispatch (16/10/47), 4.
B : Wind on Loch Fyne, 9 (1948).
P23 : Poetry Scotland 4, 36 (1949).
P17 : Morningside Mirror (Feb 1969), 7.
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 77 (1970).
[10 : NLS MS 26734, front cover (1982). 2 vv.]
[5 : NLS MS 26728, 37v (1982). As 10.]
20 : NLS MS 26744, a 163r (1982) 5vv. b 163v (1983?) 2vv.
30 : NLS MS 26778, 9 (c.1983).
15 : NLS MS 26739, 3r-4. (1983). Eight verses.

DATE : From the complete absence of references, it is most unlikely that the poem long pre-dates its first published appearance; in October '47 Hay twice sent additional material for Wind On Loch Fyne to Oliver&Boyd, probably including this poem (see NLS Acc. 5000/448).

The poem was set to music by F G Scott.

† : phrase jotted in Source 7, 24r, in a short list of expressions.

4-5 : On 10/12/82 Hay wrote to Angus Martin: "I have rewritten, and added two verses to, The Smoky Smirr o Rain" (Source 24, 58). This was to be the "final version", for publication in Martin 1984. The additional verses, drafted in 10 and 5, inserted as second and third verses in 20a (11/12/82) and 15 (15/10/83), and merely mentioned for insertion in 30, are as follows:

As I gaed doon by Laggan shore on a misty moarnin' aa,
the world was turned a mystery in the mist o rain sae smaa,
for time an' airt in aa that place tie ken o there war nane,
as reek o haze ilk wye did steek in the smoky smirr o rain.

- 5 The day was hushed an' doverin' as the fog o rain cam doon.
Owre shore an' watter hoverin' it drifted frae abune.
Nae waft o air tie steer it was there; the lift was lown,
an' rallyoch winds gied owre their virr in the smoky smirr o rain.

1 shore : om. 10 5 moamin' : morning 10 10 5 20a *15
2 the world : ma [way > road] corr. 10 turned ... in : made ... wi 10 turned ... wi 5
3 time ... place : place and time and airt [on 10 in 5] it 10 5 3 at passim an' : and 10 5
4 as ... wye : The ... dun corr. 10 7 was there : breathed then 10 5

12 : two further verses are found drafted in 20b, and are included in sixth and seventh position in 15; they are given below (base text 15) and followed by a further unintegrated verse found in Source 15, 3v:

A blessin', a caressin' was the rain upon my face.
Deep dwaamed the silence. Calm lay deep an' kind owre aa that place.
Nae cry o whaup cam frae the lift, an' lift an' yirrd war ane,
as I gaed doon by Laggan in the smoky smirr o rain.

- 5 As I turned frae Laggan Roaig, I brocht back wi me
a history o mystery an' mist on land an' sea,
o muted maves, waveless shores an' gairs in haar their lane
as I cam back frae Laggan shore in the smoky smirr o rain.

- 9 Aa licht was faint, horizons tint, asclent the rain cam doon.
The day was derk, the braes war mirk an' misty heich abune
an' strand an' land war dernin an' the maves made their maen
as beuchs an' branches bieldit thaim in the smoky smirr o rain.

2 dwaamed : was 20b 5 turned : turned back 20b 6 on : and corr. 20b 20 *15
7 their lane : alane corr. 20b 9-12 : om. 20b 12 bieldit : sheltered corr. 15

AM FAILLEAN ÛR
(Òran)

SOURCES : 19 : NLS MS 26743, 1 (1947). One verse + melody.
54 : Scott Musical MS, 1 (1947). As 19.
C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 39 (1952).
32 : NLS MS 26783, 39 (1960s?).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 67 (1974).
33 : NLS MS 26784, 39 (1983).

DATE : 19 ("Melody 1937 Words Tarbert, October 1947"); 32 ("An Taibheart 20.x.47").

4 mhùimeach : this nominative is also found in proofs of C (copies in Source 45 and NLS Acc. 5000/569), but corrected by Hay to dative mhùimich.

THE FRESH SAPLING

SOURCES : 49 : EUL Gen. 2030/23 (1947).
 20a : NLS MS 26744, 51 (1947).
 19 : NLS MS 26743, 1 (1947). One verse + melody.
 54 : Scott Musical MS, 1 (1947). As 19.
 11 : NLS MS 26735, 19 (1976).
 20b : NLS MS 26744, 130 (c.1976).
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Summer 1977), 55.

DATE : 20 ("ML [*Maurice Lindsay*] 27.xi.47"), and date of original Gaelic (AM FAILLEAN ÙR).

49 is the copy sent to Maurice Lindsay and bears the note: "This is a song to *[sic]*, for a melody of my own, and it's in a Gaelic metre. Hence, again, the internal rhymes."

EDINBURGH

SOURCES : P12 : Evening Dispatch (14/11/47), 4.
B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 32 (1948).
30 : NLS MS 26778, 32 (c.1961).
J : Four Points Of A Saltire, 76 (1970).

DATE : see THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN above.

16: this line, initially used in FEET ASHORE (1937) is found jotted down in Source 8, 4r (early '46), then appears in a Scots draft in Source 7, 24v:

Sma watters.

**Wa (?)land . . . socht by Dignity
whilk, fleean pomp an' bandsmen crashan bye,
bides in the muirman's stride across the brae,
the lang swell merchan ridged against the sky.**

{ wi want o walth! Wieran gairit claes
that change wi clood an' sun an' the changean year,
wild an' kindly, kent an' ever new
(Ye think it reuch an' ill tie gae . . .
but the laivrock lifts frae oot the heather
an' wisps o canach mak snaw o simmer muirs

THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA

SOURCES : [8 : NLS MS 26731, 26v (c.1946). Five lines only.]
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 58 (1947). Final fragment only.
 b 59-61 (1947).
P12 : Evening Dispatch (26/12/47). Excerpt only.
20c : NLS MS 26744, 79 (1972). Excerpt only.
P27 : Scots Independent 14 (May 1972), 12. As **20c**.
P9 : Chapman 21 (Spring 1978), 34-36.

DATE : 20b ("Tarbert Oct. '47").

8 consists of the following:

Small wonder []
Orion striding over Bute
spurns the earth with his northward foot
To wake that flame that, /hidden > smothered/, still
is sleeping somewhere in the Gael.

Although the image seems to derive from nights at the fishing (see ORION OVER BUTE of 1972), a creative spark may have been struck by an old diary entry of October 1940:

It was about five on a fresh morning with a clear starry sky. All over the sky to S.W. was a great orange reddish low, pulsing, burning brighter & fading, & very pale grey smoke going up through it like a curtain. Over it a fleecy cloud about the size of a fist drifted up from the S.W. growing bigger and turning pink and orange. *East of it straddled Orion, not standing quite square, but with his westerly foot raised a little off the ground, as if he were about to stamp and say "To hell with all that folly". Small wonder the low was a rich colour.* At the time burning whisky was running down the streets and people were scooping it up, some with buckets it is said. A distillery was burnt out, and three blocks of tenements wrecked. (Source 5, 29v; my italics)

t : from MacPherson's *Ossian*. In Car-hon Fingal mourns the destruction of Balclutha, the great stronghold by the Clyde:

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook, there, its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. . . .

(In his serialised essay Scots Gaelic Poetry [I, 7], Hay wrote: "I used to revel in MacPherson, having been taken in by him; now I don't believe him, but I still like him. He was a true Scotsman, a man of great influence abroad who did no good to his own country."

34-51 : passage published as WAYS GROWN SILENT (P12).

102-133 : The 1940s sheet 20a consists of lines 102-109 and 115-132 (typed), then 110-114 drafted by hand. Hay must have re-discovered this page in 1972, and, lacking the rest of the poem, revamped it as the RENASCENCE of 20c and P27 (note that the gap in 20a l.105 is filled in a 1970s hand). The poem thus runs:

A trouble to the heart, an old distress,
fable of poverty and bitterness;
the fated withering of our ancient tree
root and blossom, laming of what might be.
The fated blight that greys our springtime field;
ill, done of old, and never to be healed.
Starkness and bleakness innate in our land;
false tale to lame the spirit, hold the hand.

We are men, and have both thought and will.
The same sun rises eastward on us still
as rose on Athens. There is in us yet
the seed that flowered in Attica; and, hot,
that flame – an ember here to burn again –
that flared and lighted Florence. We are men,
and hidden in us, restless, with its urge,
the seed of graciousness. Half heard, the surge
of the creative spirit breaks unstilled
upon our rocks. The spirit is not killed.
Let it shine out in us – on every hand

the air will be luminous in this old land.
 Let spring but strike its sunlight through our showers,
 our sprays will vaunt a flourish of new flowers.

The last, unused, paragraph of 20a (129-132) he developed into the poem ORION OVER BUTE (which see). At some later date, presumably, Hay rediscovered his copy of the entire original poem (20b). In January '78 he wrote to Hamish Henderson (Source 38) that he had sent THE WALLS to Morley Jamieson, editor of the new Brunton's Miscellany (which in its first issue, Autumn 1977, had featured a Norwegian story translated by Hay). The Miscellany did not survive its first issue, and Chapman was the subsequent recipient of the poem (P9).

SEEKER, REAPER

SOURCES : [9 : NLS MS 26732, a 4v, 11-13r b 5 (1947?).]
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 59v, 61v, 60v. (1947). Two pages missing.
 55 : Scott Poetic MSS (1947).
 B : Wind On Loch Fyne, 34-40. (1948).
 30 : NLS MS 26778, 34-40 a (1961?) b (c.1983).
 [7 : NLS MS 26730, 44v. (1972). Four lines only.]

DATE : NLS Acc. 5000/448 (letter of 26/11/47).

In his letter Hay writes to Ainslie Thin (of Oliver&Boyd):

I am enclosing a poem which I wrote a few days ago for your consideration. It has to my mind more drive in it than most of the work in the book. . .

And on 2/12/47:

It is pleasant news to hear that *Seeker, Reaper* is to be included, for I wouldn't like the age, melancholy and death of *Calum thonder*, *The Old Fisherman* and *The Two Neighbours* to be the over-riding notes sounded by the Loch Fyne poems. There are young fishermen too, who like their vaunt about a boat that is "a hawk and a tramper". The old wild dynamism of the Highlands is still there, but, to our impoverishment, seldom expressed.

In January '49, mentioning reviews of Wind On Loch Fyne, Catherine Hay wrote:

Personally I've been specially interested in the reaction to *Seeker, Reaper*. This poem, like many of the more recent ones, was done straight onto the typewriter without notes, or a note of any sort, and commenced and completed in a matter of hours. (NLS Acc. 5000/509).

In 55 Hay gives some clarifications of stress-fall, as follows:

3 ...rídd mád tie stert
 22 she sêts her stérn doón...
 188 she's a skýline-raiser, skýline-sinker, hulldown horízon-crósser
 198 she's a dánce-stép-túrner, she's a bróad-wáke-scórer
 200 When the bíg long seas come ón lik wálls, cóld-whíte-hefided

63-64 : in 1972 Hay wrote the replacement lines:

when Norway's sails o ridd and white / went slippin' up the shore. (Source 7).

The instability of the two lines in Hay's mind was due to a temporary deletion of the Old Norse section from the poem. This was at Oliver&Boyd's suggestion (1/12/47), and in his reply (2/12/47) Hay accepted the omission and pointed out that "if the Highland riever is to be the sole speaker" then the original lines (those of 20) would need rewriting, and he duly replaced them with version 55. (NLS Acc. 5000/448). The subsequent alteration of the second line from *went ... doon* back to the original *came ... up* stems from an intervention by Catherine Hay of 3/5/48 (following examination of the galley-proofs):

the original... I think refers to a definite incident and the following verse with Norse words seems to bear this out. (*sic*) George, I think, was alluding to the time when the Norse under Haakon were claiming all the Western Isles. In his desire to add Kintyre to these, he sailed *down* the west of Kintyre, rounded the Mull, *then* slipped *up* the shore to Tarbert where he landed. He then had his ships drawn across the isthmus to West Loch Tarbert, thus encircling Kintyre and adding it to those other possessions round which he could sail his ships. (NLS Acc. 5000/484).

65-84 : In accepting the deletion of this passage (see last note), Hay commented:

I don't think the loss of the Norse will be a serious one, for most of the readers wouldn't be able to pronounce it or get the rhythm. With the Gaelic it's a different story.

Three weeks later, however, he asked Oliver&Boyd to include the Norse after all.

There are versions of this sequence in Source 9 (ff. 4v and 11r-12r) which I have given with other pieces from that manuscript. I have tentatively dated Source 9 to c. 1948-49, and Catherine Hay's statement about the absence of drafts also suggests that its texts are elaborations post-dating the poem.

85-94 : Source 9 also contains a draft of this Gaelic sequence, which may or may not post-date SEEKER REAPER (see last note). Possibly contradicting Catherine Hay's account of the poem's "spontaneous" composition is Hay's (much later) description of the Gaelic sequence (Source 9 version) as a "rough draft from Tarbert" (Source 30 backpaste, 1961).

193-194 : the two extra lines inserted in 30 are found drafted in 7.

SPRING HERE NORTHAWAY

SOURCES : 56 : Scott Poetic MSS (1947). (Also carbon copy in Source 20, 65-66).
 10 : NLS MS 26734, 37-39 (1981).

DATE : context 56, stylistic affinity with SEEKER, REAPER and letter to Mrs. F G Scott (see TRIÙIR AN EARRAICH dating).

t : THE LITERARY SPRING is the title cited in Listing 11.

The introductory couplet found in 10 was added at the time of that transcription. In a letter of 29/12/80 (Source 24, 12) Hay writes: "I'm putting *railleach* (Chambers *rallyoch*) in a Scots poem about Spring... Should I add a note saying Campbeltown Gaelic *railleach*?". (He was to use the word again in the Gaelic poem MÌOS A' GHEARRAIN).

TRIÙIR AN EARRAICH The Spring Three

SOURCE : 56 : Scott Poetic MSS (c.1947).

DATE : context 56 (the poem is appended to SEEKER, REAPER), and letter of 6/12/47 to Mrs. F G Scott: "My recent letter to F G will mystify him. There are three poems in it, two quite long, but I forgot to include the letter".

THE NERRA BOAT

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744 a 70 (1948?) b 76 (1977).
P1 : Akros 13/37 (Apr. 1978), 81.

DATE : see dating of FLOOER O THE GEAN.

20a is annotated by Catherine Hay: "This may be the poem called The Boat published in Glasgow Evening Times 1938 but that is doubtful". (From its listing context, *The Boat* was probably a story.)

SOLAN

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 67 (1947?).
41 : NLS Acc. 7125/35 (Akros 11/32, Dec. 1976).

DATE : from 20 (paper and type) and stylistic affinities with SEEKER, REAPER.

Hay points out in 41: "This poem is in the dialect of Tarbert, Loch Fyne".

[THEN FAREWELL, TARBERT. . .] (Song)

SOURCES : 19 : NLS MS 26743, 1 (1947). One verse+ melody.
55 : Scott Musical MS, 1 (1947). As 19.
20 : NLS MS 26744, a 49 (c.1947). One verse. b 76 (1977).
P1 : Akros 13/37 (Apr. 1978), 82.

DATE : 19 and 55 ("Tarbert, October 1947"). Although there are no early copies of the entire poem, the absence of any drafts in Hay's notebooks from the 1970s makes it unlikely that the song was substantially expanded for its publication in P1.

This is probably the song referred to by Hay in a letter of 6/12/47 to Mrs. F G Scott:

I sent a couple of songs to the BBC, one in the language of Tarbert, which is neither Scots, English or Gaelic, but all three. God knows whether they'll find anyone with tastes low enough to sing it. It's all about catching herring. Maybe the Fishery Board would like it for their "Eat More Herring" campaign.

5 **neebar** : the sister-boat; the ring-net method of fishing required boats to work in pairs.

NA TRÉIG DO THALAMH DÙTHCHAIS

SOURCES : [7 : NLS MS 26730, 33 (c.1946?). Three lines only.]
P36 : The Voice Of Scotland 4/2 (Dec. 1947), 20-21.
C : O Na Ceithir Àirdean, 37-38 (1952).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 66-67 (1974).

DATE : Source 33 ("An Tairbeart '47"), supported by P36 and absence from previous records (e.g. Listings 8).

1-3 : quoted in 7 among notes on "*Rosg metre*" (the simple metre of much Gaelic and Irish folksong) to illustrate "*dà cheum*" (double-stress), after traditional examples.

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SMILE AND GO BY

SOURCE : P12 : Evening Dispatch (9/1/48), 4.

DATE : derived from P12 and absence from earlier records.

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FEADAG GHÒRACH AN T-SLÉIBHE

The Daft Hill Plover

SOURCES : P12 : Evening Dispatch (22/1/48), 4.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 69 (1947?) b 91 (1970s) c 96 (1970s).
 10 : NLS MS 26734, 36r (1981).

DATE : derived from P12 and absence from earlier records.

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FLOOER O THE GEAN

SOURCES : P19 : New Alliance And SCOTS REVIEW 9/1 (April 1948), 15.
 H : The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse, 583-85 (1966).

DATE : derived from absence of poem from records prior to P19, and from mention in Listing 20 (of October '47 at earliest).

The poem was inspired by a type of the popular Italian *stornello* rhyme, a Tuscan example of which is noted in Source 7, 19r:

Fiore di pepe
 io giro intorno a voi, come fa l'ape
 che gira intorno al fiore della siepe.

[Flower of the pepper, I hover and circle round you, like the bee which hovers and circles round the flower of the hedges.]

The incidence of these flower-invocations is not confined to Tuscany; examples from throughout Italy can be consulted in Warrack 1925: 12,30,40,80. The verse is usually a tercet, as in the two (apparently later) final verses of Hay's poem).

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THE CREW OF THE SHELISTER

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 49 b 56.
 22 : NLS MS 26746, 65-70 (1948). Story and poem.

THE CREW OF THE *SHELISTER*, story and poem, was broadcast on Children's Hour 2/9/1948.

The following terms are explained in the story.

10 **neebor** – neighbour boat; the ring-net fishing required boats to work in pairs.

15 **burnin'** – the Kintyre term for the summer sea-phosphorescence.

16 **crepped** – "crepping the anchor" was banging it on the gunnel so as to startle fish and provoke the telltale burning.
27 **syle** – tiny immature herring.

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GONE AND GANE

SOURCES : 5 : NLS MS 26728, 36v (1982)
 15 : NLS MS 26739, 1r (1983)

DATE : 15.

Both sources are attempts at a Collected Poems, headed by this verse.

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MADAME, A MONTE CASINO

SOURCE : P36 : The Voice Of Scotland V/3 (June 1949), 15.

DATE : from a letter by Catherine Hay to F G Scott of 26/7/49:
 For the first time a letter came from him a few days ago. ... [He] said that he'd been too busy writing poems to find time for letter writing and he mentioned that he had sent a war poem to Mr. Grieve [*Editor of The Voice...*]. . .

t **Monte Casino** : for "Monte Cassino"? It is an unlikely mistake from Hay, but surely too consistent to be a printing error. Possibly a dialectal representation, or a pun (*casino* for "brothel" or "shambles").

The poem is signed *Denostene*, presumably a misprint for *Demostene*. The Athenian Demosthenes (384-322 B.C.), reputed the greatest of classical orators, dedicated most of his political life to countering the rise of Macedonian power.

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THE SUN OVER ATHENS

SOURCE: P24 : Saltire Review IV/11 (Summer 1957), 31-33.

DATE : There is no firm evidence for dating this poem. In spite of its theme, it does not date from Hay's time in Greece (his first posting was near Athens), as in a letter of Dec. 1947 to Mrs. F G Scott he cites WHAT SONG IS OURS as his only attempt so far at using the Anglo-Saxon alliterative metre which THE SUN OVER ATHENS obviously imitates.

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CRUACH THARSUINN 'S NA H-OITEAGAN

SOURCE : P15 : Gairm 23 (Earr. 1958), 253.

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NOTE ON 1960-61 DATING : Although only some of the following poems can be dated with certainty to 1960 (rather than 1961), it is probable that a good number of those published in '61 were written in the latter end of the previous year, judging by a letter of 31/12/60 (Source 51):

At present I am writing a lot, most of it in Gaelic and some in Scots, and in two or three years I think I should have another Gaelic book ready. Gairm and An Gàidheal are going to publish some of the Gaelic things, but I really have more than I know what to do with.

AN T-ANMOCH AIR A' MHONADH

SOURCE : 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 136.

2 : "An Caol – Caol Bhranndain".

MIANNAN AN TAIRBEARTAICH

SOURCES : [25 : NLS MS 26758, 126 (1960). 2 lines only.]
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 136-37.

In 44 Hay notes the dialectisms and explains the fishing terms:

Steòrnadh : steòrnadh – agus mar sin air aghaidh.

Amhsan (*evsan*) : sùlair.

An losgamh (*losgadh*) : an teine-sionnachain. Gheibhear sgadan "san losgamh" anns an fhoghar.

Coltas : comharraidhean air sgadan agus, corr uair, air rionnaich, is e sin: a' mhuc-mhara, an t-amhsan, na faoileagan ag obair air uachdar an uisge, ùilleadh éisg air an uisge, "leus" anns an losgadh, agus eile.

Goireachan : faoileagan 'nan sgaoth ag goirsinn 's ag obair air uachdar na mara.

Roithlean : "a capstain-drum". Theirte An Duine Làidir ris a' chapstan corr uair – 's e An Duine Iarainn a bh'aig Seonaidh Caimbeul air. Tha "roithlean" ag ciallachadh "a child's hoop" cuideachd.

Solus-fìn : an solus a lasas iad air bòrd nuair a bhios an lìon 'ga thoirt astaigh. Is e solus leictreach a th'aca anis.

Pùt : am pùt mór air an druim-àrcan, leitheadh slighe eadar an dà cheann deth. Theirear "bù" no "bù" ris cuideachd, agus ri "buoy" sam bith.

Teachd air aghart : a' dlùthachadh ri cliathaich a' bhàta, mar a bhios an lìon 'ga thoirt astaigh.

Steall : tòrr, móran.

Meadainn : madainn.

Redtach (*redhtach*) : lannan sgadain air bàta no air aodach duine gu tiugh. "Tha redtach oirre (*uirre*)": tha i còmhdaichte le lannan sgadain. "Is ann tha redtach an sin" : tha lannan sgadain gu tiugh air a' bhàta sin.

3-4 : couplet found in 25 (first line **Na h-amhsain s an losgadh**).

6 **goireachan** : further explained to Angus Martin in May 1979 as a loud noise of birds playing in the water ... ma grand-aunt was looking out the window and she said 'The birds are making a *goireachan* on the water'. (SSS, 14/5/79).

IS AOIBHINN LEAM AN DIUGH NA CHÌ

SOURCE : 25 : NLS MS 26758, p.159. (1960).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 137.

t : from the 16thc. Lochaber poem *Òran na Comhachaig* (The Song of the Owl of Strone), a favourite of Hay's since the 1930s. (See Watson 1918: 6778).

5 : cf. "'S tìom dhomh sgur d'an àireamh..." in MacMhaighstir Alasdair's *Allt An t-Siùcair*.

8 : in 44 Hay adds a note justifying his particular Gaelic rendering of 'Sauchiehall' as an inexact but accepted usage:

Theireadh cuid gu maith cumanta Sràid Seòmar An t-Seilich ri Sauchiehall Street, ged a dh'aidicheadh iad gum b'e Sràid Talla An t-Seilich a bu cheirte.

BÓD UILE

SOURCE : 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 138.

Hay appends the following topographical notes:

A' Phutag: Buttock Point. Ceann tuath Eilein Bhóid.

Toll Chalum: Glencallum Bay, aig ceann deas an eilein.

Na Lagain: The Laggans, beagan mu thuath air Rudha Dubh. Flor dhroch acarsaid leis na balbhagan móra a th'air a' ghrund.

Rudha Dubh: Blackfarland Point mu choinneimh Thigh Na Bruaiche.

Roinn Chlòimheach: aig ceann deas an eilein, faisg air Rudha Nan Eun.

Rudha Bódach: air cladach tuath an eilein, mu choinneimh baile Chaol An t-Snàimh.

SREATHAN MEARACHDACH

SOURCE : 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 138.

t : "Tha an ceathramh am mearachd a chionn gu bheil a leithid de nithean agus lìonadh is tràghadh ann." [44] [*The quatrain is in error because there exist such things as ebb and flow*].

Cheiligh : Choilich ; **glideachamh :** glideachadh ; **oiread :** uiread ; **Flòraidh Mhór :** corraghriothach. [44]. (Tarbert dialect).

AN TÌDE ÀBHAISTEACH

SOURCES : 25 : NLS MS 26758, bp. (1960).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 138.

3 'na tacain : "tha sin 'na chomharradh air gaillionn a bhith tighinn" [44].

CNAPADAL IS TÌREAN CIANA EILE

SOURCE : 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 138.

DÀ THAOBH NA MAOILE

SOURCES : 25 : NLS MS 26758, 73. (1960).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/9; see Gairm 34 (Gea. 1960), 138.
 1 : from Gaelic proverb "Tha dà thaobh air a' Mhaoil."

AN DRUIM-ÀRCAN 'S AN T-ÌOCHDAR

SOURCES : 25 : NLS MS 26758, a 192-95 b 197-98 (1960).
 DATE : context 25.

The entire poem is inscribed in margins. What I have termed 25a is a jigsaw of lines (single, couplet, quatrain or entire verse) spread and in some cases repeated over four pages; 25b is a complete, verse-numbered draft.

1 **druim-àrcan** : the 'back-rope', or floating-rope of the net, lined with corks.
ìochdar : the sole (bottom of the net) or sole-rope, laden with lead weights.

1-8 : Hauling in the bow-corks had been Hay's job on the *Liberator* in the 30s. In May '79, explaining his limited knowledge of netting terminology, Hay told Angus Martin: "I was on the corks on the bow... I was an amateur. They put me in the corks of the bow to keep me safe." (SSS).

22 **sole bheag** : presumably a rope connected to the sole. Hay himself was unsure of its exact meaning, claiming in 1979 that he knew nothing about it, although in a dialect word-list of 1938 he associates the name with *crìoch*, "the joins in a net" or "the edge along the sole" (NLS MS 26747, 3).

25-32 : in October 1980 Hay recalled his duties aboard the *Liberator* as "the bowcorks, and steering till sunset" (SSS). (I am unable to decipher the beginning of the verse.)

37-38 : from the month of August, shoals could be located by catching their movement in the sea-phosphorescence or 'burning' (<*losgadh*). **losgamh** - dialect form of *losgadh*

43 **drumach** : Tarbert for 'a downpour'. Hay (in May '79) remembered mentioning the word to Kenneth MacLeod who suggested a derivation from *trom* ('heavy'), "but I think it's...a drum, you know, battering on the decks and so on" (SSS).

48 **cnìodaigh** : dialect form of *cnìodaich*.

AIR SUIDH' ARTAIR DHOMH MOCHTHRATH

SOURCES : 25 : NLS MS 26758, fp.-iv. (1960-61). Eleven verses only.
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/10; see Gairm 38 (Gea. 1961), 127-130.

DATE : context 25.

2 **mochthrath** : Hay's submission to the Historical Dictionary of Gaelic includes the use of the word apparently as a mere alternative to "madainn", as in "mochthrath maith dhuit".

11 **moineach** : "maigheach, gearr" [44]. Tarbert dialect.

34 **roineach** : "raineach" [44]. Tarbert dialect.

91 : refers to the Gaelic proverb (noted by Hay on frontpaste of NLS MS 26771) :
 Imrich an t-Satharn mu thuath, imrich an Luain mu dheas;
 is mur robh agam ach an t-uan, 'sann Diluain a dh'fhalbhainn leis.

117-120 : note in Source 25, 114: na Tairbeartaich / is treasa gu mór iad / na Hómer 's an Laidiann.

44 gives the following topographical clarifications:

Dùn Sapaiddh: Dunsapie Rock am Pàirc na Bànrigh an Dùn Eideann.

A' Gharbhail (A' Gharbhaird) agus Rubha Meall Daraich: an dà rubha aig beul Loch Tairbeirt An Ear.

An Ceathramh: Ceathramh Chòmhail eadar Cill Fhinnein agus Aird Mhic Laomainn.

Tha Alld An Lìn faisg air an Tairbeart, agus tha **An Garbhalld** a' teàrnadh gu Sgibinis.

Gheibhear a' chuid as mò de na h-àiteachan a tha air an ainmeachadh eadar an Tairbeart agus Sgibinis. Tha sruth air a bheil **Garvalt** an earadheas air Dùn Éideann.

Sliabh Allair: Allermuir.

Dùn Iubhair: Dunure an Siorramachd Inbhir Air.

Eilean Na Baintighearna: Lady Isle, beagan mu thuath air Inbhir Àir.

An Àisinn: Ashens.

Uaraidh: am meall sléibhe air taobh tuath caladh na Tairbeirt.

AIG AN FHEURLOCHAN

SOURCES: 25 : NLS MS 26758, 73-79 (1960). Five + three verses.
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19 (Gairm 99) (1976-77).

DATE : context 25.

19 **m'fhuireachan taighe** : Hay's contribution to the Historical Dictionary of Scottish Gaelic includes the entry "Fuireachan: àite còmhnaidh, taigh, togail, bothan", with the example "am fuireachan àite sin shìos". He also heard the word used in Tarbert Scots (presumably by his cousin Hamish Law): "Thon *fuireachan* o a place doon thonder. (Hamish about Dougie Leitch's shed at the Earrann Ghoineach August 1960)." (Source 12, 1).

24 : 25 has the following fourth verse:

S maith mo chòir air an fhearann
eadar Sealtainn is Tuaidh
S maith mo chòir aig gach àite
eadar Àbhann 's Taobh Tuath
thug am Bùta dhomh sealladh
gu Maol Ghallabha uair *mag: gu Maol Ghallibh aon uair*
chaidh an uair sin seachad (thairis?)
s tha mi tathaich nan cruach.

Its fifth verse consists of 57-64 (variants as noted); then comes the following verse (followed by 25-32):

Treis air Làirig na h-Eilde
treis ag éirigh 'sa Chrò;
treis ri taobh Abhainn Rath
treis an Arainn nan sgòrr;
treis an Diùra 's an Uidhist
ag cumadh 'ur ceòl;
treis a' dèanamh nan duanag
mu Dhrum Uachdar an fheadair.

33 : The following verse is unnumbered:

Ge fada an éigh e (Ged is)
gu Dùn Éideann san ear
bidh mise ann romhad
is [mo del.] bidh mo chomhairle leat

air mórshliabh Loudaidh
 [ag cur nam fonn > a' dèanamh fhonn] is 'gam meas
 gheibhear mise ma shirear
 feadh nam fireach gu ceart.

(Note that the numbered verse order does not correspond to order of appearance on the pages; the draft is written entirely in upper and lower margins).

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LÀ FHÉILL AINDREIS, 1960

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 352 (10/12/60), 2.

.....

ORS' A' BHÉIST MHÓR RIS A' BHÉIST BHIG

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 355 (31/12/60), 2.

"We think that the reader will be able to deduce that "the big beast" is England, and the little one Scotland. The fact conveyed is, of course, a very elementary one, but it is useful to recall elementary facts, and poetry is very often the place for them." [P27]

.....

GÀIDHLIG IS GÈIDHLIG MU SEACH

SOURCE : P14 : An Gàidheal LVI/2 (Feb. '61), 16.

Hay accompanies the poem with the following notes on Tarbert Gaelic (fragments of which can be found in Source 25 (ix, 49, 61, 113):

"Is crìon a' chùil as na goirear", agus tha na rannan sin a' tighinn bhuamsa as leth Tairbeart Locha Fine. Thuir Obanach rium bho chionn ghoirid gu'n robh facal mu seach aige de'n Ghàidhlig 's de'n Bheurla nuair a chaidh e do'n sgoil air tùs. Air dòigh a tha car coltach ri sin, bha a' Ghàidhlig riaghailteach agus Gàidhlig Na Tairbeirt le chèile am beul nan daoine. Corr uair theirte *éirigh*, corr uair *trigh*, ged nach cuala mi neach riamh ag ràdh ach *idhche* (oidhche). Theirte *lèabag* no *leòbag*, mar bu trice *leòbag*, agus theirte *riunnaich*, *riunnaigh* no *reannaigh*. Fad a bheatha slàn thuir an aon fhear Bèagh A' Chomhraig agus Bàgh Osda (Ascog Bay). Tha Bàgh Osda thall 'sa Cheathramh (an Còmhal), agus, mar sin, gheibheadh e *bàgh* gu riaghailteach, a chionn nach robh e cho eòlach, dùthchasach. Theirte *na balaich* a cheart cho tric ri *na balaigh*, ach is ann annamh a chluinneadh tu a *bhalaich* an àite a *bhalaigh*. A réir coltais, tha an cleas ceudna aca an Ìle. Mhìnich Ìleach dhòmhsa mar so e: "Their sinn *dh'éirich mi* mu'n àm a chaidh seachad, ach their sinn *trich!* mu'n àm so làthair." Tha dà shreath de òran Ìleach a chluinnear mar so:-

Le ùilleadh na muic-mhara
 chaidh na balaigh air an daoraich. (Corr uair *daoraigh*.)

Agus bho Ìleach faodaidh tu cluinntinn:-

gun chrodh laoi, gun chaoraigh agam.

An cuid de na sgeulachdan Ìleach, a chruinnich Iain Òg a tha air ainmeachadh air an eilean sin, gheobh thu *éiridh*, 's e clò-bhuailte, an àite *éirich*. Bha *oineach* aig bàird an Dàin Dìrich mu'n do bhuail iad air *eineach* a ràdh, agus, cosmhuil riutha, tha *ceileach* againn an àite *coileach*. Cha n-ann 'nar n-aonar a thà sinn, tha fios. An àiteachan air ùr-mór san Taobh Tuath their iad *go'ail* no *gabhail*. Tha *gabhail* sa' Ghàidhlig riaghailteach, agus tha e beagan na's spaideile.

Mac Iain Dheòrsa.

.....

SEANN Ó MORDHA

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent 356 (7/1/61), 4.
 53 : Neill MSS (letter of 3/3/69; see Catalyst 2/3 (Sum. 1969), 18-19).
 P18 : Morningside Mirror (Apr. 1969), 5.
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 83 (1974).

Hay wrote in 53:

I had some hesitations about sending the above to you, hailing as you do from Kent, but I really think you will understand and forgive. It was published...about ten years ago, but I think it says something which will bear repeating. If you don't like it, scrap it. ... The verses above are in the style of Iain Lom in a way...

And in his next letter of 7/3/69:

Lo and behold, what I feared has happened. Old Moore has vexed you, and I am deeply sorry. What you say about some of the English people who settle in Scotland doing more for their country of adoption than do many Scots is perfectly true. What Old Moore is getting at is the considerable number who come up here feeling they have a mission to take over. They do exist, you know. They feel they have a sort of 'Imperial Mission' within G.B. Don't publish Old Moore, and let's forget the whole thing.

† : Old Moore's Almanack - annual pamphlet of predictions and horoscopes. I have withdrawn the year from the base-text title, as it seems to be a mere misdating by Hay.

9-16 : Note the following reports from the Scots Independent:-

- 351 (3/12/60) "Amazing Plan To Export 2500 Boys - No Future In Scotland ... One report states that for the past ten years an average of 8,000 craftsmen each year have left Scotland to seek work elsewhere."
 353 (17/12/60) "If these figures [*of jobs gained and lost in Scotland 1949-'59*] are accurate - and they are probably too favourable - we have had a net loss of jobs in the last ten years of at least 35,000. We can see why in this period ... something like 200,000 people have had to emigrate from Scotland - and that is net emigration, the English and others who came in having been offset by additional Scots forced out."
 355 (31/12/60) "Emigration from Scotland last year totalled 27,300 of whom 8,700 went overseas and 18,600 to other parts of the UK, mostly England. ...Emigration from the whole of the UK was 130,000."

SGEUMA GHLINN NIBHEIS

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 357 (14/1/61), 3.

On 6 October 1960 the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board announced plans for a £4 million scheme in Glen Nevis involving the flooding and damming of the natural basin above the Glen, below the Falls of Steall; the electricity generated would be exported to finance further electrification of the Highlands. (See The Scotsman 7/10/60, leader and article, and subsequent letter columns.)

4-8 : a reference to the satirical piece *Gleann-Nibheis* by The Ardgor Bard (see MacPherson 1868: 45-46)

Gleann-Nibheis, gleann nan clach, / gleann 'sam bi'n gart anmoch;
 Gleann cumhang, gleann fàs, / Gleann dubh, fada, fiadhiaich, gnàd,
 'Sam beil sluagh a' mhì-ghnàis - / Gleann ris 'na chuir Dia a chùl,
 Amar sgùrainn an domhain mhór.

NA GIOMAICH IS BREST IS DÙN ÉIDEANN

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 358 (21/1/61), 2.

The Scots Independent 340 (17/9/60), renewing its call for Government protection of the Moray Firth, Minch and Clyde fishing waters and for a 13-mile fishing limit, featured a report 'French Lobster Poachers Cause Unemployment', quoting from a recent Sunday Observer article:

The islanders blame the French for the fact that Barra has the heaviest unemployment rate among the Scottish islands... : "There are twenty French fishing vessels in the area between Barra Head and the butt of Lewis all the time ... [and] some six French vessels fishing regularly on the west side of Barra.... The whole trouble is that they will not stay outside the 3-mile limit and some of these boats have each 280-300 lobster-pots. As the fleet sometimes lifts 2000 lobster-pots three times a day in an area 6 miles by 5, you can see how much damage they are doing to our stocks".

The unwillingness of the Scottish Office to take protective action in line with other fishing countries was for years a source of contention, and seems here to be the butt of Hay's satire.

9-10 **cho bodhar ri gobhar na cairte** : ràdh Ìleach. [P27] An Islay saying.

MONADH DUBH BHRAIDALBANN

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent 359 (28/1/61), 2.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 93 (1969).
P6 : Catalyst 2/3 (Sum. 1969), 18-19.
21 : NLS MS 26745, 80-81 (1974).

CATH GAIRBHEACH

SOURCE : [9 : NLS MS 26732, 10v-11r (1948?).]
P27 : Scots Independent 360 (4/2/61), 2.

Text 9 is given in Appendix with other extracts from that source.

The battle of Harlaw (Aberdeenshire), fought ostensibly over control of the earldom of Ross, pitted the invading army of Donald, Lord of the Isles, against the forces of the Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland. The battle was inconclusive, with both sides claiming victory, but the Hebridean army was forced to retreat, and soon after Donald agreed to keep the peace. Later historians have read in Donald's aggression an attempt to claim the kingship of Scotland, and the battle came to be viewed as an archetypal Highland-Lowland, Celtic-Norman confrontation.

4 : Alexander Stewart, earl of Marr, led the Regent's army at Harlaw.

5 : perhaps an allusion to the traditional Gaelic claim to half of Scotland (with the House of the Harpstrings near Pitlochrie marking the centre of the dividing line), which some bards seemed to associate with Harlaw (e.g. Iain Lom, see Mackenzie 1964: 148). Another tradition links the division with the earl of Mar's defeat by a Hebridean army twenty years later at Inverlochy; at any rate the perspective of Hay's poem, casting Marr as the instigator of the territorial split, is rather odd.

FOR THE *CUTTY SARK* MOORED IN THE PORT OF LONDON

SOURCE : 39 : NLS Acc. 6839/ 1; see *Scotia* 10 (Oct. 1970), 6.

DATE : from Source 30, back cover (listing of 6/2/61).

The poem was sent to David Morrison on 6/7/70 in answer to a request for some Gaelic pieces. "I haena written muckle i the Gaelic they past months, but I hae a wee thing about the Cutty Sark ... Aiblins it'll suit *Scotia*." (NLS Acc. 7309/1).

Built in the Denny Bros. shipyard at Dumbarton, the deep-sea clipper *Cutty Sark* was launched in 1869. It was first used in the tea-trade with China, then went on to set successive records in the wool-trade with Australia. Bought by a Portuguese in 1895, it was sold again some thirty years later to an English captain who restored the original rigging. In 1957, berthed in a purpose-built dock in Greenwich, the *Cutty Sark* was officially opened to public viewing.

5 : I have presumed a typing error, with *m* struck instead of the bar.

ABUNE THE GUTTED HADDIE

SOURCES : P29 : *The Scotsman* (4/11/61), 5.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 72 (1961?).

DATE : from Source 30, back cover (listing of 6/2/61).

18 : a proverbial reference?

19 *spleddrach* : glossed in P29 as "a sprachling fall"; elsewhere Hay describes it as Tarbert for a "cropper", as in "to come a spleddrach" (Source 37, letter of mid-October 1939).

FAODAIH DUINE A THEANG' A CHUMAIL 'SAN DROCH-UAIR (*Seanfhacal Lallans*)

SOURCE : P27 : *Scots Independent* 361 (11/2/61), 4.

t : see Henderson 1876: 51. On 31/12/60 Hay wrote (Source 51):

Recently I translated about two hundred of Henderson's Scots Proverbs into Gaelic, and found that they made very racy Gaelic indeed. Some time this year I'll try and get the best of them, especially the rhyming couplets, published...in the cause of Scottish solidarity.

(Some of these can be found on the backpaste of Source 32.)

10 *Domhnall Dàsachdach* : fear de na rìghrean Gàidhealach Albannach roimh àm Chaluim A' Chinn Mhóir. [P27]. Donald II, grandson of Kenneth MacAlpine, according to the Synchronisms of Flann Mainistreach (see Skene 1867: 21).

16 : the issue of the national allegiance of Berwick had been brought to public attention the year before by Wendy Wood's Scottish Patriots. On the premise that legally the Tweed is Scottish waters and that the Scotto-English border traditionally runs in the middle of the Royal Tweed Bridge, and encouraged by the successful application by Berwick Town Council to the Lord Lyon of Scotland for a new Matriculation of Arms,

we...considered it advisable in June 1959...to have someone caught on the English side of the supposed borderline to bring the matter to more public notice. So two young men undertook to saw down the sign in broad daylight and (if they could get so far) to carry it to the border bridge ... It had been arranged that in Court they should refuse to recognise

English Law on Scottish territory, the new Coat-of-Arms over the Magistrate's head signifying the power of the Court as being of a Scottish Burgh. (Wood 1970: 207-208).

The two men were fined £30 by the Court at Berwick. (See also the Scotsman 1/6/59 and 2/6/59.)

GLAISTIG PHÀIRC NA BÀN RIGH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent 362 (18/2/61), 2.
53 : Neill MSS (letter of 7/3/69; see Catalyst 2/3 (Sum. 1969), 18-19).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 82 (1974).

t : "The Glaistig was a tutelary being in the shape of a thin grey (tana glas) little woman, with long yellow hair reaching to her heels, dressed in green, haunting certain sites or farms. ... She is said to have been at first a woman of honourable position, a former mistress of the house, who had been put under enchantments and now had a Fairy nature given her." (Campbell 1900: 155).

9-16 : The decline of Gaelic among the rulers of Scotland is associated with the reign of Malcolm III (1054-93) and the Normanising of the Scottish court through the influence of his English wife, Margaret.

12 a' ghòraiche leanabaidh : The "childish folly" was being swayed too much by his wife. [53]

ÒRAN NÀISEANTACH

SOURCES : [9 : NLS MS 26732, 26r. Fragmentary (page torn).]
P27 : Scots Independent 365 (11/3/61), 3.
P6 : Catalyst 1/4 (Aut. 1968), 23.
11 : NLS MS 26735, 27 (1978?).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 147-48 (1978?).
44 : NLS Acc 9367/ 24; see Gairm 120 (Foghar 1982), 334-35.

The surviving text of 9 is as follows:

Tha saoghail is saoghail
thilginn iadsan tras
is dhèanainn rathad
gu faighinnsa còta

Sheasainn ri buillean is ri
ghabhainn dìmeas orm
ruithinn réidh troim
gu faighinnsa còta
Horó, mo nighean donn
gu faighinnsa còta

Hay specifies in 11, 20 and P15 that the song is to a tune of his own composition.

FURAN NA BAINTEIGHEARNA BHO CHLUAIDH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent 366 (18/3/61), 3.

RO FHAD' AIR A' MHULLACH

SOURCE : [25 : NLS MS 26758, 218 + 240. (1960). 2 lines only.]
 P14 : An Gàidheal LVI/4 (April '61), 44.

11-12 : couplet noted twice in 25.

Hay points out the dialect verbal ending *-(a)igh* for standard *-(a)ich*.

CNOCAN A' CHAIT FHIADHAICH

SOURCES : 31 : NLS MS 26781, bp. (1960-61).
 P27 : Scots Independent 368 (1/4/61), 3.
 53 : Neill MSS (letter of 24/2/69; see Catalyst 2/3 (Sum. 1969), 18-19).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 82-83 (1974).

t : cnocan creagach aig ceann Toll A' Bhódaich an Tairbeart Loch Fíne. [21].

ACARSAIDEAN A' CHUTTY SARK

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 369 (8/4/61), 2.

AN CNOCAN FRAOICH IS PADRE DANTE

SOURCE : P27 : Scots Independent 370 (15/4/61), 3.

The poem is in the *terzina* form of Dante's *Commedia* (triplets riming ABA BCB CDC etc.).

NA FIACHAN GAOLACH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent a 371 (22/4/61), 3 b 7 (Sep 1971), 13.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 92 (1969) b 120 (1971).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 74 (1974).

1-4 : see ÒRAN NA CAILEIGE GÒRAICH (in appendix) for an earlier version of this verse.

AR CNOCAN FRAOICH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent a 370 (29/4/61), 3 b 73 (Apr. 1977), 8.
 P6 : Catalyst 2/4 (Aut. 1969), 20.
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 78-79 (1974).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 97 (1976-77?).

As indicated by Hay, this poem was composed to the Irish tune *An Cnuicín Fraoigh* (*The Little Heather Hill*). In 20 Hay notes the poem's "first" appearance in Catalyst, "ach theagamh gur airidh e air a bhith tighinn amach rithist".

t : "An Cnocan Fraoich - is e sin, Alba" . [P27 P6 21]. I have disregarded text 21's title to avoid confusion with the 1944 poem AN CNOCAN FRAOICH.

A' PHÌOB MHÓR AGAINN

SOURCE : 31 : NLS MS 26781, bp. 8 lines only.
P27 : Scots Independent 373 (6/5/61), 2.

31 also has the fragments: **Kullkum ù Ghàita** [Arabic: *all of you and bagpipes*] / – **na puirt mhóra** /
'dos ar sráid' **Nepál (Neapál)** / (**leumnach s e deònach**) / **dian is e bithbhuan.**

RATHAD LOUDAIDH 'S AN TRACK

SOURCES : P21 : Ossian (Aut. 1961), 9.

† **Rathad Loudaidh:** Lothian Road, in central Edinburgh.

An Track : an line chùrsa a ghabhas na luingeas móra, s iad a' togail gu cuan no 'tighinn
astaigh bho'n Chuan Siar, eadar ceann a deas Eilein Bhóid agus Creag Ealasaid. [P21]

[The course line taken by the ocean liners as they head out to sea or come in from the Atlantic, between the south
end of Bute and Ailsa Craig.]

BRÒNACH TADHAL DÙN MONAIDH

SOURCES : P27 : Scots Independent a 404 (9/12/61), 4 b 12 (Feb 1972), 6.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 119 (1972).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 79. (1974?).

† **DÙN MONAIDH :** "Mound Fortress", a kenning for Edinburgh. In P27a Hay cites its use by
Bishop Carswell of Carnassary (in his 1567 translation of John Knox's Book of Common Order):
"*Dùn Monaidh d'an comhainm Dùn Eideann*" – "Dun Monaidh, another name for which is Dun
Edin (Edinburgh)". (See Thomson (ed.) *Foirm na n-Ùrnuigheadh* 1970, 1, for exact wording).

7 **anns an ainbhich** ("as dyvours"): glossed "debtors, bankrupts", the word "dyvour" was associated
by Hay with Tarbert (see Source 23, 84, letter of 2/2/78: "There was quite a lot of Scots in Tarbert
(e.g. words like *raploch* and *dyvour*) and it must be even more so in Campbeltown.").

AM FLÙR GEAL SLÉIBHE

SOURCES : 20a : NLS MS 26744, 99. (1969).
P15 : Gairm 67 (Samh. 1969), 228.
20b : NLS MS 26744, 100 (1971).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 75-76 (1974).

DATE : 21 ("Dùn Éideann 1964"). The translation is dated 1969 (in 20a 28/2/69).

NATIONALIST SANG

SOURCES : P6 : Catalyst 1/4 (Aut. 1968), 23.
P18 : Morningside Mirror (Sep. 1968), 8.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 148 (1977-78). ("tae ma ain tune").
11 : NLS MS 26735, 26v (1981).

DATE : quite possibly contemporary with its Gaelic model ÒRAN NÀISEANTACH (*i.e.* 1960-61), but no firm evidence for this available.

20 is the carbon of a typescript sent to the Scots Independent.

LATHA DHOMH BHITH 'SAN RAINICH (Òran)

SOURCES : 53 : Neill MSS (letter of 20/2/69).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 95 (1969).
21 : NLS MS 26745, 81-82 (1974).

DATE : 21 ("Dùn Eideann 1968").

"It's about the shadow of atomic war, and is really a song, for I composed it complete with tune." [53].

12 : Cnoc a' Chaisteil (Castle Knowe) is in Cowal near Loch Ascog (Loch a' Chaisteil) and like Arran forms part of North Kintyre's horizon. [21]

AN CIÙRAN CEÒBAN CEÒ

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 131v (1969?) b 105 (1969)
c 106 (1971) d 107-8 (1975?).
P15 : Gairm 67 (Samh. 1969), 227-28.
21 : NLS MS 26745, 72-73 (1974).
K : Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig, 138-39 (1976).

DATE : 20b ("25.2.69. Air a chur gu Gairm 27.2.69").

"This is a Gaelic counterpart to my Scots poem THE SMOKY SMIRR O RAIN." [20c 21]

20a is a first draft, with lines written down as they occurred to the poet, rhyming words noted (smdid ciùin tùirling dùin), and a translated phrase (in the misty smirr of drizzle). 20c is marked "Final copy 7/4/71" with the translation dated 6/4/71, and the details of P15 publication.

16 **Am Paiste Beag** : The Wee Patch ... the name of a field on the long deserted farm of Lagan Rdaig, which lies near the shore halfway between Tarbert (Loch Fyne) and Skipness. [20c 21]

AN RÙNAIRE STÀITE

SOURCES : 53 : Neill MSS (letter of 20/2/69).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 95v (1969).

1-2 : These lines were used again by Hay in the eulogistic DO DH'ÙISDEAN MACDHIARMAID. The central image had been elaborated in MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL (ll.1221 ff.).

4 **an Rosach** : William Ross, Secretary of State for Scotland under the Labour Government of 1966-70. Between 1967 and '69 the SNP make spectacular electoral gains, to which Ross reacted with uncompromising hostility; opposed to any legislative devolution of power, he instead pursued policies of administrative and economic regionalisation.

AR COR AN ALBAINN

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 95v hs. b 92 ts. (1969).
P18 : Morningside Mirror (Apr. 1969), 5.
P6 : Catalyst 2/3 (Sum. 1969), 18-19.

DATE : context 20.

REFERENDUM

SOURCES : 53 : Neill MSS (letter of 17/2/69).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 94 (1969).

VIA MEDIA?

SOURCE : 41 : NLS Acc. 7125/30, letter of 26/2/69; see Akros 3/11 (Aug. 1969), 59.

EUN MAIDNE

SOURCE : P6 : Catalyst 3/3 (Sum. 1970), 13.

BLIADHNA GUN GHEAMHRADH (AM PAIPEAR NAIDHEACHD)

SOURCE : P25 : Scottish International 11 (Sep. 1970), 37.

SREATHAN SIMPLIDH

SOURCE : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 154-55 (22/3/71).

[RANN FÌRINNEACH]

SOURCE : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 154-55 (22/3/71).

This quatrain accompanies SREATHAN SÌMPLIDH.

RANNGHAIL LETH-ÉIBHINN DO DH'EALASÁID

SOURCE : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 156-159 (27/3/71).

t, 1-4 : cf. in Rob Donn Ho ro! a Naoghais, bi treun!
Is cum do ghealladh rium fhéin;
Cho liutha 's a tha tabhairt ort comhairl',
Bhi 'g amharc mu'n tabhair thu leum. (see MacAoidh 1899: 67)

53 : the phrase is from Iain Lom's *Cumha Mhontróis* (1650):
Craobh rùisgt' de'n abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas gun chliù gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a chéile,
'Nur fuidheall bheum is chorc. (Mackenzie 1964: 58).

37 *tràchda* : < Gàidhlig Eireannach *tràcht* : traffic. [20]

64 *Lysistrata* : the comedy by the Athenian Aristophanes in which he portrays the women of Athens as refusing themselves to their husbands until the husbands put a stop to the Peloponnesian War (5thc. BC). [20]

BRATACH AM BRÀIGH A' BHAILE

(*Trì Rainn is Amhran*)

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 26v (1946). One verse + fragments.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 121 (1971).
P27 : *Scots Independent* 8 (Oct. 1971), 14.
21 : NLS MS 26745, 80 (1974).

13-16 : in 7 this sole verse is surrounded by the following fragments under the heading WORDS TO TUNES :

crois gheal tharsuinn. . . trasd oirre. . .
{Crois gheal air ghrunnnd gorm
{ a' stoirmrich sa h-uile ghaoth
{a lean a' ghrian 'na cuairt / siar thar chuain

AN COMHCHEÒL IOMLAN

SOURCES : 23 : NLS MS 26748, 9v (1971). Two verses.
20 : NLS MS 26744, a 164 (1971) b 91 (1973?)
21 : NLS MS 26745, 72 (1974).

DATE : 20a ("11/7/71").

23 has 11.3 4 5 6 then 1 2 7 8 (with variants as shown).

ORION OVER BUTE

SOURCES : [8 : NLS MS 26731, 26v (c.1946). Five lines.]
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 109 b 110 (carbon of a) (1972).
 41 : NLS Acc. 7125/19(i) (1972).
 50 : Kirk MS (1972).
 P27 : Scots Independent 22 (Jan. 1973), 7.

DATE : 20 ("10.2.72").

For 8, and the origins of this poem, see THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA. In 41 and 50 the poem is dedicated "to Hugh MacDiarmid on his Eightieth Birthday" (11 August 1972), and signed "DUNUREMAN" (the Tarbert Hays are thought to have come to Kintyre from Dunure in Ayrshire). Akros Publications had advertised plans for a celebratory collection of poems in tribute to MacDiarmid.

20, 41 and 50 have a break before 13, and asterisks marking the two paragraph-breaks.

17-18 : see THE WALLS OF BALCLUTHA, 131-32.

LIVES O MEN
 (*Caller Herrin*)

SOURCES: 7 : NLS MS 26730, 45 (1972).
 2 : NLS MS 26722, 90 (1972).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 98.
 P16 : Lallans 7 (Mairtinmas 1976), 19.

DATE : 2 ("4.3.72").

t : refers to the song *Caller Herrin'* by Lady Nairne (1766-1845), which has a verse:

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'—
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
 Ca' them lives o' men. (Oxford 1966: 415-16).

1 **haice** : hoarse. [2]. Probably based on the Tarbert usage of *càrsan* ("hoarseness") in both Gaelic and English to refer to the sound of rising sea and wind. See for example LUINNEAG THAIRBEARTACH.

16 : note in Source 7, 44v: § The kyle is haice the nicht.
 LAST LINE The nicht the kyle is haice.

THA 'MHSNEACH IS AN DÒCHAS S A' CHÒIR 'NAN LAOICH
 Courage And Hope And The Right Are Warriors

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 45 (1972). Three verses.
 2 : NLS MS 26722, 88v-89 (1972).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 78 (1972).
 P27 : Scots Independent 13 (Apr. 1972), 10.

DATE : 2 ("4/3/72").

The verses in 7 are in order 5, 3, and 4.

t : from AR CNOCAN FRAOICH. See the Norwegian HAAPET for another working of the theme.

20 : See STEINEN PÅ FJELLET (Source 9 draft).

.....

HOWES AN' KNOWES

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 44v (1972). Four verses.
 2 : NLS MS 26722, 89v (1972).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 132.
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 50.

DATE : 2 ("5/3/72").

t : note "There ne'er is a height but there is a howe at the bottom o't" (Henderson 1876: 92). The title in 2 is preceded by a quote from DLEASNAN NAN AIRDEAN:

Is e tnaairneadh nan àrdan / a bheir sàmhchar do'n ghleannan.
 (It is the buffeting of the heights that gives tranquillity to the glennan.)

.....

ALBA CONA H-INGANTAIB ALBA LE A H-ÌOGHNAIDHEAN (Dàn Deirdre).

SOURCES : 2 : NLS MS 26722, 90v (1972).
 P27 : Scots Independent 17 (Aug. 1972), 9.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 125 (1973?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 77 (1974).

DATE : 2 ("2/7/72").

t : The "Song of Deirdre" in question is the song of farewell to Scotland spoken by Deirdre in the pre-Christian Irish tale Longes Mac n-Uislienn (The Exile Of The Sons Of Uisliu); in Scotland versions of the story survived in oral tradition down to the 20thc. but the literary tale was also preserved in collections such as the 15th c. Glenmasan MS. As preserved in that source, the song starts: *Inmain tìr an tìr ut thoir! Alba cona hingantaib. . .* ("A dear land, yon land in the east / Scotland with its wonders. . ."). Hay's poem was probably prompted by a romantic piece in the June issue of the SI: "Deirdre's Farewell to Alba (to the tune of the Mingulay Boat Song)".

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AN T-ALBANNACH AIR DÙSGADH

SOURCES : 2 : NLS MS 26722, 91 (1973).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 123 (1973?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 76 (1974).
 P27 : Scots Independent 64 (July 1976), 8.

DATE : 2 ("20/2/73"); 21 ("Dùn Eideann 1973").

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TEIRIGIDH NÀIMHDEAS: MAIRIDH CÀIRDEAS

SOURCES : 2 : NLS MS 26722, 92v (1973).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 124 (1973?).
 21 : NLS MS 26745, 76-77 (1974).
 P27 : Scots Independent 28 (July 1973), 5.

DATE : 2 ("24/3/73"); 21 ("Dùn Eideann 1973").

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GARVALT SIDE

SOURCES : 2 : NLS MS 26722, 93 (1973).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 122.
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 51.

DATE : 2 ("21/7/73").

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ÒRAN MARAICHE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 8r b 9 c 8v (1975).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 92 (Fogh. 1975), 371.

DATE : context 10.

4, 8 *etc.* **soraidh ó** : expression heard by Hay from Tarbertman Dugal 'Moore' MacAlpine.
 I said 'Cheerio' and he said 'Soraidh ó', and there you are. A word's enough. It's the only
 known Gaelic for 'cheerio' in existence, I expect. (SSS, 14/5/79).

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AN IOMAGUIN

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 11r b 8v, 13. (1975?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 92 (Fogh. 1975), 371-372.

DATE : context 10.

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SÌON A' CHUAIN

SOURCES : 30 : NLS MS 26781, 67 (c.1960). Couplet only.
 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 9v b 13r (1975?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 92 (Fogh. 1975), 373.

DATE : 10 ("8/8/75").

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CÙ IS A CHOILEAR

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 13r (1975?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 92 (Fogh. 1975), 373.

DATE : 10 ("8/8/75").

.....

DO DHUINE A RINN CILLEIN

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 13 b 12v (1975).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 92 (Fogh. 1975), 373.

DATE : 10 ("8/8/75").

t : the expression is Iain Lom's, in his lament for Huntly (see Mackenzie 1964: 607).

AR LÀRAICHEAN

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 17r+18 (1975).
P15 : Gairm 93 (Gearmh. 1975-'76), 50-52.

DATE : from context 10, and P15.

ÒRAN SUIRGHICH

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 18 (1975)
P15 : Gairm 93 (Gearmh. 1975-76), 52.

DATE : context 10.

RAINN GHRÀIDH

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 8r [One verse] b 9 (1975).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 94 (Ear. 1976).

DATE : context 10.

This batch of poems in Gairm was presented by Hay as "òrain shìmplidh" (44).

RAINN GHRÀIDH EILE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 10 (1975).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 94 (Ear. 1976).

DATE : context 10.

NA FAOILEAGAN MAIDNE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 10 (1975) b 21v (1976?).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 126 (1976?).
P15 : Gairm 94 (Ear. 1976), 129.
P1 : Akros 11/31 (Aug. 1976), 7.

DATE : context 10.

BEACHD IS BARAIL

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 10v (1975).
P27 : Scots Independent 63 (June 1976), 8.

DATE : context 10.

A' CHRAOBH

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 12 (1975).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/18; see Gairm 94 (Ear. 1976).

DATE : 10 ("10/6/75").

MARBHRANN DO'M MHÀTHAIR

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 11v (1975). 8 lines only. b 25 (1982).
P15 : Gairm 123 (Samh. 1983), 214.

DATE : 10 a ("10/6/75") b ("2/12/82").

Catherine Hay died in Edinburgh on 2 June 1975, aged 92. Connected to Islay through her father, she was born and brought up in the Kerry Cowal; "the Tarbert fishermen used to call [her] the Kerrach" (NLS MS 26752, 3).

LA SCOZIA OGGI (Canzone).

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 18v (1975-76). Six verses.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 142 (1976?). Six verses.
P27 : Scots Independent 70 (Jan. 1977), 8.

DATE : 10 ("S.I. 2/1/76").

ÀIT AIR BITH (Rann)

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 21r b 22v (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 115 (1976?)
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 99 (Samh. 1977), 240.

DATE : 10b ("1.76").

[RANN IONNDRAIN]

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 20r (1976?).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 115-16 (1976?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 99 (Samh. 1977), 241.

DATE : context 10, and mention in list of material for Gairm of Spring '76 (Source 10, 23r).

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VIGNETTE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 20r (1976).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 116 (1976)
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 99 (Samh. 1977), 241.

DATE : context 10, and mention in list of material for Gairm of Spring '76 (Source 10, 23r).

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LAG AN AONAICH

(*Oran san tSean Fhasan*)

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 22 (1976).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 114-15 (1976?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 99 (Samh. 1977), 239.

DATE : 10 ("28/2/76").

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CALLAIDEAN SHASSUINN

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 21v-22 (1976).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 115 (1976?).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 99 (Samh. 1977), 240.

DATE : 10 ("2/3/76").

.....

ÒIGE NA H-AOISE

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 126. (1976).
 P1 : Akros 11/31 (Aug. 1976), 8.

DATE : 20 is a carbon of Hay's copy for Akros; that issue of the magazine featured an anthology of contemporary Gaelic poetry, guest-edited by Derick Thomson. (The sheet includes the translation of FAOILEAGAN NA MAIDNE whose original Gairm already held, and BLOIGH EADAILTEACH). The pieces were probably submitted to Thomson by Spring '76 (in December he reckoned it "could be done by February"), but the poem may of course be a much earlier composition.

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LE MONTAGNARD

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 21r (1976).
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 53.

DATE : from context 10.

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THIS WORLD

SOURCES: 10 : NLS MS 26734, 20r (1976?).
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 53.

DATE : from context 10.

4 : cf. "Is bruthach cas e s is bòidheach" (RANNGHAIL LETH-ÉIBHINN"', 13).

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STANZE IRLANDESI

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 20v (1976).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 136-37 (1976) b 138-39 (1977?).
 P27 : Scots Independent 77 (Aug. 1977), 8. Two verses. ["Poesie della Scozzia"].

DATE : 20a ("14/4/76").

20b is the carbon of a typescript sent to the Dublin magazine Cyphers (see Source 46, letter of 14/1/78).

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ARIA

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 20 (1976).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 136 (1976).
 P27 : Scots Independent 77 (Aug. 1977), 8. ["Poesie della Scozzia"].

DATE : 20 ("14/4/76").

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SKOTLAND TIL OLA NORDMANN

SOURCES: 10 : NLS MS 26734, 19r (1976?)
 P27 : Scots Independent 64 (July 1976), 8.

DATE : context 10.

t OLA NORDMANN – the Norwegian national character; cf. the English John Bull. [P27].

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VÅREN

SOURCES: 10 : NLS MS 26734, 19v (1976?).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 134 (1976-77?).

DATE : context 10 (and thematic links with SKOTLAND TIL OLA NORDMANN, cf. II.1 2 5 6).

Hay may have had an old Irish metre in mind here, that of a 9thc. poem about winter starting:

Scél lem dúib:
dordaid dam,
snigid gaim,
ro fáith sam.

(See Greene & O'Connor 1969: 98).

STEINEN PÅ FJELLET

SOURCES: 10 : NLS MS 26734, 19r (1976?).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 134 (1976-77).
P27 : Scots Independent 72 (Mar. 1977), 9.

DATE : context 10.

1 : this line was used in Scots by Hay in the 1972 poem *THA 'MHISNEACH IS AN DÒCHAS'*. In Source 9, 12v, the idea crops up in a Norwegian-Scots draft (handwriting suggests period 1960-61):

skalder og barder skulle forstå hverandre, som de gjorde før.
skumring og dæmring Trolldom og ikla fra fordum.
Her er vi kvar til luften luter, till the lift louts
som de Galater Langs landet

Till the lift louts
{and aa the warlds levrocks abune it
{and aa erd's levrocks ablow it
we will bide here singan lik levrocks
but no soarin' awa' frae the ground we ken.
Och, say we bide,
say that thoch

the skald and the bard should understand one another, as they did of old. dusk and dawn witchcraft and ? from
long ago. Here we are till the sky caves in, as the Celts/ Gaels Along the coastland

HÅPET

SOURCES: 2 : NLS MS 26722, 101v (1976). Four verses.
11 : NLS MS 26735, 4r (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 74-5 (1976).
P27 : Scots Independent 67 (Oct. 1976), 8. ["To Dikt Fra Skotland"].

DATE : 11 ("10/5/76").

Note links with the 1972 Scots poem *THA 'MHISNEACH IS AN DÒCHAS'*.

1 skald : the court-poet of medieval Icelandic/Norse society. Like his Gaelic counterpart, the skald specialised in panegyric and took particular interest in the metrical technique of verse.

SLUTT
(*Gaelisk Strophe*)

SOURCES : 2 : NLS MS 26722, 102 (1976)
11 : NLS MS 26735, 5 (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 74-75. Letter to Source P27. (1976).
P27 : Scots Independent 67 (Oct. 1976), 8. ["To Dikt Fra Skotland"].

DATE : 11 ("10/5/76").

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ENHVER SEILER

SOURCES: 2 : NLS MS 26722, 102 (1976). Eleven lines.
11 : NLS MS 26735, 4v (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 133 (1976-77?)
P27 : Scots Independent 75 (June 1977), 10.

DATE : 11 ("10/5/76").

6 **Vinland** : Vineland, in Norse legend the land beyond the western sea; identified historically with Newfoundland.

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AN OIHCHE BHUAN

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 1v b 2 (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 135 (1977?).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; Gairm 105 (Geamh. 1978-79), 32.

DATE : context 11.

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IS CRÌON A' CHÙIL AS NACH GOIREAR

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 3 (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 140-41 (1976?).
P15 : Gairm 97 (Geamh. 1976-77), 35.

DATE : 11 ("30/5/76").

1 : note the deleted stray line in Source 11, 1r **An domhan iomadhathach òg. marg. sean**

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DÙDLACHD IS EARRACH AR BLIADHNA

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, [a 1r, 28r] b 6 c 6 (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 80 (1976).
P27 : Scots Independent 69 (Dec. 1976), 8.

DATE : 11 ("23/7/76") and 20.

This poem and AN T-ÙGHDARRAS AGUS AN T-EÒLAS were judged "apposite and worthwhile" by Hay (20, carbon of letter to SI editor, 6/8/76).

1-4 : these lines in 11b are followed by lines 1-2 of AN T-ÙGHDARRAS AGUS AN T-EÒLAS, suggesting that initially the two pieces were part of the same poetic germ.

2 : This line is found noted 11a (1r), and Source 10, 12v.

8 **Féill Bhrìde** : 1st February, traditionally marking the arrival of Spring.

9-10 : fragment 11a consists of these lines preceded by:

O'n a tha mi 'sa bhaile-s'
eadar an Garbhalld is Gabhail an Rìgh

18 'na speuraibh : or "in its skies"?

AN T-ÙGHDARRAS AGUS AN T-EÒLAS

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 6v-7 (1976).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 80 (1976).
P27 : Scots Independent 68 (Nov 1976), 8.

DATE : 11 ("23/7/76 Di Dòmhnach").

See DÙDLACHD IS EARRACH AR BLIADHNA notes for Hay's assessment of this poem.

BEANNACHADH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 1v (1976?)
P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 53.
20 : NLS MS 26744, 135 (1977?).

DATE : context 11.

FOSGAIL UINNEAG AN LÀ [Open The Winnock O The Day]

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a f.8v b 9 c 16 (1976-77).
P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 53.

DATE : context 11; must postdate AN OIDHCHE BHUAN (P26: "frae ma ain Gaelic").

3 **scowry** : (Gaelic *sgreunach*) inclement, overcast and windy. [P26]

THE BALLOT NOT THE BULLET – A VICTORY WITH NO DEFEATED

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 127.
P27 : Scots Independent 68 (Nov. 1976), 8.

IS CRÌON A' CHÙIL AS NACH GOIREAR
It's A Wee Neuk Frae Whilk There's Nae E'en A Cheep (Gaelic Proverb)

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 9v (Two verses) b 10 c 17-18. (1976-77).
P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), p.54.

DATE : context 11; must postdate Gaelic version (P26: "frae ma ain Gaelic").

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ULADH

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 127.
P27 : Scots Independent 68 (Nov. 1976), 8.

1-2 : The Presbyterian settler and the Irish Gael driven west to 'Hell or Connaught'. [P27]

4 "is làidir an snaoisín e" : from an Irish quatrain; snuff brings tears to the eyes. [P27]. See Ó Rathile 1925: 24 (no.117).

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IONNDRAINN NA SÌNE

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 8 b 14-16 (1976)
20 : NLS MS 26744, 129 (1977?).
P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 51-52.

DATE : from context 11.

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LUINNEAG THAIRBEARTACH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 11-12 (1976).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 101 (Geamh. 1977-78), 28.

DATE : context 11 (must predate AUBADE).

1 àrd amach : fad amach air a' mhuir. [44]

2 An Caol : Caol Bhreannain. [44]

9 Iomachar : am prìomh rudha air còrsa an iar Arainn.

A' Chleit : sgeir fhada fo làr air còrsa iardheas Arainn (The Iron Rock Ledge).

Cùr : an Cinnùre eadar Càradal agus Sgibinis. [44]

11 losgadh : teine-sionnachain.

sùil (sgadain) : rudeiginn na's lugha na shoal. [44]

12 an duine làidir : an capstan. [44]

13 Port A' Chruidh : beagan a tuath air Rudha Sgibinis. [44]

19 drumach : dìle-bhàithte. [44]

24 : a further verse was added in 11 (1978):

Is àrd amach a thà mo ghaol. / Thà an Caol càrsanach.

Is àrd amach a thà mo ghaol. / Till, a ghaol, slàn rium.

.....

GUIDHE AN IASGAIR

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 7v (1976).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/19; see Gairm 101 (Geamh. 1977-78), 29.

DATE : from context 11.

2 **coltas** : comharraidhean air sgadan. [44]

3 **reòtach** : còmhdach lannan sgadain. [44]

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THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 7v b 14 (1976).
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 54.

DATE : from context 11. P26 specifies "frae ma ain Gaelic".

2 **appearance** (Gaelic *coltas*): signs of herring; 'a muckle appearance' [variant 11a] - plentiful signs of herring. [P26].

.....

AUBADE

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 12r b 18r (1976).
 P26 : Scotia Review 17 (Sum. 1977), 54.

DATE : 11b ("30/11/76").

.....

LUNNAINN AGUS ALBA

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 20 (1976-77).
 P27 : Scots Independent 72 (Mar. 1977), 9.

DATE : context 11.

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IRISCHE STROPHE

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 12r (1976?) b 22r (1977).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 139 (1977).
 P30 : Cyphers 7 (Winter 1977-78), 35.

DATE : 11b ("27/2/77")

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BRISEADH NA FÀIRE 'N ALBAINN

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 21 (1977).
P27 : Scots Independent 74 (May 1977), 8.

DATE : 11 ("27/2/77").

.....

BLOIGH LEBENSRAUM

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 26 (1977).

DATE : 11 ("16/3/77").

.....

O Albainn LEUM GU TAOBH LIFE

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 24-26 (1977).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 128 (1977?).
P5 : Cam 18 (Sum. 1977), p.2.

DATE : 11 ("for Cam 16.3.77").

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[AITEAMH SA BHEINN] (Dà Rann in Amhran)

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735 a 29 One verse. b 29 c 30-31. (1978).
P5 : Cam 21 (Spring 1978), 23.

DATE : 11 ("5/1/78").

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DO DH'ÙISDEAN MACDHIARMAID

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 146 (1978).
P27 : Scots Independent 83 (Feb. 1978), 3.

DATE : though sent for publication along with the January '78 poems (see NA RÀTAICHEAN below), the poem does not feature among the notebook drafts, and may be of earlier date (conceivably marking MacDiarmid's 85th birthday the previous August).

1-2 : See also AN RÙNAIRE STÀIT (of 1969).

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NA RÀTAICHEAN S A ' BHÀRDACHD

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 31v, 32v, 42 (1978).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 152-53 (1978).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 105 (Geamh. 1978-79), 31-32.

DATE : 20 (translation dated 11/1/78) and letter of 14/1/78 (Source 46):

The Wessergott wasn't very gnädig, but being stuck in the house I wrote about ten Gaelic poems in three days, and they're now sent away to GAIRM and the SI.

The four Gairm poems were sent in two instalments, the second of which (DREUCHD AN FHILIDH and NA GÀIDHEIL SNA BAILTEAN) is dated 11/1/78; this poem and CÙINNEADH SAMHRAIDH formed the first instalment. The copies of all four poems in Source 20 are carbons of those sent for publication.

NA GÀIDHEIL SNA BAILTEAN

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 35r (1978).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 81 (1978).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 105 (Geamh. 1978-79), 32.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN"" above.

This quatrain and the accompanying DREUCHD AN FHILIDH were sent to Gairm as "dà dhàn eile an Amhrán iomlan" (20, a carbon).

CÙINNEADH SAMHRAIDH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 32-31v (1978).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 152-153 (1978).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 105 (Geamh. 1978-79), 32.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN"" above.

SUMMER COINAGE

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 153 (1978). Prose text.
P9 : Chapman 21 (Spring 1978), 37.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN"" above.

P9 states: "from my own Gaelic"; the poem is a straight translation of CÙINNEADH SAMHRAIDH. 20 is the prose translation accompanying the Gaelic.

GUTH THAIRIS

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 35 (1978).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 147 (1978).
P27 : Scots Independent 84 (Mar. 1978), 3.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN"" above.

As P27 reproduces a typing error of 20 ("mu ddheas"), these typescripts (Source 20, 145-48) must be carbons of the texts sent for publication.

DREUCHD AN FHILIDH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 35 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 81 (1978).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 105 (Gearmh. 1978-79), 32.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

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MÓR Á MEUD

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 36 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 147 (1978).
 P27 : Scots Independent 84 (Mar. 1978), 3.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

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BÀR AN DÙN ÉIDEANN

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 34r+33v (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 145-46 (1978).

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

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STAD A' BHUS

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 34v+35r (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 146 (1978).
 P27 : Scots Independent 87 (June 1978), 3.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

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AN CRUINNEACHADH NO AN TIONAL

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 33 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 145. (1978).

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

.....

TÌR MÓR

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 146 (1978).
 P27 : Scots Independent 83 (Feb. 1978), 3.

DATE : see NA RÀTAICHEAN... above.

.....

CANZONE GOLIARDICA

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 37r,38r,39r (1978). One verse lacking.
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 143-44. (1978).
 46 : NLS Acc. 9967(i) (letter of 21/1/78).

DATE : 11 ("15/1/1978").

† : the Goliards were wandering renegade scholars of medieval Western Europe, notorious for their hedonist living; their songs (usually in Latin) celebrated the joys of riotous drinking and sexual license, and lampooned the Church authorities. Most famous, probably, is the 13thc. Bavarian collection *Carmina Burana* (see Symonds 1884, for an English translation; also Waddell 1927, read by Hay in the '30s, for an introduction). The Goliardic song became a genre not necessarily dependent on the lifestyle it extolled. Hay's goliardism was obviously of the milder kind.

13-16 : added for Hamish Henderson (see 46 : "The [fourth] verse ... is meant for you").

RITORNELLO

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 144 (1978).
 46 : NLS Acc.9967(i) (letter of 21/1/78).

DATE : See CANZONE GOLIARDICA above.

† : the *ritornello* is a song-form of circular repetitive structure.

[RANN DO SHOMHAIRLE]

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 35v (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 82 (1978).
 P15 : Gairm 102 (Ear. 1978), 157.

DATE : contexts 20 and 11. Must post-date letter of 14/1/78 (Source 38; see NA RÀTAICHEAN'), but note to Gairm (of which 20 is a carbon) indicates that the five poems (Source 20, 82-83) were sent not long after the earlier January pieces.

LÀ ALLABAN MONAIDH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 37v (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 82 (1978).
 P15 : Gairm 102 (Earr. 1978), 157-58.

DATE : see RANN DO SHOMHAIRLE above.

TAIGH NAN CUMANTAN

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 82. (1978).
 P15 : Gairm 102 (Ear. 1978), 158.

DATE : see RANN DO SHOMHAIRLE above. (Absence from Source 11 may indicate earlier composition.)

GU'M CHUR AN AITHNE

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 36 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 82 (1978).
 P15 : Gairm 102 (Earr. 1978), 157.

DATE : see RANN DO SHOMHAIRLE above.

1-2 : Hay's patronymic was probably given him by the Tarbert fishermen, judging from a list of Tarbert nicknames noted down by him c.1961, which includes Mac Iain Dheòrsa and "The Ceathrach" (the fishermen's name for Catherine Hay) among other colourful examples like the Big Duck (one of the crew of Calum Johnson's *Liberator*), Hail-Smiling-Morn, James-Did-Ye-Get-Yer-Tea-Yet-Bain (the co-star of Hay's short story *A Night With The Beadle*), and Ceann A' Phump.

M'OILEIN IS M'ALTRUM

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 36v-37 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 83 (1978).
 P15 : Gairm 102 (Earr. 1978), 158-59.

DATE : see RANN DO SHOMHAIRLE above.

THE AULD BORDER WUMMAN

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 149 (1978).
 P9 : Chapman 21 (Spring 1978), 37.

DATE : 20 (5/2/78).

t : from Catullus (fl. 50BC), 5th Ode ("Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus. . ."):

soles occidere et redire possunt;
 nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
 nox est perpetua una dormienda.

[Suns may go down and rise again; but for us, when our brief light goes down, the night to be slept is an eternal one].

LAROCHS

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 42v-44 (1978).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 150-51 b 86-87 (1978).
 P1 : Akros 14/40 (Apr. 1979), 40-41.

DATE : 20b (letter-carbon to Akros of 5/2/78).

Verses in 11 read as follows (over ff. 42v-44r): 4 5 11 10 8; 2 3 9; 6 7; 1; and in 20a: 1-3 9 4-8 10-11 .

THE MUIRLAND MAN
Hieland or Lawland

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 150 b 86 (1978).
P1 : Akros 14/40 (Apr. 1979), 40.

DATE : see LAROCHS.

1 **fail** : turf *cf. Yon fail dyke* in 'The Twa Corbies' and the Gaelic *balla fàil* 'a turf wall'. [20]

.....

A' CHEÒLRAIDH
Beatha Bun-os-cionn

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 2v b 44 (1978).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 149 (1978).

DATE : 11, 20 ("5/2/78").

This poem was published shortly after Hay's death (see Meek 1984: 8).

.....

AIRSON NA CLOINNE
Fàilt' Air A' Mhadaim

SOURCES : [34 : NLS MS 26790, bp. Two lines.]
11 : NLS MS 26735 a 2v b 44 (1978)
20 : NLS MS 26744, 149 (1978).
P15 : Gairm 119 (Samh. 1982), 218.

DATE : 11 and 20 ("5/2/78").

t : AIRSON NA CLOINNE is given in P15 as the generic title for this verse and another, [GEAL], already featured two issues previously.

1 **mañana di domani** : tomorrow (Spanish) of tomorrow (Italian).

1-2 : drafted in 34 - **Ar an chéad mhañana de dhomani lá,**
nnair a d'éircas Phoebus os cionn na gcárn

.....

A' CHEARC GHEAL

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 26v-27r (4/1/79).

.....

AN NÀISEANTACH 'GA CHOMHAIRLEACHADH

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 26v-27r (1979).

DATE : context 10.

1 : Among expressions transcribed by Hay c.1961 is "Och, cuist. Bi glic!" (Source 13, 4).

.....

[FALAMH]

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 27v (1979?).

DATE : context 10.

Among phrases and expressions noted down by Hay in the early '60s is "empty" for "destitute, skint", a usage Hay presumed derived from the Gaelic (Source 12, 4).

.....

NA FEANSAICHEAN

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 28-27 (1978-79).

DATE : context 10; must predate THE FENCES (published Spring '79).

The poem survives only as an unedited draft with line-clusters as follows: 1-2 11-12 on f.27r; 18-19 13-14 3 31-32 29 8-10 30 t 26-28 22-25 33-36 20-21 15-17 4-6 (*marg.* 8-10 7) on f.28r. This draft must have been rearranged by Hay into the text given here, as a prototype for THE FENCES (see below), which is a direct translation of the Gaelic and retains the Gaelic paragraph structure.

1-8 : note the following traditional verse (Killin: 14-15, also Kennedy-Fraser 1909: 18-21):

Thug mi gaol 'us gean 'us gràdh dhuit
nach tug piuthar riamh go bràthair
nach tug bó gu laogh air àiridh
na bean òg gu naoidhean ràidhe.

34-37 : the only instance of divergence between 10 and the English translation (THE FENCES), but markings by Hay indicate a change in order, apparently 34 being replaced by 36. He may have gone on to alter 37 to "is feansaichean mu'n àite" or something similar.

.....

THE FENCES

SOURCE : P9 : Chapman 23-24 (Spring 1979), 85.

See notes to NA FEANSAICHEAN, of which this is a translation.

.....

SIMMER CUNZIE

SOURCE : P9 : Chapman 23-24 (Spring 1979), 86.

See CÙINNEADH SAMHRAIDH and SUMMER COINAGE.

.....

TO THE YOUNGER GENERATION

SOURCE : P9 : Chapman 23-24 (Spring 1979), 86.

.....

EXTEMPORE IN BENNETT'S BAR

SOURCE : P9 : Chapman 23-24 (Spring 1979), 86.

THE BARD, THE DRINK AN' THE HILL

SOURCES : P9 : Chapman 23-24 (Spring 1979), 86.
12 : NLS MS 26736, 12r (1980?)
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 111-12 (Samh.-Fogh. 1980).

t : This verse appeared in P15 with its Gaelic version, as RANN AN ALBANNAIS IS AN GÀIDHLIG.

1 The Cammie Man's : Edinburgh public bar, one of Hay's local haunts.

MUIR IS TÌR no DEIREADH OIHCHE RI CLADACH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 49r-47v (1979-80?).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/22; see Gairm 111-112 (Samh.-Fogh. 1980), 296-298.

DATE : note that Gairm selection was published as "Òrain Ùra"; the accompanying epigram (see AM BÀRD, AN DEOCH below) is dated as late as May 1980, but it seems to have been sent separately.

Verse order in 11 (ff.49r-47v) : t 1-3 + verse 10 13 ; 4 6 22 7 5 8 9 11 12 ; 19 20 ; 14-18.

9 : followed by Eadar lighe s lunn
eadar /gràpan > slighe/ s stìthir
is siud a' ghrian os cionn.

17 maois, peic : also indicate quantity (500 herrings, 2 gallons of water). (Dwelly).

25 ceannair : the bridle-rope of a ring-net (included in a 1938 list of Gaelic usage in Tarbert English, NLS MS 26747, 2). Around the time of composition, however, Hay was less specific: "I heard ceannair often enough. I never asked, so I don't know what ceannair is... I thought it was a head-rope but maybe not." (May 1979, SSS).

34-35 : as mogull can mean "husk" or "mesh of a net", tobhta "ruin" or "thwart", and cliath "harrow" or "shoal", the wealth of interconnecting meanings is impossible to evoke in translation (the verse has 8 plausible interpretations, from the predominantly maritime to the totally landbound).

55-56 : other (less likely?) meanings of putag in Dwelly are "haft" and "strip of land"; and "oatmeal in cold water" is an alternative for ulag.

NA H-ÒRAIN A BH'ANN S A TH'ANN

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 48v-49 (1979-80?)
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/22; see Gairm 111-112 (Samh.-Fogh. 1980), 298.

DATE : see MUIR IS TÌR above.

t : much of Hay's poetic activity in this period was the expanding and rewriting old songs.

HÒRO, MHÀIRI DHUBH

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 38v. (1980)
P15 : Gairm 124 (Fogh. 1983), 329.

DATE : Listing 11 ("Feb '80").

1-8 : "Thàinig mi trasd air na rainn seo an seann leabhar ciùil. . . Tha an t-òran is am fonn air aithne sa' Bheurla mar 'Hòro, Mhàiri Dhu, turn ye to me'. Seo mar a dh'ath-rinn mi e: . . .".
[P15]

.....

EICH MHIC NÉILL

(*Oran Tàthaidh*)

SOURCES: 11 : NLS MS 26735, 40 (1980). .
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/24; see Gairm 122 (Ear. 1983), 119.

DATE : Listing 11 (" /2/80"); 44 ("20.11.82").

Line-order in 11 : 7 10 11 8 12 * 15 14 13 17 16 20 18 , with extra lines (*):

Bheireadh iad ruaig mar an lasair / bheireadh iad ruaig mar an deatach .

Hay glosses the draft "Unfinished. Untyped", which suggests he originally intended a more ambitious 'conflation' than the one finally sent for publication almost three years later (which differs very little from the 'unfinished' draft).

1-11 : traditional, from a flyting (of c. 1600) between a Uist poet and her rival from Barra (see Campbell 1977: 124-28 and 232-37). The heroes mentioned are 16th and 17thc. MacNeils of Barra.

2 **dubh chapall** : cited in Campbell 1977 (also Dwelly *cf. dronn*) as the penalty in a bardic contest.

.....

CHAILEIN ÒIG, AN STIÙIR THU MI?

(*Athdhèanamh air Seann Oran*)

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, 38v-41 (1980). Extended unedited first draft.
44 : NLS acc. 9367/23; see Gairm 114 (Ear. 1981), 139-143.

DATE : context 11.

† : Hay quotes in 44 the traditional model for his reworking:

Cha robh agam riamh den t-seann òran seo ach na sreathan a leanas:

Chrom i 'ceann is rinn i gàire,

chailein òig, an stiùir thu mi?

nighean rìgh Eireann 's i san àirigh.

Chailein òig, nighean rìgh Eireann, chailein òig, an stiùir thu mi?

Latha dhomh 's mi 'siubhal sràide, / cò a thachair ach mo nàimhdean?

"Ille sin shìos, ciamar a thà thu?" / "Olc le m'chàirdean, math le m'nàimhdean."

Rug mi air caman 's chuir mi bàire. / Chuir mi a h-aon is a dhà dhiubh.

Gheall an cailein nì nach b'fheudar, / caisteal air gach cnoc an Eirinn,

muileann air gach sruthan slèibhe. / Chrom i ceann is rinn i gàire,

nighean rìgh Eireann 's i san àirigh.

[One day as I walked the street, who did I meet but my enemies? "You there, laddie, how are you doing?" "Badly by my friends, well by my foes". I reached for a shinty stick and scored a goal. I scored one and then a second. The lass promised me something impossible, a castle on every hill in Ireland, a mill on every mountain stream. She bowed her head and gave a laugh, the king of Ireland's daughter at the shieling.]

The lines recalled by Hay are a version of a very old Irish-Scottish song which survived till the latter part of this century in the Scottish waulking-song corpus. More coherent versions can be found in Sinclair 1879: 21-23, and in Campbell 1977: 44-53. Hay also noted down two other versions of the song in the 1930s(?), a partial typescript of which survives in Source 23, 24r.

16 : there seems to be a purely auditory progression in 11 from this line to *ceòl 'na dheann is dannsa s bàl ann*.

28-31 : see below for version of this sequence in 11 (f.38v).

39 *mànla* : "well-mannered, gracious" (RIA Dictionary of the Irish Language).

The text in 11 ("Unfinished, untyped") appears as follows (with variants as given in apparatus):

- 38v Gheall mi gùn dì, gheall mi fàinne gheall mi leugan, gheall mi bràiste gheall mi crios is
bréid de'n sgàrlaid gheall mi làmhainnean d'a làmhan ghleus mi cruit dì , ghleus mi
clàrsach 50 dhòirt mi fion an cuaich àlainn thug mi òr dì air a deàrnaibh 54 38-41
gheall mi còrn is cleòca càrnaid 37 42
- 39r 43-49 52 75 51
- 39v 67-71 geum aig spréidh is bà 'sa bhàirich (*margin: spréidh ga h-àrach see 24*) 76-77 82-81
78-79 Chlisg mi grad is ghabh mi gràdh oirr' 9 s mi air m'aineol s fad air farsan.
62-63
- 40r 55-58 craobhan lios is meas is faileadh ùbhlán cùbhraidh, fhùirean s blàithean
- 40v a-nall s a-null air ùrlar clàraidh ceumadh s seatadh an gréisead àbalt' 17-20 24-26
64-65 23-22 72 83-92
- 41r 73-74 eòin nan geug is peucag ghàraidh feusan calldaidh, meann s e blàir leath' lànag
chòmhnaid feòir is àilein lildh s ròs air dhreòs na Màighe san lios uaine, shuaimhneach,
shàmhach. 8-16 ceòl 'na dheann is dannsa s bàl ann beachan móra is crònan blàth ann
fion s e blasd' an cailis dheàrsaich 59-60 làir is loth is scarrach s àigeach 27
cuireadh subhach thun na h-àirigh
- 41v 93-95 Calum Cille, Bhrìde 's Pàdraig sgriobtur 'ga mhìneachadh sna fàidhean facail
Sholaimh [s a' chrois > is crois] ar tearmaidh Eòin is Pòl is Peadar cràbhach creideamh s
còir is glòire [?] 'na lànachd aig an Rìgh is sìth 'na Phàrrthas. 80 is iad gu macanta,
fàilidh dìseartaich is sagairt is bràithrean Àrd Macha, Cluain Mhic Nois, Dùn Phàdraig
ab is cochuill air cinn bheàrrte 'sianail troimh riasg an fhàsaich 21 cuinneag fhiodha
'na ball àirneis òr nan ciabh s a sgiamh mar bhànigh 35 37.

CNOC AN ÀTHA DHUIBH

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, a 166 (1980) b 160 (1980?).
12 : NLS MS 26736, 11 (1980).
10 : NLS MS 26734, 41-42 (1981).
P29 : The Scotsman (3/7/82), 4.

DATE : 12 ("9/5/80"; also date sent for publication); 10 ("1980").

t : Blackford Hill is in the south of Edinburgh.

"*Trì Rainn is Amhran* is the Gaelic equivalent of the sonnet." [P29]

The poem was notably billed by the Scotsman's Gaelic editor as "the nearest thing the Scotsman has ever published to what a resident of Morningside would have contributed to the paper exactly 1 000 years ago".

.....

GILE IS DEIRGE NAN CAORANN

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, 29v (1980).
 12 : NLS MS 26736, 12-13 (1980).
 20 : NLS MS 26744, 161 (1980).
 P6 : Cenrastus 3 (Summer 1980), 28.

DATE : all sources ("9/5/80").

The germ of this poem was again developed in WHITE ROWAN, RED ROWAN.

.....

[AM BÀRD, AN DEOCH S AM MONADH]

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 165.
 12 : NLS MS 26736, 12r. (9/5/80).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 111-12 (Samh.-Fogh. 1980), 299.

DATE : 12 ("9/5/80").

A version of the Scots epigram THE BARD, THE DRINK AN' THE HILL of 1979.

.....

DEIBHIDHE

SOURCES : 7 : NLS MS 26730, a 42 b 49v.
 12 : NLS MS 26736, 6 (1980).

DATE : context 12 and 7 (contemporary with drafts in Source 7 of article on Derick Thomson, for Daiches (ed.) A Companion To Scottish Culture [1981]).

In these drafts Hay is attempting to reproduce the classical bardic *deibhidhe* metre, the most distinctive feature of which is asymmetrical end-rhyme in the couplet (between a stressed and an unstressed syllable); the couplets have been embellished with further rhyme and alliteration. (The experiment seems to have arisen from the drafting of notes on poetic technique in both sources).

.....

WUNDWARD BATE

SOURCES : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 13 (1980).

DATE : 13 and Listing 11 ("1/7/80").

.....

THE SUNDAY HOWFFS OF MORNINGSIDE

SOURCE : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 11-13 (1980).

DATE : 13 and Listing 11 ("30/6/80").

5 **the Hermitage** : public bar in Morningside.

25 **Holy Corner** : crossroads in south Edinburgh marked by four churches.

.....

THE LETHER

SOURCE : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 10 (1980).

DATE : 13 and Listing 11 ("30/6/80").

.....

THE HERT'S AYE THE PAIRT AYE. . .

SOURCE : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 10 (1980).

DATE : 13 and Listing 11 ("1/7/80").

.....

THE TWA CAPITALS

SOURCE : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 7-9 (1980).

DATE : 13 ("30/6/80") and Listing 11 ("1/7/80").

25 **The Thatcher wifie** : Margaret Thatcher, elected British Prime Minister in 1979.

36 : "Let there be one leader only!" Ulysses' advice to Greek soldiers in Iliad Book II, l. 204.

.....

THE HAARY TOON

SOURCE : 13 : NLS MS 26737, 9-10 (1980).

DATE : 13 and Listing 11 ("30/6/80").

9 **Canmore** : Malcolm III, reigned 1058-93; killed in battle. **Donald Bane** : Donald III, his brother, king 1094-97; died in prison.

13 **Rizzio** : David Rizzio, Piedmontese confidant of Mary Stuart, murdered in Holyrood Palace 1566.

.....

ÒRAN TÀLAIDH

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 35 (10/8/80).

.....

THE GREEN GAIRS O ENGLAND

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 30 (9/1/81)

.....

WHITE ROWAN, RED ROWAN

SOURCE : [7 : NLS MS 26730, 29v]
10 : NLS MS 26734, a 29 b 31-32 (1981).

DATE : 10b and listing 11 ("9/1/81").

See the related Gaelic poem of May 1980, GILE IS DEIRGE NAN CAORANN.

10a has an initial draft of two verses as follows: [9-10-13-14] and [1-4] then subsequent insertions (as noted in apparatus) with lines [6-8] and [11-12] added, the latter couplet glossed "end".

1 : in 1946 Hay noted down the expression "The gean tree had a flourish on it (of blossom)" in Source 7, 24r.

10-11 : a marking here may indicate that the lines should be joined up.

15-18 : 7 is the draft of another *Envoi* (below GILE IS DEIRGE""):

Leaf and blossom come and go; when is our zenith overhead?
Between when the rowans are [all *ins.*] white and the rowans are [all *ins.*] red
White is the rowan, red will be the rowan, white was the gean
White is the rowan, red will be the rowan, the cherry is green.

.....

DO CHARAID MARBH

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 32v-33r (1981?)

DATE : context 10.

t : Malcolm Johnson, son of the Tarbert fisherman on whose boat Hay had worked in the '30s, was killed on active service in the Second World War.

21-27 : these lines are on f.33r, opposite a blank space beneath the body of the poem.

25 *sgleoch* : I have taken this to be a variant of *sgleog*.

.....

[GEAL]

SOURCES : 11 : NLS MS 26735, a 1r (one line) b 54.
10 : NLS MS 26734, a 28v (two lines) b 35.
P15 : Gairm a 117 (Geamh. 1981-82), 20 b 119 (Samh.1982), 218.

DATE : 11b and Listing 11 ("9/1/81").

1 : Note the associated poetic idea in 11a (first noted in 1972 in Source 2, 88v):

Geal mar chanach an tsleibhe / agus éibhinn mar uiseag.

.....

[THE CALLER WIND BLOWS]

SOURCE : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 7v-8 (1981).

DATE : context 10.

.....

INNIS SGEUL DÒCHAIS
(*Trì Rainn is Amhran*)

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 162 (1981).
10 : NLS MS 26734, 32 (1981).
P15 : Gairm 117 (Geamh. 1981-82), 20. [rubric:"Dòchas is Earail"].

DATE : 10 ("29/8/81").

.....

[AIG TOBAR AN TIGHEARNA 'S FÀIRE ANN]

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 7v b 34 (1981)
P15 : Gairm 117 (Geamh. 1981-82), 20. [rubric:"Dòchas is Earail"].

DATE : 10 ("29/8/81").

.....

DO SHOMHAIRLE MACILLEATHAIN

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, a 1v b 34 (1981)
P15 : Gairm 117 (Geamh. 1981-82), 20. [rubric:"Dòchas is Earail"].

DATE : 10 ("29/8/81").

The editor of Gairm notes in P15: "Bha Somhairle 70 blianna ann an October".

.....

THE HERMITAGE O BRAID
(*Three Verses and Envoi*)

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 162 (1981)
10 : NLS MS 26734, 33 (1981).

DATE : 10 ("29/8/81").

t : a wood at the foot of Blackford Hill, south Edinburgh.

.....

AN LONAN IUCHAIR

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 28v (1981?). One line.
 14 : NLS MS 26738, a 1 b 5r (1982).
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/20; see Gairm 120 (Fogh. 1982), 334.

DATE : 14 ("18/5/82").

.....

BALLADE

SOURCES : 14 : NLS MS 26738, 4-5. (1982)
 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/24; see Gairm 120 (Fogh. 1982), 333.

DATE : 14 ("20/5/82").

t : the poem is based on the three ballads which punctuate Francois Villon's *Testament*, all on the Biblical "Ubi sunt..." theme ("Where are the princes of the peoples?"). The first evokes famous women of legend and by-gone history, the second more recent rulers (including James II of Scotland).

Hay's roll-call includes Deirdre (of Gaelic legend), and the poets Hugh MacDiarmid (1892-1978), Edwin Muir (1887-1959), William Soutar (1898-1943) and Sydney Goodsir Smith (1915-75). The quote gives the opening of the first ballad and its recurrent line: "Tell me in what land is Flora, the beautiful Roman ... but where is last year's snow?"

.....

[GILEAD]

SOURCE : 14 : NLS MS. 26738, 3 (1982).

DATE : context 14 (May '82).

.....

[DAWN VERSE]

SOURCE : 14 : NLS MS. 26738, 5r (1982).

DATE : 14 ("21/5/82").

This is a translation of the Gaelic verse *AUBADE* of 1976.

.....

RÒSAN AN LETHBHAILE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 14v (1982).
 P15 : Gairm 124 (Fogh. 1983), 331.

DATE : 10 ("19/11/82").

t **An Lethbhaile** : Halftown, Taigh-na-bruaich. [P15]

1-16 : ascribed by Hay to the Loch Fyneside poet Ewan MacColl [P15]. Texts of the original song can be found in MacColl 1886: 85-86 and Sinclair 1879: 399-400, but these do not include the verses cited by Hay. (The "ciad dà rainn" referred to by Hay may simply designate the chorus (1-8), but the differing verse styles and the text of 10 make that unlikely.)

.....

MO ROBAIRNEACH GAOLACH (Òran Tàthaidh)

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 16v (1982).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/24; see Gairm 124 (Fogh. 1983), 119-20.

DATE : 10 ("19/11/82").

There is a version of the song in Source 23, 28 ("Òran Sléibhteach") transcribed by Hay in the '30s. As well as a near-identical chorus, it includes the lines:

Tha bhirinn a' tighinn fo h-uidheam an tràthsa
timchioll an rudh' agus buidheann mo ghràidh innt
fear a' chùil bhuidhe 'na shuidh air a bràighe
s tu dhèanadh a stiùireadh air cùl na tonn àrda.

Cha b'e mo Robairneach soideanach suarach
is aotrom aighearach aigeannach suairc e
is tu leannan té òige cho bòidheach s tha 'n Albainn

5 **iomas** : the only Scots Gaelic occurrence I have found is "gun robh iad fo iomas an uiridh le chéile" in Rob Donn's *Òran nan Greusaichean Beaga* (MacAoidh 1899: 86), explained as "confusion, trouble, state of being put about" (reference in Dwelly's Appendix). But there is also Irish *immas* (*imbais*) "occult knowledge". My thanks to Prof. W. Gillies, for a suggested translation derived from the latter.

9-12 : only substantial addition by Hay.

.....

IS TROM MI 'SIUBHAL SLÉIBHE

SOURCE : 14 : NLS MS 26738, 7r (22/11/82).

See "Cuchullan's Lament For His Son (Cuchulann 's a Mhac)" in Kennedy-Fraser 1917: 24-26, collected in Eigg by Kenneth macLeod. It has a chorus:

Och nan och is och éire,
Trom mi ri siubhal beinne,
Arm mo mhic 'san dara làimh,
'S a sgiath 'san làimh eile.

The song is related to the ballad "Bàs Chonlaoich" (recounting the death of the young warrior Conlaoich at the hands of his unsuspecting father Cù Chulainn) which was subsumed into the Fenian ballad tradition. See Campbell 1872: 13 (verse 111).

.....

A MHNATHAN A' BHAILE SEO

SOURCES : 14 : NLS MS 26738, 6v-7 (1982).
P15 : Gairm 123 (Samh. 1983), 214-15.

DATE : 14 ("22/11/82").

Hay introduces the song as follows:

Chuala mi aig piuthar mo sheanamhar, Anna NicMhaoilein, gum b'abhast don phlobaire an Glac a' Mhuilinn (Whitehouse, baile beag mar bheagan mhilltean do Thairbeart Loch Fìne) dìreadh suas gu mullach cnocain os cionn a' bhaile mochthrath madainn na Bliadhn' Ùire is am port seo a chluich: *A mhnathan a' bhaile seo, 's mithich dhuibh éirigh.*
Seo agaibh an t-òran a rinn mise dheth.

Note, in a letter of 9/12/60 (Source 47):

By the way, the tune which the piper at Whitehouse, West Loch Tarbert, used to play early every New Year's morning was, my grand-aunts told me, *A mhnathan a' bhaile seo, 's mithich dhuibh éirigh*, so Tarbert is well and truly connected with Glen Coe (or Breadalbane in the North).

The traditional song (telling of a murderous raid) is associated with Glencoe; see Sinclair 1879: 484, also Source 1, 31v for a version noted by Hay in the 1930s (*Mhuinntir a' ghlinne seo*).

.....

SOMEBODY

The Beginnin o an Auld Sang

SOURCES : 14 : NLS MS 26738 a 8v, 10-11r b 11v-13 (1982).

DATE : 14a ("6/12/82"); 14b ("7/12/82").

The division into two drafts is a simplification. 14b is the full text as given. In 14a I have combined three verses (1 2 10, + refrain) on f.8v with the longer draft on ff.10-11r (verses 1-3 5-7 12 9 8). Also on f.8v there is a draft of verse 11 (with Gaelic), and on f.11v a draft of verse 4 (again with Gaelic) both of which I have simply shown as developments in 14b, since they appear to have originated in the Gaelic version, after the initial 14a text.

Such artificial demarcations, however, should not obscure the rapid, organic growth of both Scots and Gaelic versions as evidenced in the source.

t : a model for the song can be consulted in Oxford 1966: 421.

.....

CUIDEIGIN

(*Òran Gallda is cruth ùr Gàidhlig air a chur air*)

SOURCES : 14 : NLS MS 26738, 9,8v,11v (1982). Eleven verses.
P15 : Gairm 128 (Fogh. 1984), 323.

DATE : 14 ("6/12/82").

The draft of 14 is as follows:— Refrain and verses 1-5 on f.9; verse 6 and two extra verses on f.8v (below SOMEBODY); two further verses in the margins of 8v-9r, and a verse on f.11v. The additional verses are as follows (in order mentioned; variants shown below):

Ach an tig e is an ruig,
bidh Alba leis gu léir s a cuid,
bidh cathair s crùn is cùirt s gach rud
is rudeigin aig cuideigin.

- 5 Bidh Alba cadar bhean is fhear
aige, is a là 'san ear,
ma thig e oirnn gu còrs' air lear
is feareigin mo chuideigin. (+ Scots version)

Cuirear chuige 'Chuigse bhàth
a spàrr rìgh fuadain suas 'na àit.
Bidh Lunnainn losal shìos fo 'làimh
làeigin aig cuideigin.

- 13 Bidh an Duitseach crocht' air gad.
Dìobrar uainn a shliochd air fad.
Nì mi ruith is nì mi stad
am badeigin aig cuideigin.
- Seinnidh mi mar eun an lios,
bidh grian òir ag òradh shlios,
cuirear claidheamhan an crìos
is fios againn o chuideigin. (+ Scots version)

7 : s e air tighinn oirnn thar lear *corr.* 13-14 : Bheir mi dhà mo chridh' air fad *del.* + 13

14 : leagar a raspars air fad *corr.*

Should he but come and arrive, Scotland and her all will be with him, throne and crown and court and everything,
and something will be had by somebody.

Scotland will be his, both woman and man, when his day rises in the east, if coming on the brine he reaches our
coast, some man is my somebody.

The foolish Whig will be prosecuted, who imposed a pretend king in his place; London will lie low, prostrate
beneath his hand, some day for somebody.

The Dutchman will be strung up on a withe, and his entire dynasty sent packing. I will pursue and I will stop in
some spot for somebody.

Like a bird in a garden I will sing, a golden sun will gild the slopes, swords will be slipped into belts, when news is
heard of somebody.

.....

DH'FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÈIN
(*Mo dhòigh fhèin air òran eòlach*)

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, 15v (1982).
44 : NLS Acc. 9367/24; see Gairm 122 (Ear. 1983), 118.

DATE : context 10.

1-5 : traditional, see Sinclair 1879: 340-42.

.....

NÌONAG A' CHÙIL DUINN NACH FHAN THU?

SOURCE : 44 : NLS Acc. 9367/ 24; see Gairm 122 (Ear. 1983), 118.

DATE : context 44.

1-5 : traditional ("o Chinntàile" 44); see Sinclair 1879: 337-38. Possibly learnt by Hay in the '30s from his Kintail friend at Oxford, Chris MacRae.

.....

CRUINNEAG NA BUAILE (*Òran do Nic Fhraing an Gleann Comhann*)

SOURCES : P15 : Gairm 124 (Fogh. 1983), 330.

1-18 : traditional, see MacPherson 1868: 83-85. ("Tha an t-òran seo san *Duanaire*. Seo mar a dh'ath-rinn mi e, agus fonn ga chur agam air." [P15]). Hay's tune is in Source 19, 5v.

.....

MUSA CALEDONIAE

SOURCES : 10 : NLS MS 26734, front cover (1982?). 16 ll. only.
11 : NLS MS 26735, 59v-60 (1982-83).

DATE : from mention in a list of work in hand (Source 11, 59r), from late 1982-early 1983.

The poem was intended by Hay to be inserted in a second edition of Wind On Loch Fyne, above KAILYARD AND RENAISSANCE (see Source 11, 63-64).

.....

[DÙRACHDAN NOLLAIGE, 1982?]

SOURCE : 47 : EUL Gen. 1733/ 116 (Christmas card).

DATE : from calligraphical closeness to letter of 2/3/83 (Source 47) and to writing of this period.

.....

DÙRD A' GHLINNE

SOURCES : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 5 (1983).
P15 : Gairm 126 (Earr. 1984), 166.

DATE : context 16.

.....

[AM BÀTA DUBH] (*Seann òran air a chur ris*)

SOURCES : 16 : NLS MS 26740, a 4-5 b 9-11 (1983).
P15 : Gairm 128 (Fogh. 1984), 306-308.

DATE : 16b ("An Tairbeart. an Gearran 83"), and letter to editor published with P15.

1-8 : "na fhuair mi o bheul-aithris" [P15]. See Source 23, 21r, for a version noted down by Hay in the '30s.

MÌOS A' GHEARRAIN

SOURCES : 16 : NLS MS 26740, a 5-6 b 8r-9. (1983).
P15 : Gairm 125 (Geamh. 1983-84), 87.

DATE : 16b ("An Tairbeart. an Gearran 83"), and letter to editor published with P15.

In a letter of 1/10/83 telling of his 7-month stay in Tarbert, Hay writes: "I had a day of trawling for prawns at the beginning of February, a wild month of Force 10 storms." (Source 48, 104).

1 railleach : stoirmeil – Albais rallyoch [P15].

[KILLIECRANKIE]

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 7 (1983).

DATE : context 16, and letter of 2/3/83: "The Muse hasn't forsaken me here [Tarbert], neither in Scots nor in Gaelic. I have made a version of *The Braes o Killiecrankie, oh.*" (Source 48, 103).

I 'RUTH LEIS

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, a 7v b 6v c 23r (1983).

DATE : 16a ("4/10/83").

t : given with 16a and 16c.

The following couplets are drafted for a middle verse in 16a, but their intended order is unclear:

'S math an cuspair bàird
bàta dubh g'a moladh

Ri brosnachadh cha'n fhèith
Siùil gheala nuair a thogas

Stuadhan 'na déidh ri sàil
'ga leagail s an àird 'ga togail.

Cha'n eil a leithid air muir
aig luaths, aig cumadh, [aig del.] 's i socrach.

A fine bardic theme, the praise of a black boat.. She waits for no encouragement when the white sails are hoisted. Billows behind at her heel, throw her down and lift her high. She has no peer on the sea for speed and shape in her calm.

Also on ff.7v-8r are the following quatrains:

Dol ris s a slinn fo chop
gidig oirre ri fuachd fhuarraidh
is clis a bhreabas i sàil
ruth leis air sàile uaine.

Is mear a fhreagras i stiùir
is siùil air fairge ghleannaich
fo ghaoith a nì de'n tsàil'
àirdean is gleannain —

a' coiseachd ann thar dhronn
nan tonn 's 'gan cur 'nan ceathach
is mear a bhreabas i 'sàil.
Cà bheil air /sàil' a seise > sàile seis di/?

Going out, her shoulder in foam, grimacing at the cold to windward, lightly she kicks the heel, running leeward in green waters. With mad excitement she responds to rudder and sails on a deep-valleyed sea, driven by a wind that turns the waters into [] peaks and glens. walking there over the backs of the waves and sending them up in a smoke, madly she kicks the heel. Where on the waters is one to compare with her?

.....

DÙTHAICH NAN CRAOBH

SOURCE : P15 : Gairm 128 (Fogh. 1984), 305-6.

DATE : context P15.

In a letter of 4/10/83 (published with P15), Hay says of the original song: "'S e 'n cunntas a bhios aca san Tairbeart gun d'rinneadh e le Tairbeartach (Mac 'Ille Mhìcheil) o Bhruthach na(n) Sùgh (Subh) agus, gu nàdarra, tha mi mòr às a sin."

1-6 : "na fhuair mi o bheul-aithris" [P15].

21-24 : "bha seo sa' bheul-aithris san Tairbeart roimh'n chogadh" [P15].

.....

[OCHÒIN MAR A DH'FHALBH SINN]

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 13r-12v (1983).

DATE : context 16.

Further couplets of undetermined position are:

An cuan fo 'sròin gu fìor bhun-sgòth s i 'seòladh mach o Àbhann.
 Fo chrannaibh loma, lùbte, nochda ruith chon na taoibh o thàinig.
 Na tuinn ag éirigh gus an speur aig déine 'n doinn dhàna.
 Is mion 'sa' chuan am bàrca luath ged bhiodh i uair glé stàtail.
 Rìofadh shìthil ge rag na dùim is neart is lùths air t'fhàgail.
 Rìofadh shìthil buill-tharraing s stiùir is blàths is lùths air t'fhàgail.
 Fàire, fàire, fàire, fàire, fàire anns gach àird oimn.

The sea under her prow up to the very clouds as out she sails from Samda.
 Under masts that are bare bowed exposed she runs in the direction she came from.
 The billows rising up to the sky so violent the storm that drives them.
 Tiny in the ocean is the skiff in motion although she was once so stately.
 Reefing of sails with frozen hands all strength and power gone out of you.
 Reefing of sails, tackle and helm all warmth and power gone from you.
 Sealine sealine sealine sealine a sealine all around us.

.....

WE'RE NAE AWA TAE BIDE AWA

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 18 (1983).

DATE : 16 ("20/10/83"). The third quatrain is appended below date.

.....

THE TOPER'S NIGHT

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 16 (1983).

DATE : 16 ("Edinburgh 23/10/83").

.....

[THE ROSYNS AND THE WASTE]

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, a 15 b 22v (one verse) (1983).
20 : NLS MS 26744, 163v (one verse) (1983).

DATE : context 16.

17-18 : marked "1)". The completed verse (texts 16b and 20) goes:

It's faur tae whaur the lily grows
an' the rosyn lowes aa reid,
an' the lang day dovers sunny, clear.
It's faur frae here, indeed.

.....

[THE AIRTS ETERNAL]

SOURCE : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 163v (marginal and deleted) (1983).
16 : NLS MS 26740, 22v (1983).

DATE : contexts 20 and 16.

.....

A NOR'-SEA DAY

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 20r-21 ("28/10/83 Edinburgh").

.....

THE AIRTS

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 18 ("Edinburgh 29/10/83").

.....

CHA TIG MÓR, MO BHEAN, DHACHAIDH

SOURCE: 16 : NLS MS 26740, 19r-20r ("30/10/83 Dun Eideann").

The poem is Hay's reworking of a traditional song (already translated by him into English in the 1930s, see The Voice Of Scotland 1/4, 13-14); the version in MacPherson 1868: 34-35 ("A' Bhean Chomainn") includes Hay's lines 1-2 3-4 5-6 9-12 34 35-36, here in lighter print.

.....

THE SAIN

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 14 (1983).

DATE : 16 ("Edinburgh 22/10/83").

.....

IS FADA 'THÀ MI 'M ÒNAR

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 17 ("6/11/83 Dùn Éideann").

.....

FRAGMENT

SOURCES : 15 : NLS MS 26739, 2v (1983).
16 : NLS MS 26740, 21v (1983).

DATE : contexts 15 and 16.

Version of a Gaelic verse published in 1977 (Scotia Review) as BLOIGH. See next poem.

.....

AIR LEATHAD SLÉIBHE

SOURCES : 20 : NLS MS 26744, 130 (1976-77). One verse only.
P19 : Scotia Review 17 (Summer 1977), 52. One verse only.
16 : NLS MS 26740, 22r-23r (1983).

DATE : 16 ("Edinburgh 7/11/83"). Verse 1 from c.1976.

1-4 : P19 published as BLOIGH, with the suggestion that some reader should expand the verse into a song ("Theagamh gu'n cuir leughadair air choireigin òran ris an rann seo").

Below 16 is a (related?) verse, found also on f.19v where it is followed by another verse and two added lines, as follows:

Is fear Feudar. Is fheudar dhomh
bhith fagail shléibhtean 'nam dhéidh is chnoc;
bhith 'falbh an céin bhuapa gu Dùn Éideann,
gu foghlam 's Beurla. 'Nam bheul tha "och!"

5 Na coilich dhubha air Rudha Bhaltair
thà iad pailt ann air meangain chraobh
am bun a' bhruthaich s air oir a' mhuil sin
orra dhruidinn le gunna caol.

Och na creutairean fiadhaich ceutaich,
àl an tsléibhe is treubh an fhraoich,

7 sin : ann corr. 8 orra dhruidinn : dlùth orra druideadh corr.

Must commands. I have to leave the hills behind me and the knowes; to go far away from them over to Edinburgh, to instruction and English. My cry is "alas!"

The blackcocks on Walter's Point, are there a-plenty on the boughs of trees, at the foot of the brae and on the edge of the shingle; on them I'd close in with a slender gun.

Alas, the bonnie wild creatures, the brood of the mountain and the heather's clan,

.....

WHAN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE
(*For the men of 1914-1918*)

SOURCE : 16: NLS MS 26740, 19v 21v 22v (1983).

DATE : 16 ("The Canny Man's [*Public Bar*] Mìos na Samhna 1983").

Based on the traditional song *Huntington*.

.....

I'M WEARIN' AWA, JEAN
(*For Allermuir*)

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 25 ("The Canny Man's, An Dùlachd 1983").

Song's prototype is Lady Nairn's "The Land O The Leal" (see Oxford 1966: 417-418).

.....

[NATUR'S CHILD]

SOURCE : 16: NLS MS 26740, 20v (1983).

DATE : context 16.

.....

BEAM SEA IN BISCAY
A Song For Liner Passengers.

SOURCES : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 25v-26 ("The Canny Man's, An Dùlachd 1983").

.....

OVER THE ISLES TO AMERICA
(*Ruidhle*)

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 26v-28 (1983).

DATE : context 16.

This is a reworking of a traditional song. Glossed "O Thàileach" (see note to NÌONAG" above).

.....

[Am Bàrd is an Aois]

SOURCES : 15 : NLS MS 26739, 2v (1983).
16 : NLS MS 26740, a 20v b 13v (1983).

DATE : contexts 15 and 16.

1-8 9-16 : separated (16a) by unrelated quatrain (NATUR'S CHILD), but linked by identical metre and theme.

15-16 : from Tarbert tradition; the verse is noted by Hay in Source 3, 24r (1930s), and quoted again in a letter of 9/12/60 (Source 40), where Hay writes:

When I was small the elder of my grand-aunts gave me a verse, which she said was composed by an old shepherd near West Loch Tarbert when he was too old and feeble to go to the hill any more. It is addressed to Sliabh Gaoil ... The verse goes:-

A Shlia' mo ghaoil,
's mór mo thlachd dhiot;
thusa cha tig anuas,
's cha téid mi suas am feasd.

Dòmhnall mac Fhionnlagh [of *Òran Na Comhachaig*] seems to lurk somewhere at the back of that.

28-29 : the following couplets occur between the two verses:

Mar shéideag gaoithe làidir
na ràidhean a' dol tharainn.

Like a gust of strong wind the seasons pass over us

An Lùnasdal s an Dùlachd
ùine s uair dol as bhuainn

Lammastide and Midwinter, time and hour slip by us

.....

SORaidH AN SGOILEIR

SOURCE : 16 : NLS MS 26740, 28v ("Canny Man's, Dun Eideann, '83 7 roimhe sin").

t : The tune ascribed in the Source 11 musical list is one composed by Hay forty odd years previously for the Rob Donn Mackay's *Cead Fhir Bhlogais don Fhrith* ; see Source 19, 5.

16 ~~soraidh~~ 6 : see note in ÒRAN MARAICHE.

.....

APPENDICES

Appendix 1: JUVENILIA

BALLAD

WRITTEN WHEN 9 YEARS OLD

(Source 20, 3; manuscript Catherine Hay).

O Helen's good and Helen's fair
And Helen she has gouden hair
I love my Helen better than ony
E'en better than the siller money.

O Helen she has eyes o'blue
I'll ever to her be maist true
This is my ain my only cry
I'll love my Helen till I die.

One day a joust a gay did fight gaily
My enemy - a traitor knight
plucked up my Helen and rode off
with many a loud jeer and scoff.

I ween my charger ran fu' fast
I caught that traitor knight at last
I then drew out my good steel brand
And laid him bleeding on the sand.

And sheathed then my good steel brand
And left him bleeding on the sand
I took my Helen on my horse
And homeward then I placed my course.

POEMS WRITTEN WHEN 11 YEARS OF AGE

(Source 20, 4-7; manuscript Catherine Hay)

[THE LAYS OF OSSIAN]

Flashing, flaming on the bens
Its meteor gleams
The wind as over Lego's fens
Whistles and screams
The songs that ring upon the height
Startling the hind
Are the lays o' that sweet Bard o' night
Ossian the blind.

THE WINDS O' ALBA

The gray nor'wind sweeps o'er the bens
 And gray is the day on the mossy vale
 And sad is the cry o'the wild moorhens
 And great is the sadness that'll never fail
 For Alba's pride is lost and gone
 He cries.

The warm sou'wind whispers and sings
 And ripples the tarns i the wild lone moors
 And tosses the fern o'er the tombs of kings
 And cheers the sad hearts o'the poor
 May Alba not arise
 She cries.

The wild west wind comes o'er the sea
 Crying "Sound the pibroch! Up! To arms!
 Alba'll e'ermore in freedom be
 Sons o'the moors and the glens and tarns
 For Gael can conquer Sassenach"
 She cries.

BY THE OAK OF AGE

Beneath the Oak of Age I sate
 On the streamy rock of Selma
 And mourning looked on the bounding sea.

As I sate onrushing came
 The deeds o' other days
 The tales o' Alba's fame
 And the songs o' Alba's praise.
 And the ghosts on Uaridh sang
 The songs of other years
 And the sound of the clear harp rang
 In Selma's hall of spears.

And the distant roar of the streams
 Was a sweet song in my ear
 As the setting sun's last beams
 Lit up the bens that were near.
 And the clouds of the misty west
 In the setting sun's red rays
 Gave to my soul great rest
 And clear rang Ossian's lays.

And I sighing turned away
 And left the Oak of Age
 And Selma's rocks so gray
 And the voice of Selma's sage.
 And the night clouds rolling came
 O'er dark brown Cona's spray
 And the voice of Alba's game
 In the gray mist died away.

Revised version Source 1, 25r (only partially visible), 1930s.

SUNSET

(Source 20, 8 and Source 1, 25r)

Away, afar on the western wave
 the sun dips gloomy and red.
 there is silence now, still as the grave
 as the narrow house of the dead.

Away on the moor the curlew cries
 by the side of the burial heap.
 With a steady beat and a steady rise,
 inward the waters creep.

There sounds afar the lowing of kyne
 and the lonesome bleating of sheep.
 Now darken the shadows of the pine,
 and the world is steeped in sleep.

1927

Poems published in The Fettesian

MATHS

Five terms I've graced the bottom set
 Without a hope of a punt as yet,
 For when I should be doing Maths
 My mind will run on other paths
 But after all why should I care?
 Equations only make me swear,
 And riders make me tear my hair,
 And graphs just drive me to despair:
 X, Y and Z I cannot bear.
 Whether they're plain or cube or square,
 I loathe them one and all – so there!
 Revision papers give me pain,
 Pythagoras benumbs my brain,
 All algebra's a beastly blain!
 Geometry's a useless strain!
 All Maths are but a vile excrescence;
 They pain me by their very presence.

The Permanent Feature.

LIII/ 3 (Apr. 1931), 63

DAWN

Alash! In what a woeful shtate
 I roll along inebriate.
 I shce eash time I lif' my eye
 Two moonsh gavotting in the shky:
 No lamp-posh here to give support
 To men of the thirst-quenching sort,
 At least there are, but then, you see,
 They move mush, mush too fash for me.
 A woeful creashure I,
 Above me in the shky
 Now in and out, now round about, two moonsh I can espy.
 The scarlet mice so neat
 In shirclesh roun' my feet
 Go scurrying, and in a ring disport them in the shtreet.
 I really cannot tell
 My name, or why the ——
 I'm sitting here – it's rather queer – perhapsh ish jus' as well.
 Thish pavement'sh very cold,
 They're made of stone, I'm told.
 But in the Wesht, my soul be blessed, the dawn gleams eggly cold.

Y. A. H.

LVI/ I (Nov. 1933), 64.

HEIL!

A O have you been to Germany, and what did you see there?
 B I saw a short fat tubby man, with long lean stringy hair.
 A little black moustache he had: in large loud soapbox tones
 He poured forth streams of bilge and tripe, dished up with howls and groans.
 A And what was all his bilge about, and what his groanful tripe?
 B He'd bleat of death and victory, and give his eyes a wipe
 As well as any crocodile. And then he'd turn and yell
 Of tanks, and bombs, and Lewis-guns, and mud, and blood, and hell.
 A And what did all the people do to hear him yell like that?
 B Why! every man of them leaped up an' chucked away his hat
 And shot his hand right up aloft and shouted "Hoch" and "Heil",
 And he, he'd fold his chubby arms an' smile a chubby smile.

Y. A. H.

LVI/ 2 (Dec 1933), 121.

BERNARD THE BAD

Perhaps you want a single word for trash, and tripe, and bosh,
 And blathers, blethers, bilge, and gas, and "Rot, you wreck", and tosh,
 And "Nonsense, darling", "Piffle, dear", and balderdash, and jaw?
 You do? Give ear, my beamish boy, it's all comprised in Shaw.

It's all complete in Shaw,

Entire in old man Shaw,

For bilge and tripe join hand in hand, and hug, in granpa Shaw.

You'd like to have a cutting tongue, by all the world be feared,
 Wear wooly gloves and sprightly spats and sport a spadelike beard,
 You want, you say, to side about and wallow in renown?
 - Be bold and bad like Bernard; turn the whole world upside down.

It's better upside down,

Much better upside down,

Become a wild and wooly wag, and turn it upside down.

But really, Bernard, here's the truth (a thing most rare in verse),
 Although your wit is now and then as solemn as a hearse,
 From truck to keel, from top to toe, from billygoat to spat,
 You're really too, too perfect. See, I now take off my hat.

From billygoat to spat,

From beaver unto spat,

Perfect thou art, O hirsute sage. Behold! off comes my hat.

And so, old whiskers, I'll be fair and give you what's your due,
 You've made some Puritans sit up and look a trifle blue.
 And - here I hear you mumble, "Swelp me, what a sloppy song".
 True, true, O king; most wearisome. The lines are far too long.

The lines are much too long,

Yards, chains, and miles too long.

I hope you're still awake, you chaps; the lines are leagues too long.

Noggs.

idem, 124

BACCHUS

Come, my lad, and fill your glass, and gulp it down.
From the cellar take the bottle old and brown.
With a reverential care
In the sweetest spices mull it
At the hearthstone's ruddy glare.
How it sparkles in its glee!
Oh, a bonny sight to see,
But it's better in the gullet.
Gulp it down.

Now, my lad, it's hot and steaming, pour it out.
Like a fount of delectation see it spout!
Joy to hear and joy to quaff,
As it gurgles from the bottle
With its rich, voluptuous laugh.
Ah! the odour of it flows
Like a blessing round my nose,
But it's sweeter to the throttle.
Pour it out.

Take a long delicious sniff, and tip it up,
Till your eyebrows touch the bottom of the cup.
Let its kindly warmth explore
All your veins, and if you're able,
When you've swilled a couple more
Walk back home upon your feet;
If you aren't – what so sweet
As to sleep beneath the table?
Tip it up.

ixη

LVI/ 4 (Mar 1934), 226

MY CHARIOT

She was smooth, they said, and fast
– And I bet they winked behind me –
So I bought the car at last;
Seven quid for her they swined me.

If I dare to let her rip,
All her innards (I can't name them)
Smash the floor below, and skip
Round my shrinking shins, and lame them;

Kish! (a plug). Look out! (a sprocket)
But I don't know much about them,
So I shove them in my pocket
And get on quite well without them.

When I offer lifts to chaps
 they beseech me not to worry:
 Well, another day – perhaps,
 But to-day they're in a hurry.

See around me as I go
 Strong men swooning, Clydesdales shying;
 And on some day soon, I know,
 She'll go bang, and I'll go flying.

Jehu.

LVI/ 5 (June 1934), 344

INNSE GALL

In Innse Gall to-day
 there's deep and leafy rest;
 it's hard to be away
 from these islands of the West;

For there the blackbird now
 from the green slopes by the sea,
 perched on his swinging bough,
 pours forth loud melody.

And there the wind sings
 in the birch-trees of the glade,
 sweetly as the strings
 of a clarsach softly played.

And round the hill's feet
 sounds the murmur of the tides,
 while the cloud-shadows go fleet
 and dark across their sides.

But the thing I most desire
 is the sea's shout in the bay,
 when the sunlight kindles fire
 on the waves' sides as they play.

For Eastward here the sea
 is dark, and dead, and grey:
 and I wish that I could be
 in Innse Gall to-day.

Ciotach.

idem, 330

DAWN

So they say:—

And he awoke, and saw the East grow pale,
and that lone star that stands above the dawn
fade swift away — and still he sat in awe.
And now the topmost summits, and the clouds
that lay in heaven above them, flushed to rose,
and long slant rays across the ridges swept
flaming in purple on the dew-damp heath;
and every rock on its enshadowed self
stood forth, and every fold and gullied stream;
and gently now across the sea there went
a singing breeze, that ruffled up its face
to flash its changing wrinkles in the sun;
and in the woods the birds melodiously
stirred from their leafy quiet, and the smoke
climbed up from homes of men; and day was come.

So it is:—

A heartless milkman clatters along
and jarringly whistles his piercing song;
a wet wind howls like a dog in pain
and rattles the windows loud and strong;
I wake for a moment and hear the rain,
turn over, and go to sleep again.

Brasso.

idem, 332

IT ISN'T WHAT YOU SAY, IT'S THE WAY

A. to B. : "Everybody's sorry about old Jones's death."

EURIPIDES-cum-GILBERT-MURRAY to those who can endure either or both :

Chorus.

In darksome Delphi of old 'twas spoken,
where the Pythian priestess staring stood,
that adamant law which lasts unbroken,
"the bad is bad, and the good is good".
But the whole world weeps
and madly moans,
for extinct as the flesh of a Phrygian sheep
is Ogygian Jones.

Semichor.

Ah! woe through woe to woe brings woe!
By, with, or from woe wails the land;
and tears, aye, tears, they flow, yea, flow;
there is music of mourning on every hand.
For the bright and brave
from beneath heaven's dome,
is gone by the gulf of the waterless wave
to the homeless home.

Ah, why when one is in the rough
don't partners ever, as is fit,
remark with sympathy "O, tough!"
but roar with laughter till they split?
and there's the club, and here's a ball—
why their unwillingness to meet?
why can't one give the pill a beat
without erupting turf and all?

With brassie shot, and baffy shot,
and niblick shot, and mashy shot,
we slash, and pot, and delve, and maul.

Don't yitter, for beside the tee
the barge is thickening, so run;
a swipe, some earth and stones; and see
the ball's not there — so we've begun
to plug our pills into the blue,
and enfilade the sheep on Young's,
and exercise our gift of tongues
with smoking words of rainbow hue;
to pull again, and top again,
and slice again, and slop again,
and flop and hop the rough-grass through.

J. Bogie Spooner.

idem, 336

PEEPING DIANA

Ish wonderful to me
how shtrange my legsh can be;
they shpread an' shplay, an' then give way an' shtagger at the knee;
now zig an' zag they go
foksh-trotting to an' fro;
beshidesh I've more, for, blesh me, four are shprouting down below!
But washerwant you double eye
tha' shtare sho rudely from the shky?

You think that I don' shee —
ish clear you don' know me,
how sharp of eye, for I can shpy thingsh where they cannot be;
an' undefoot the ground
goesh lef' with hop an' bound,
then right again — an' sho ish plain I shee the world go round.
But turn away; don' goggle sho
at deshent people down below.

Perhapsh you want a fight.
 You think you'll bea' me - right,
 fashe up, my shon, I'll busht you one for gazin' through the night.
 Lookere, it ishm' fair
 to shtay away up there;
 come, be a man, an', if you can, give shwipesh an' take your share.
 Ole goggle-eyesh, you won' be caught;
 ah, well, ish merely wash I thought.

Noggs.

idem, 337

AN EPISTLE TO A GRAND PANJANDRUM

"It is an achievement not of conferences, buit of blood and sweat _ the dynamic force of heroic man in his struggle with primitive nature ... suicidal internationalism ... imperial autarchy Rather than sell his convictions for a political career he (Sir Oswald Mosley) chose to discard each party in turn until he found himself almost alone and an exile from Westminster." — Extracts from the *Fascist Weekly*, "it" being the Empire.

Imperial "autarch",
 (where you got
 that last one's quite beyond my reason;
 from Liddell, I suppose, and Scott),
 imperial _ and oput of season;
 with all on unity intent,
 when "international"'s *the* crack word,
 progressive prophet, Heaven-sent,
 how you advance so nobly backward.

We know that no one's like you quite,
 Pantarchcommander, British Fascist;
 yet though we know your buffs are right
 of self-sure men you're still the rashest;
 for what does Mussolini feel,
 and Adolf, does he grunt morosely,
 to seee his fellow man of steel
 our errant knight, $\alpha\sigma\tau\eta\rho\omicron\nu\sigma$ Mosley?

Strong iron arm! Firm iron will!
 Cast-iron skull with little in it!
 Restrain your flow of bilge and swill,
 or pour some reason in to thin it.
 No need to shout, we aren't deaf;
 thump not the tub; reef in your lingo,
 for fear, O (self-styled) great B.F.
 you'll wake that sleeping bulldog, Jingo.

We know the troubles Jingo brings,
 by Jingo, I think we do, sir,
 so speculative peer of kings,
 ver' sorry, but you'll be the loser.
 So pack your traps, and leave the stage
 quick time, dynamic, forceful hero;
 and take your head – to cool your rage –
 and shove it in a bucket.

Cheero. Y. A. H.

idem, 340

EGGMOAN

When hustled out of chapel by a gusty, Greenland breeze,
 Why do I turn a greeny gray and wooble at the knees?
 It's not religious transport that affects my trembling legs,
 But the foul and ghoulish gas-attack, the smell that tells of eggs;
 The sniff that whiffs of eggs,
 The scent that screams out "Eggs!"
 The straight-left, knock-out, heavyweight malodour of the eggs.

The most delightful day's a half-and-hymns-and-marmalade;
 Whole-schoolday-psalms-and-butter borders round the beta grade;
 On egg-days – awful extracts from the calendars of hell –
 We dive from hall in headlong desperation at the bell;
 The liberating bell,
 The smell-dispelling bell;
 We screw our mouths and noses up and scran to hear the bell.

Alas, ye eggs, upon my whole existence you've encroached,
 I never see a sunset but I think it's like you poached;
 No shows for me – I know you're used in criticism there.
 Since all the world's an egg, then – why, I'll die through sheer despair;
 Yes, die in dark despair,
 Expire in my despair,
 Pour out my gore like yellow yolk, defunct through sheer despair.

Leghorn.

idem, 343

Appendix 2: Drafts for MOCHTÀR IS DÙGHALL

The following drafts survive for the DÙGHALL section of the poem, and a plan as follows:

- Source 7 (f.40v)
- Opening lyric:—
1. *Cìod e a th'annainn.....*
 2. Folachd – An Gàidheal
LYRIC *Sgairt mo dhaoine s am mórachd*
Folachd
 3. Arach Outside -in: céilidh, pipes, yarns
 4. Hill
 5. The Sea
LYRIC
 6. Love
 7. War – sailing – thairis

(Drafts are numbered for convenience.)

A. DRAFTS FROM SOURCE 7 (1946).

(Some were typed out by Hay in Source 57, as indicated.)

[1] f. 39r

(Thairis)

Fìon an glaine s caileag bheuldearg. . . .
 Chunnaic thu bhith cur a' chatha,
 s nar leigeadh Dia a leithid fhaicinn
 do ghaolach dhomhsa, seadh, car aithil,
 ged a b'ann am bruadar cadail.

(also Source 57)

Cha dùin mi mo shùilean
 eagal t'ùrshlios an fhaicinn,
 cha leig mi steach thu do m'smuaintean
 air neo is uaigneas leam caidreabh,
 Eadúch* nan tiugh choilltean
 bi dom' chuimhne 'nad fhàire
 cuairtich m'inntinn, tulg m'ionndrainn
 le mo shùilean a thàladh.

agus rann eile, rann toisich (also Source 57)

*[Jebel Edough: mountain overlooking Annaba (Bône), Algeria]

Dubh is dall na h-oidhche [soillse]
 Gus an robh gach uain' is donn is liath dheth
 gorm am bun an speur is cian uat . . .
 trasd an domhan an oidhch' ag ciaradh
 a thug na dathan is an sgiamh dheth.

(also version in Source 20, 48)

[BLOIGH EADAILTEACH (see p.50)]

[2] f. 39v

Chaidh a' chùis gu sùilean gorma,
shil an fhras 's tha 'n t-eas ri toirmrich (also in Source 57)

Hill

earba – feadh nam beithe gu fiata
a chasan an duilleach buidhe 'n
agus san rainich ruaidh a' sporghail
marg: air a chorrabiod / torghan
gu teicheadh as 'na aiteal []

càrnadh chorp is brochan fala
is òigridh na h-Eòrpa 'gan casgairt
s 'gan ceusadh fhéin le àrdan gaisgeil. (also in Source 57)

Folachd

na cnàmhan ris a dh'easbhuidh arain see [5]
Sud a' choille chaidh a lomadh
b'ùrar am *[marg: a]* bàrr is bu dosrach
's bha 'n tuagh geuraichte mu 'coinnimh see [5]

lùbach fann mu bhac nan iosgaid

[SGAIRT MO DHAOINE (see p.353)]

[3] f. 40v

Lyric

Do chùl buidhe lùbach
mar dhriùchd air an fheur
is corrach gorm do shùilean
s gur geal s gur dlùth do dheud;
do shlios mar eal air chuan,
no mar shneachd air uachdar gheug;
beul milis, glé thairis,
ceum banail réidh,
s gur binne lean do chòmhradh
na'n smèdrach air ghéig. [na crònan nan teud.]

A verse from the late '30s, probably copied out from Source 3, 98v (it is followed by phrases also found in that source); the light print text I have inserted from that early version.

Maidin [?] stamhrai
le huar an lae
cois Avan mín an Darai
do ghluasis féin
gur dhearcas ríoghain rasgullach
bu lasrar líonar leanbach
le'r dallag m'intleXt marutha
gu fearlag faoin

Perhaps not intended for MOCHTÀR'', but in same metre as ll. 1049-80 (AM BÀGHAN S AN DÙSGADH).

[4] f. 36v

] an deigh a' bruanadh air uachdar aibhne
àrdchìr Arainn eagaich

[A' Phìob]

Fonn milis air bheus crònan meala
glanphuing mhalla bu deise gearradh
[na dui] mar gun robh sgaoth sheillean
mu cheann a' srannraich
pong air a' phong a' chreag 'ga fhreagairt

[5] Source 20, 45 (ts.)

Gliocas an Iar, sgian sa ghreallaich
na cnàmhan ris a dh'easbhuidh arain,
na luingeas luchdaichte san aigein,
s na fir gan tulgadh san tseolmhara.
Sgeilm mu onair – is olc am manadh
a' bhoilich 'ud don òigear thapaidh.
Ma 's àrd a bàrr leagar an darag
s bidh crìonaich na coille maireann.

Is sinn a' choille théid a lomadh
thoirt suigh do sheann rusg a' mhosgain.
B'ùrar ar bàrr is bu dosrach
s tha 'n tuagh ga geurachadh mu 'r coinneamh,
le sean fhir shanntach an domhain.

see ll. 1110-1125

Siogalam-siùbhlach de inntinn
air siùdan eadar moit is cìocras.
Tha a marcaich fhéin air muin gach tìre
le gaol air a bhith 'm beul na sgìreachd
snotadh is snoigeas is dìmeas

B. Drafts from c.1983.

After the publication of the poem to general critical acclaim, Hay attempted to complete the DOUGALL section with an account of the Gael's sailing to Africa, and to rewrite the missing conclusion of the poem, of which (he believed) only the translation had survived.

[6] Source 6, 8r (also similar, shorter draft in Source 16, 12v; see also [1] above)

Dùghall a' seòladh

Dh'fhàg e còrsa 's sheòl e siar uaidh
gus an robh gach donn is liath dheth,
gach buidhe, uaine agus riabhach,
gach creag is craobh, gach fraoch is riasg dheth,
gach réidhlean s bruthach, tulach s sliabh dheth

gorm am bun an speur is cian uaidh
 gus an deach iad as fo'n iarmailt
 s a dh'fhosgail buaine a' chuain siar dha.
 Còmhla sheòl na luingeas liatha,
 a' gabhail air fhiaradh 's air fhiaradh;
 Ù-bàta 's È-bàta 'gan iarraidh.

Thàinig orra, 's iad 'san fhiaradh
 trasd an domhain an oidhche ciaradh

[7] Source 16, 6v

gach creag is craobh, gach fraoch is riasg dheth,
 gach réidhlean s ruighe, tulach s sliabh dheth
 gach cnoc s gach aonach is raon fo dhiasan
 àrd is ìosal, mìn is fiadhaich
 gorm am bun an speur is cian uaidh.
 gus an deach e as fo'n iarmailt
 s a dh'fhosgail buaine a' chuain siar dha.

s iad air tòir nan luingeas liatha
 luingeas móra dómhlaicht' iadsan

Cùrsa latha s latha s latha
 gus na thog iad còrsa aineoil
 còrsa thall bhuap' allta Aifric
 agus caolas caol Ghiobraltair

Sheòl iad faire s faire s faire
 sheòl iad làithean agus là dhiubh
 thionndaidh sear gu fearann s fàilte.
 Lean iad sear aig briseadh latha
 agus thog iad còrsa aineoil
 còrsa allta thall na h-Aifric
 agus caolas caol Ghiobraltair.

Bha Dùghall an sin is e 'na òigear
 ga thoirt gu h-èasgaidh gu beul a' mhòrtair
 ceann-uidhe a shlighe s cha b'fhios s cha b'eòl da
 fiosaiche /cha robh aige > ris cha robh còmhla/.
 s e dearbh á saoghal am baoghal còmhraig.

Ghiorraich a bhàs air ged a b'òg e
 is dùnadh shùl is e làn sòlais
 a bheag s a bheag mar a sheòl i
 dhùinte a là mar dhùinte còmhla
 's ceann-uidh' a rathaid faisge na 'n còrsa.

(exact line order unclear)

[8] Source 16, 7r

cùl faire thall chailleadh a' ghrian air
 an dorcha aognaidh sgaoil a sgiathan
 trasd an domhain an oidhche ciaradh
 a thug na dathan is an sgiamh dheth
 thar na sàile aon sgàile a liath i
 s na reultan òir 'nan dreòs san iarmailt
 a dh'oidhche is a là 'dol siar dhaibh
 tionndadh deas is tuath, s mar fhianuis
 Dùghall ann 'na shaighdear rianail
 'sa chuan shìorruidh, 's tìr air iarraidh

sgaoil na sgàilean air sàil' an sgiathan
 gach dath 'ga dhubhadh aig dubhar s ciaradh

[9] Source 16, 8v

a mhùch na rudh, a dhubh, a liath e
 mu thuinn s mu luingeas ag iathadh

Gealach cha d'éirich. Bha 'n speur 'na chriathar
 mhltean reul 'nan leus, 's b'e 'n sgiamh e,
 grian fodha mar nach robh i riamh ann
 chaidil cuid s iad cuidhteas fiamh ann
 s na luingeas-cogaidh bhith 'gan iadhadh.
 Chaidh air tìr 'n Aildir an Dùghall –
 ghiorraich a rithisd air ceann a chùrsa
 am fearan (?) sgìth, is sgrìobhadh dùnadh
 air a rann am beanntan Thùnais.
 Sann a bha e taingeal sunndach
 s e teachd o'n mhuir gu'n d'ruigeadh ùir leis
 am fiathachadh nach gabh diùltadh
 do'n truagh, do'n t-sàr, do'n tràill, do'n phrionnsa,
 a bheirear am bothan bochd s an lùchairt
 air sàil, air tìr, do sgìos do lùths ann,
 cuireadh falbh, ge searbh, a-null e.
 Bha 'n cuireadh deiridh feitheamh ri Dùghall
 gach madainn is gach feasgar dhlùthaich
 air, gan fheum an guidhe no 'n dùbhlán.
 Bha 'n Gefreit fo'n adhar dhumhail
 lìomhadh a' mhortair gus am b'ùr e.
 Cha'n d'fhalbh Mochtàr gu beanntan Thùnais

[10] Source 20, 163v-r

Domhan ann fhéin a h-uile duine
 Saoghal ann fhéin a h-uile urra
 Is fìor sin, cò a dh'innseas uile
 at a shìontan, cur a shruthan
 a neul s a speur gorm /réidh > éir/ s a thuradh
 a ghrian a reultan, 'leus is 'dhubhar
 Ann tha linncean 's sinnsrean cruinne
 is theagamh gur e a ghuth a chluinnear
 is ogha an ogha nach fhac e bruidhinn
 aois an òigear òig 's an cuilean
 creathall beag s an seanair cruiteach
 thig gun tàmh o làmh a' Chruithear.
 Gidheadh bidh àir s clann Adhaimh uile
 ga struidheadh fhéin gu dall, faoin, fuilteach.

Peacadh a /smàlas > mùchas/ grian /'na lasair > is adhar/
 duine òg an salchar a' chatha
 dol as am braise mhadainn 'latha.

Brisear an teud, stadair an ceilear
 sguirear gun am port ach leitheach

An cinne-daonna ri oidhche éitigh
 a spealgadh lòchran càch a chéile.

Ghluais Mochtàr a làmh sa' bhruthainn
 a shuathadh fallais a ruagadh cuileig
 Sgaoil an Gefreit a' bhuille
 Bhàsaich Mochtàr, a' chòmhlà dhruideadh
 bhàsaich am fear a bhà ri 'uilinn.

Crìoch dhà shaoghail, duine s duine
 dubhadh as an sinnsreachd uile
 mort nan naoidhean riamh nach d'rugadh
 mort trìobailte gach fear a' tuiteam.

Appendix 3: Extracts from Source 9, and other drafts

SOURCE 9: The manuscript, a long continuous sequence of pencilled drafts, is datable on internal evidence to 1947-'48 (from calligraphical closeness to Sources 19 and 55, and references to Wind On Loch Fyne indicative of either pending or recent publication).

ff.1-3r

Is tric mi 'g amharc thar a' bhealaigh,
 is m'air' air dol nunn,
 far a bheil an rìbhinn mhaiseach,
 s i gu deudgheal cruinn;
 ceum thar bhealaigh, ceum thar mhunadh,
 leag is léim is ruith,
 ling is léim is snámh is darach,
 sin us bát' air muir.
 Ceum thar bhealaigh, ceum thar mhunadh,
 baile 's bánca is búth,
 baile 's bánca is diomb is tóireacht,
 bát' is gaoth an síúil.
 Sruth d'a chaiscad cha chum air m'ais me
 ged bhiodh mo leac fa thuinn,
 shnámainn thairis gun rámh gun darach,
 na'm biodh mo leannan thall.
 Shiubhlainn giúthsach re oidhche dhubhdhoirch,
 ged bhiodh an driúcta trom,
 dh'ámainn giúthsach ri oidhche dhubhghuirm,
 ar in driúcht 's in choill
 Bheirinn clis a' phaltog ríomhach,
 is síod' am bun a dúirn,
 bheireadh e dhomh an criosan díснеach,
 ar am bu líonmhoire buill.
 Ged nach eil mis' eólach mu chur an eórna,
 ghleidhinn duit féoil nam mang,
 fiadh á fireach, breac á linne,
 bradan bras nan all.
 Ghleidhinn duitse fiadh á fireach,
 dobhran donn nan cárn,
 geadas, gealag, brecc á linne,
 bradan bras á all.
 Gruaidh mar chaorunn, cneas mar fhaoileag,
 mala chaol fo thuinn,
 do bheul lurach ag cor orm furain,
 a ghaoil, cha doilich lemm.
 Tha an domhan leathann farsuing,
 tha e fada thall,
 tha e farsuing, fáire s fáire,
 air cúl Innse Gall.
 Tha an domhan leathann farsuing,
 tha e sin, a ghráidh,
 chf mi thu air cúl gach fáire
 sin mar bha s mar tha.
 Ged bu lemsa go Dun Éideann,
 is na b'fhaide thall,

Dealgan Rois is Eilginn Moire,
 acus Innse Gall;
 bheirinn díom e oile, oile,
 mu'n toirinn uam an geall,
 mu'n toirinn uam an ríbhinn mhaiseach,
 Anna dhonn mo ghráidh.
 Ged bu lemsa Scáin is Struighlea,
 múir is rígh 'nan ceann,
 Inbhir Narann s Apainn oile,
 bheirinn deit [?] na th'ann.
 Inbhir Narann s Apainn oile,
 bheirinn deit [?] na th'ann,
 bheirinn díom la léim s le ruith e,
 acht tusa teacht fa m' cheann.
 Inbhir Narann s Apainn oile,
 bheirinn deit [?] na th' éin,
 bheirinn díom le léimm s la ruith e,
 is cha bu ruith ach léimm.
 Tha an domhan leathann farsuing,
 tha e fada thall,
 tha e farsuing, fáire s fáire,
 tha e farsuing ann.
 Rudha s rudha, eilean s eilean,
 camus, caol is bágh,
 rudha s rudha, roinn gach rudha,
 camus, caol is tráigh.
 Rudha s rudha, roinn gach rudha,
 camus, caol is tráigh,
 eilean s eilean, gaoth o fháire,
 áird is áird is áird.
 Eilean s eilean, gaoth o fháire,
 áird is áird is áird,
 druim a' chuain is druim gach fáire,
 tonn is tonn gu tráigh.
 Druim gach fáire, sreang gach fáire,
 tonn is tonnn gu bráth,
 gaoth is neóil is gaoth o fháire,
 tha sud, tha sud ann.
 Gaoth o fháire, grian o fháire,
 tha e ann is ann,
 briseadh lá, an lá s an dúthrath,
 thá is thá is thá.
 Is ann tha fáire cúl gach fáire,
 is ann tha áird air áird,
 gaoth is grian is neóil o fháire,
 thá is thá is thá.

ocus oile - - -

f.4

Eudail di feraib in domain,
 atchondairc me tu 'né,
 ar do sheas in baile margaidh,
 tacan beag uam féin.

Atshuidh mo ghráidein ar stól daraigh,
cupan ina láimh,
nam b'e mo lámhsa fan chupán,
d'ólainn dith mo sháth.

Tha in doman lethan farsuing,
tá se fada thall,
is ann tha fáire cúl gach fáire,
míle tonn is tráigh.

Tha in doman lethan farsuing
tá se fada thall,
tha an Lagan grádhach còlach,
grádhach cnoc is tráigh.
(cnoc is coill' is tráigh)

Ráinig mi réidhlean an Lagain,
rinn mi cadal séimh,
do dhúisg me is fuair Scarphe inn
etir mo dhá láimh.

gullgarð, Skarpheðinn
kongagarð, Skarpheðinn
víngarð, Skarpheðinn
kvennagarð, Skarpheðinn,
sólgarð, Skarpheðinn,
sunnangarð, Skarpheðinn,
Miklagarð, Skarpheðinn.
Romaborg, Skarpheðinn
gullborg, Sk.-
vínborg, Sk.
pápaborg, Sk.
ápaborg, Sk.

(see SEAKER REAPER)

f.5

Long is sgioba, long is sgioba,
feachd is spionadh, feachd is spionadh
creach is tilleadh, creach is tilleadh,
éigh is iomairt, éigh is iomairt,
speach is iolach, speach is iolach,
feachd is tilleadh, feachd is tilleadh.

(see SEAKER REAPER; also in Source 30, bp, c.1960)

f. 5v-6r

CATH CHAS AN TSLÉIBH

Mar a b'urraim sinn,
s mar a dh'fhaodamaid,
mar a b'fhuilear dhuinn,
s mar a chaomhnadh leinn;
mar a chuireadh ruinn,
rinn sinn caonnag dheth;
nuair bu bhuillean duinn,
rinn sinn traoghadh dheth.

f.8

Acus adubhairt Eóghan Óg Mac in Bháird :

Is mise mi fhéin is có tá cosgarrach?
 Mar rium fhéin có tá cosgarrach?
 Ar in domhain có tá cosgarrach?
 Ar in domain có tá cosgarrach?

Is mise me fhéin is có tá cosarrach?
 Có tá cosarrach? Có tá cosgarrach?
 Có tá cosamhlach, có tá cosgarrach?

Is mise me fhéin is có tá cosarrach?
 Is mise me fhéin is có tá cosarrach?
 Có tá annaib uilig tá cosgarrach?
 Có tá annaib uilig tá cosgarrach?

Thall an Ceathru có tá cosgarrach?
 Thall an Ceathru có tá cosgarrach?
 An Srath Lachlainn có tá cosgarrach?
 An Gleann Arm có tá cosgarrach?
 An Gleann Arm có tá cosgarrach?
 Creag na Siùire, an í tá cosgarrach?
 Creag na Saoire, an í tá cosgarrach?

Rinneadh an Rechtaireacht so ar thúis nuair a tháinig Goraídh Maith Mhanainn suas an an Caolas le a chabhlach, 7 nuair a chuirte an cath o thráigh Sgibinis suas gu ruig a' Ghuala Mhór.

ff. 10r-12r

Tráth Diluain ghab i'n cuan,
 buaideach i la guailnib gelaib,
 Rígh, tráth Diluain.
 Tá mo Lili féin cho bóideach,
 ri óc baintighearn Meic 'ic Ailein.
 Díos no trúir de ghiullaib óca
 'ga cumail cóirthe ins a' chala.
 Díos no trúir de ghillib eutrom
 sparradh a h-eutach re crannaib.
 Tráth choir iad i fo bhréid pósda
 mar mnaoi óic a' falbh o'n bhaile.
 An tráth choir iad i fo bréidibh,
 choir i'n rudha réidh gan ghainne.
 An trlath choir rithe h-eutach
 chfí' an sad 'na caoraib derga.
 A' dol timchell an Trumpain,
 si bha sunndach 's muir 'na mellaib.
 A' dol sechad Eilean Diarman,
 bha ghaoth niar ann is trá mara.
 A' dol sechad Eilean Diúra
 dáirnic smúid de chlacha-mellain.
 Dofuc sinn sábhail i do'n Óban
 ged bu dóruinneach an latha.

RECHTAIREACHT AN CHATH GHAIRBHIGH (1411)

(rewritten 1960, see *CATH GAIRBHEACH*)

Briseadh madainn latha shalaigh san Chath Ghairbheach,
 sin na bh'ann, sin na bh'ann.
 Gu dé rinn Iarla Mháirr anns an Chath Ghairbheach?
 Gu dé a rinn? gu dé a rinn?
 Roinn e Alba 'na dá leth 'n Cath Gairbheach -
 rinn e sin, rinn e sin;
 Gad is slad nan Gaoidheal san Chath Ghairbheach,
 sin na bh'ann, sin na bh'ann.
 Fuair mi Rolf is Rollo 'n déidh 'n Chath Ghairbhich,
 fuair mi sin, fuair mi sin,
 fuair mi maith is saith sa' Chaisteal an déidh 'n Chath Ghairbhich,
 fuair mi sin, fuair mi sin;
 fuair mi slaoighteireacht an déidh 'n Chath Ghairbhich,
 fuair mi sin, fuair mi sin.

Nuair a bha sinn san Chath Ghairbheach,
 Nuair a bha sinn san Chath Ghairbheach,
 bha mi thall,
 bha mi aig an ám,
 bha mi thall ins an Chath Ghairbheach.

Vestferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 bestferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 eyjarferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Freyjarferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Muleferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Diútraferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Giðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Maolferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Sátfrí, Skarpheðinn ,
 Sátfrí, Skarpheðinn ,
 Sátfrí, Skarpheðinn ,
 Maolferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Maolferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Nesferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Caolferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Sunaferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 lochferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 fjarðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Aoirinnferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Aoirinnferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Aoirinnferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Eiðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Eiðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Eiðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Eiðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Terbartferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Eiðferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Terbartferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Terbartferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 núferð, Skarpheðinn ,
 Terbartferð, Skarpheðinn ,

eiðferð, Skarpheðinn,
 Terbartferð, Skarpheðinn,
 hóferð, Skarpheðinn,
 haoiferð, Skarpheðinn,
 háferð, Skarpheðinn,
 hæferð, Skarpheðinn.

(see SEAKER REAPER)

ff. 12v-13r

FRA GOTTLAND

[a version of *Tráth Diluain ghabh i'n cuan*, f.10r]

Mandag morginn hun var sorginn,
 við seglða út var brá skút,
 hun strejktá segl hvít som hegl,
 af brullaups línskaut;
 hun strejktá skót, hun spannte fót,
 hun tok haf, hun tok sklaf,
 hun tok daf, hun tok af,
 hun tok býr, hun tok rór
 hun veirða nes, hun va nes,
 hun leifða nes, hun sá Hes.

Miklagarð, Skarpheðinn,
 Miklagarð, Skarpheðinn,
 gullgarð, Skarpheðinn,
 kongagarð, Skarpheðinn,
 vingarð, Skarpheðinn,
 kvennagarð, Skarpheðinn,
 fégarð, Skarpheðinn,
 Miklagarð, Skarpheðinn.

ff. 14v-15v

Thoir mo shoraidh uam thar mara
 far an robh mi 'n raoir,
 thoir mo chroidhe slán thar mara
 mar an robh mi 'n raoir,
 thoir mo chroidhe, thoir mo bheannacht
 uam go Albainn chaomh,
 thoir an croidhe so thar mara
 mar an robh mi 'n raoir.

Shíos ar stiúir an Talla Henna
 far an robh mi 'n raoir,
 eamharc romham dùr thar mara
 mar an robh mi 'n raoir,
 eamharc romham, iarraidh Alban,
 m'anam leis a' ghaoith,
 shíos ar stiúir an Talla Henna
 far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Sheasainn buillean, sheasainn claideb
 fortsa, Alba ghaoil,
 Sheas mi buillean, sheas mi claidheabh
 sheasar Alba chaomh,
 sheas mi roinn is faobhar cath
 gu t'fhaicinn, o mo chaoir,
 leiginn léim dom chroidhe asam,
 go faicinn] agad aoibh.

Thoir mo chroide go tràigh
 o'n thà me tìrsach
 sguab mo chroide go Màigh
 ged a bheithinn 'sa Bhràigh,
 sguab mo chroide go Màigh
 go m'agh is m'ìoghnadh.

Sguab mo chroide go tràigh
 go àird m'ionndrainn
 sguab an croide so slàn
 uam go mùineach go Màigh
 sguab mo chroide go h-àrd
 go àird m'ionndrainn.

Thoir mo shoraidh go Roinn Màighe
 far an robh mi 'n raoir
 soraidh vláð o bheul an tràghad,
 àird an robh mi 'n raoir,
 thoir mo chridhe go Roinn Màighe
 falbh ar snámh de gaoithe
 gus an oilean, gu mo ghràidhean]
 far an robh mi 'n raoir.

ff. 17r-18v

REACHTAIREACHT AN ÀTHA

Rèinig mi thall taobh thall an àtha,
 có a bh'ann ach mo bhráthair,
 có a bh'ann ach mo ghráidhein,
 có a bh'ann ach mo cháirein?
 Chrois mi air cuis mo láimhe,
 leig mi air crois mo dheárnaibh,
 shín mi air le fóg is fáilte,
 sheas mi ris is rois mi grádh dha.
 Chùlaich mi e le gáire,
 chuimsich mi e le áthas,
 chainnlich mi e le cráthaidh,
 ainnlich mi e le áighidh.
 'S to mo thíforan is mo tháthas,
 's tu mo ríomhachas is m'áthas,
 chuireas ling is léim fo m'áimean,
 chuireas stobadh rium is sáthadh,
 sháthas stobadh fodham is sáthadh,
 tháthas me le teann tháthadh,

ghoireas me le grinn gháire,
 shireas me le éigh báire,
 dh'fháilticheas me le fáilte;
 gháireas me le gaoir áraigh,
 foireas me le foir áirigh,
 chrónas me le crónan báthaigh,
 sheinneas orm le fuinn na Spáinne,
 choiticheas me le mánrain,
 mhisnicheas me le ámhraín,
 thighearnaicheas me le cánain,
 thogas m'aigne suas le áiteas
 dh'eutromaicheas me le d'bhárdachd,
 gharas mo chroidhe le t'fhásghadh.
 Theasas me le d'bhílean blátha,
 gheasas me le sreathan ársaidh,
 thoghnas me le foclaibh fáidhe,
 dh'fhoghnas me le ruiteacht ráidhe,
 cóghnas me le cruiteacht cáraidh
 lóghnas me le cainnt áraid.
 Thogas me le seinn go fáire,
 chogas me le cainnt is bláthas,
 ruaigeas me le ionnsaigh gáire,
 bhuadhaicheas orm le ísleacht s fáilte,
 bhuaidheas le irisleacht is mánlacht.
 Thilgeas me thar beanntan árd,
 thuilgeas me mar bhroilleach máthar,
 mheilgeas me mar aisne fáire,
 dh'aiteas me mar sheann láraidh,
 sheallas as úr a ballachan árd.
 Furtaicheas me san Lethghleann áilne,
 choinneas me os cionn na trághad,
 chadlaicheas me air Ailir,
 thatas me air aoirinn Ainse,
 tratas me síos le Fráinne,
 pratas me 'sa Challtuinn Cháinne,
 glacas me air Glacan Gáire.
 mhacas me le macnab Máighe,
 ag camharc Maois' o chuangháirich,
 shacas me le brattaib Sgáine,
 thachdas me le sacaib mántal,
 apas me le lápaib chlámys,
 chobhras me le gúnaib Argos,
 chrúnas me le crúnaib bláthan,
 sónas me le sónaib Gallia.
 Airm gu armacht an sùilean a h-uile duine,
 airm gu armacht an sùilean a h-uile duine,
 airm gu armacht an sùilean a h-uile duine.

ff. 19v-20r

An cuala sibh mar thachair dhuinn,
 'sa chath a bh'air a' mhòintigh,
 mar dh'éirich dhuinn 'nar réisimeid
 ri lucht na Beurla 's chleòca?
 Nuair thàinig oirn am Feóladair
 's a dh'órduigh e ar sìobadh,
 bha aon fhear ann a choisinn da
 an onair sin 's a' mhórchuis.

Thug sinn aghaidh fhosgarra,
 chruaidh, chosgarra 'sa chaonnaig,
 léim sinn romhainn ar ruathar,
 is b'uallach de 'n t-aonach;
 sguab sinn as mar anathadh
 no anail uspaig aotruim,
 shìn sinn céim ar aghaidh orra,
 s b'fhaghaid e do'r maordhacht.

Ciamar sheasadh duine ruinn,
 's a' ghuin a bha 'nar nàdur?
 Ciamar dh'fhaitheadh ògluidh ruinn,
 's an sìobadh fuair ar n-àilleachd?
 Ciamar dh'fhanadh fahair ruinn,
 's an amhacht bha 'nar
 Ciamar shealladh Olcas oirn
 air lotan breun a làmhan?

Ciamar dh'fhuilingeadh talamh sinn
 no masladh bhith 'na àraich?
 Ciamar thigeadh claidheamh leinn
 no dh'fhanadh i nar làmhan?
 Ciamar dh'éireadh gaisge leinn
 gu sracadh chridhean tràtha?
 Ciamar bheanadh gath gréine ruinn
 s luchd Beurla roimh ar làmhan?

ff. 21v-22r

Oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 mo rìbhinn chaoimhneil 's ann leatsa théid mi.

Nuair a bha mi 'm chaileig ghòraich,
 thug mi cion agus ceist do'n òigear,
 air an d'fhàs an cuailein bòidheach,
 mo ghille bòidheach, mo ghiullan eutrom.

Thug mi treis dhuit, thug mi tràth dhuit,
 thug mi bliadhna is thug mi là dhuit,
 thug mi gaol dhuit, thug mi gràdh dhuit,
 thug mi bàigh dhuit 's mo cheann 'sna speuran.

Nuair a bhá sinn air Aoirinn Áinse,
 t'aodann bòidheach eadar mo lámhan,
 do bheul lurach ri fiamh gháire,
 bu gheàrr an lá dhuinn is sinn le chéile.

Grian an tsamhraidh 'nad shúilean,
 t'fhalt cho áillidh s a' ghaoth 'ga ghluasad,
 ruthadh soilleir 'na do ghruaidhean,
 bu tu mo luaidhsa fo luaths na gréine.

Beitheach meath 's e air bhogadh ,
 eadar sin agus lán na mara,
 sinne mear ann am mearan tlachda,
 ann gun athadh 'nar latha antrom.

Oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 oich iú agus hiúraibh eile,
 mo ríbhinn chaoimhneil 's ann leatsa théid mi.

(Verse 1 taken up again in 1960, see NA FIACHAN GAOLACH)

* * * * *

FEAR BREACAIN BHALLAIGH

[Source 27, pp. 91, 92 endpages and backpaste]

This is an expansion of a traditional song (for ll. 1-13 see MacPherson 1868: 128-129). The text has been dated by its distinctive calligraphy, resembling (but more legible than) that of a letter to Douglas Young of October 1950. At that time Catherine Hay told Young: "he employs a good deal of time writing - mainly in Gaelic", and mentioned his difficult hand. (Particularly hard to distinguish in FEAR BHREACAN BHALLAIGH are *d* and *s*; this may have led me to misinterpretations, e.g. *duain* for *suain*. Source 27 contains other more fragmentary drafts from the same period, including a macaronic sailing song in Arabic and English.

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Latha dhomh s mi falbh a' ghleannain,
latha dhomh s mi falbh a' ghleannain,
latha dhomh s mi falbh a' ghleannain,
thachair orm fear breacain bhallaigh,
latha dhomh s mi falbh a' ghleannain,
thachair orm fear breccin bhallaigh,
dh'fhaighnichd e am b'e a leanainn,
thuirt mi nach b'e sud bh'air m'aire.
Shiubhlainn leis thar chuan, thar bheannaibh,
shiubhlainn leis thar chuan, thar mara,
shiubhlainn leis thar chruach, thar bheannaibh,
is cha bu chùram orm e 'm mhealladh.
Shiubhlainn leis thar thuinn, thar bheannaibh,
shiubhlainn cruas is truas san athadh;
shiubhlainn leis lè cuir, le caraibh,
shiubhlainn leis lè cuir s lè caraibh,
shiubhlainn leis lè car, lè caraibh,
shiubhlainn leis le car s lè caraibh,
lè carthannas, lè car s lè caraibh,
lè car, le cuir, lè cuir s lè caraibh,
lè cuir, le car, lè car s lè caraibh,
lè cainnt, lè cruas, lè cuir s lè caraibh,
lè cainnt, lè luaths, lè duain, lè darach
driop is duain is gruaim is cabhag,
ar marannan, ar muir ri m' mhaireann,
ar mharaichean, ar luing, ar aighear,
ar mharaichean, ar luing s ar aighear;
gan cheannuidhe, gan iùl caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan sgeul caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan feum caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan mhiann caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan iarraidh caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan tigh'nn ar caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan smid mu chaladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan diog mu chaladh,
gan cheannuidhe, gan uiread caladh
gan cheannuidhe, gan ruigsinn caladh,
gan cheannuidhe, uidheam is acfhuinn,
gan cheannuidhe, fo uidheam s fo acfhuinn
gan cheannuidhe, ar uidhe aigein.
Shiubhlainn bac is sgeir is cladach,

50 sgeir is fearann, muir is cladach,
driop is duain is cuan is caisil,
misg is stuamachd, cuan is cathan
drisg [?] is cuachan, duain is dathan
driop is duain, is fuachd is caidreabh,
clach is clóchar, ród is aigein
magh is cómar, mód is garadh
dragh is dórainn, ceó is raineach,
fleadh is frògan, fèdimein s talla,
rod is còrn is bòrd is basan,
lod is cùirn is mùirn is ;
roimhe gu dòmhnach s uaidh gach latha,
roimhe gu dòmhnach s riamh gach latha,
roimhe gu dòmhnach s siar gach latha.
Shiubhlainn réidhleach, cruadhach, catha,
beáman sléibhe, réidhlean s aisridh,
shiubhlainn coire, doire, darach,
60 beitheach, bruthach, both is barrach
ceathach, cuithean, loch is ;
shiubhlainn díomhaireachd is glacan
shiubhlainn ríomhachas is raineach;
acarsaid is córsa ascaoin,
acarsaid is córsa carrach,
fiadhaich fosgailte gan fhasgadh,
ach caoineadh eadar gaoth is stalla,
ach caoidhreín eadar gaoth is carraig,
ach aodainn chasa ar an sgathadh,
ach aodainn ghlasa ar an sgathadh,
70 sgathadh glas os cionn nan aitheamh,
sgathadh glas os cionn na mara;
fiadhaich mór 'na mhúr gan fhasgadh,
fiadhaich corr 'na mhúr gan fhasgadh,
fiadhaich dúr 'na mhúr gan fhasgadh,
ach sitheadh gaoith' is tarraing acair,
ach ospagan is tarraing acair,
ach uspagan is tarraing acair,
úird is súistean bharr nan stalla
ùird is dùirn bharr nan stalla.
80 Shiubhlainn réidhlean leis is machair
is cha bu chúram leam e m' mhealladh;
shiubhlainn eileanan s thar bheannaibh,
is cha bu chúram leam e m' mhealladh.
Shiubhlainn leis thar chuan s thar bheannaibh,
iomall domhain, Hel is Hangö,
Danmarc agus caladh Baltach,
Tromsö, Runö,
iomall domhain, Hel is Hangö
iomall domhain, ser is Hangö,
90 iomall domhain, siar thar mara
iomall domhain, triall is tarraing,
iomall domhain, siar s gu Tallinn.

Shiubhlainn bacan leis is bochdainn,
shiubhlainn fearann leis is fortan,
shiubhlainn aisridh, caisil, soc leis
shiubhlainn clais is glac is cnoc leis,

shiubhlainn leis le gaoith s le oiteag
 shiubhlainn leis thar roinn is thar oitir,
 thar áth, thar árach, tuinn is monadh
 100 thar sith, thar árach, muir is monadh,
 is mi nach bitheadh fo sprochd leis,
 am fear a stiúradh na sgothan,
 shuidheadh ar stiúir s a stiúreadh roidean,
 shuidheadh ar stiúir s a steórnadh roidean,
 shuidheadh ar stiúir s a dh'fhóirneadh roidean,
 sith troimh thuinn s a mheistreadh cop leath',
 shuidheadh ar rámh san treas tobhta,
 sheasadh ri faire shuas 'na toiseach.
 Cionnus a bhithinn fo sprocht leis,
 110 s iomadh fealadhá 'na thosd ann,
 is iomadh fealadhá ar ghoil ann,
 s iomadh fealadhá fo dhos ann,
 is iomadh fealadhá 'ga loireadh
 fo slios is fo ribein, mire s mort ann,
 fo slios is fo ribein, ribe throsg ann,
 ribe porsk ann, ribe throsg ann
 an t-aighear 'na linn is 'na loch ann
 is failleaman mu gach stoc ann,
 is aiteas mu gach aon "och" ann
 120 is aiteas fo gach aon "och" ann,
 is aiteas anns gach aon "och" ann,
 is annas o gach aon "oich" ann,
 is casgairt o gach aon "ort!" ann,
 is falacht o gach aon "ochain".
 C'uim nach fágainn tráigh no loch leis
 c'uim [nach ?] fuarainn roinn no oitir?
 C'uim nach fágainn tráigh is loch leis
 c'uim nach fuarainn roinn is oitir?
 S nach caillinn sealladh beinn' is monaidh?
 130 S nach cuirinn sealladh beinn' is monaidh
 síos fo'n fháire le ceud soraidh?
 S nach cuirinn sealladh beinn' is monaidh
 díom fo'n fháire le ceud soraidh,
 díom ar fáire le ceud soraidh
 díom ar fáire le bláth shoraidh,
 is mo lámhan ar an togail.
 C'uim nach shiubhlainn muir is monadh,
 ser is gear, miann is soraidh,
 er is grian is a dol fodha,
 140 'eólas m'aineol, stiúir is soraidh,
 iomall domhain, doimhne, doman,
 iomall domhain anaconda,
 iomall domhain furibonda,
 iomall domhain onda onda.

Shiubhlainn leis thar chuan, thar bheannaibh,
 shiubhlainn duain is fuaim is facail
 shiubhlainn duain is cuan is cadha,
 shiubhlainn slighe leis is claiscan,
 shiubhlainn lighe leis is raineach,
 150 shiubhlainn snighe agus frasan,
 shiubhlainn ceann gu ceann an atlais,

- shiubhlainn is dá thrí an fhaclair,
 anuair, ainfhios, annas, aineol;
 uaim is fuaim is duain is facail,
 duanaire, dáin is saltair,
 dáin s iad dfreach, dáin s iad caste,
 uaim is fuaim is fead is facail,
 uaim is fuaim is fead is aicill.
 Shiubhlainn echtraidh agus atlas,
 shiubhlainn bárdacht agus bagradh,
 shiubhlainn cánainean is masgull,
 gruaim is grámair, tír is cladach,
 breug is fírin, fróch is caladh,
 Greugais, Gáilig agus Danais,
 Fraingis, Arabais is Laidionn,
 grámairean is druim na mara,
 tuinn is roinn is caol is faclair
 beinn is gleann is cuan is cairtean
 [?ainn] m'aineol is an t-atlas,
 druim na mara, druim na mara,
 moncaidh, annas, anaconda,
 anaconda, annas , moncaidh,
 craobhan-pailme s lucht nam mogais,
 lucht nam burnus, lucht nam mogais,
 latha is lasadh, dubhar is doille,
 beinn is cuan is tuinn ag osnaich,
 an sruthadh go Dhúir [?] s a droma.
 Acropolis is pterodactyl
 tuinn na mara, druim na mara,
 pioramaid is pterodactyl,
 druim na mara, druim na mara.

c.1950 ?

FURTHER FRAGMENTS

Bidh 'n samhradh blàth a' ruith 'na cois,
 a thig gu buidhe blàth o'n deas,
 bheir duilleach uaine air gach dos,
 s an cuan [sèimh del.] ar chlos ri teas.

Cluinnear /o >bho/ ùrlar nan gleann
 cròn nan fann aig beach nan stiall
 gaoir aig faoilinn [bháin del.] ri feath
 fafann [ciúin > sèimh/ a' seinn o'n iar.

Source 28, fp. (late 1930s?)

The warm summer will come running along with it, coming yellow-warm from the south,
 bringing green foliage to every bush, and hushing the [] sea with the heat.

From the floor of the glen will be heard the faint buzzing of the striped bee, the squawk of a
 [] seagull in the peace, a gentle murmur making melody from the west.

A' bhliadhna 'na taca seo 'n airidh
 bha mi 'm mullach Sròn Slora,
 ag amharc Bail' Inveraray Aora,
 thall ri taobh Loch na Fyne.
 Duilleach 'na the 's e caite
 's a' b' eòl 'ga sgapadh 'na chrìonaich,
 b' eòl coimeas nan daoine
 'na 'san tsaoghal ri m'linnsa.

[Traditional verse]

Source 34, bp. (1960s?)

In this same season a year ago I was on the summit of Sròn Slora looking on Inveraray town
 over by the side of Loch Fyne. Spent yellow foliage was blown by the wind in a scatter of
 withered leaves; that was a symbol of the people who were alive in my time.

DUNYA ES-SKÎN

el-mîfîn ba 'dîn
 delm 'ala 'âimîn
 hadni dunya es-skîn
 mia wailla mîfîn.

Source 14, 5v (1982). Authorship by Hay likely, but not certain.

THE WORLD OF THE KNIFE

Afterwards, the dead injustice before one's very eyes this is the world of the knife
 one hundred becomes [two hundred / dead people]. Transl. Yassin Dutton.

A LIST OF LOCALISED PLACE-NAMES

(of South Knapdale, Kilcalmonell and Cowal)

ABHAINN NAN GILLEAN ¹ : "The River of the Youths", at head of West Loch Tarbert. (OS 1st Ed. "Abhainn Ghilleann").

ÀBHANN : Sanda Island, off the Mull of Kintyre.

ÀIRD MHICLAOMAINN : see ARDLAMONT.

ÀIRIGH FHUAR ² : "Cold Shielling", deserted township on West Shore north of Skipness.

ÀIRIGH CHREAGACH ³ : west of Loch Racadal, SKn.

AISINN, an ⁴ : Ashens, north of Tarbert.

ALLD A' GHALBHAIS ⁵ : burn north of Skipness.

ALLD AN LÌN ⁶ : "The Flax Burn", runs from south almost into Tarbert. (Not on OS).

ALLD BEITHE ⁷ : "Birch Burn", burn and deserted township, c. a mile south of Tarbert.

ARDLAMONT ⁸ : southernmost headland in Cowal.

BÀGH A' CHÒMHRAIG : "The Battle Bay", just south of Tarbert.

BAIL' ÌOMHAR ⁹ : Baliver, deserted township at head of West Loch Tarbert.

BRÒG, the : the "Shoe", on Kerry Shore; tail of land between Caisteal Aoidhe and the Buck?

BUCK, the ¹⁰ : small island north of Glennan, Kerry Shore. (Eilean Buic, Bàgh Buic).

CAISTEAL AOIL : "Lime Castle", presumably Caisteal Aoidh, on Eilean Aoidh, Kerry Shore.

CAOLAS BHRE(A)NAIN, CAOL BHRANNDAIN : the Kilbrennan Sound, between Kintyre and Arran.

CARRAIG NAM BAN ¹¹ : "The Cliff Of The Women", headland on Kerry Shore, north of Ardmarnock Bay.

CEATHRAMH, an : Kerry, the peninsula of Kerry Cowal.

CHAOLBHEINN, a' ¹² : "the Narrow Ben", n-west of Skipness.

CHLEIT, a' : the Iron Rock Ledge, a long reef on the s-west coast of Arran.

CILL AINNDREIS, CILL AINNDREANN : the old Tarbert burial-ground.

CILL' CHREAGAIN : Kilcreggan, Cowal.

CILLE MHUNNA : Kilmun, Cowal.

CINN GARBHA, na : "The Rough Heads", see GARROCH HEIDS.

CLAONAIG : by Skipness.

CNOC A' CHAISTEIL ¹³ : Castle Knowe, west of Asgog Loch in the Kerry Cowal; 460 ft.

CNOCAN A' CHAIT FHIADHAICH ¹⁴ : "Wild Cat Knowe", rocky hillock at the head of Toll A' Bhódaich. (OS 1st Ed. "Cnoc Nan Cat Fiadhaich"?).

CNOC NA MÉINE ¹⁵ : "the Knowe of the Mine", north of Skipness (OS Cnoc Nam Méin); 816 ft.

CNOC NAN SGARBH ¹⁶ : "Cormorant Hill", by Toll A' Choilich, north side of East Loch Tarbert (OS Cnocan Sgairbh).

COILEACH, an ¹⁷ : the Cock of Arran, northernmost headland of Arran.

COIRE ODHAR ¹⁸ : "Dun Corry", on the west slope ("north side" GCH) of Sliabh Gaoil.

CREAG AN FHASGAIDH ¹⁹ : "The Shelter Rock", ridge running n-east of Glennan.

CRUACHAN BEANN : Ben Cruachan, by Loch Awe.

CRUACH AN T-SORCHAIN ²⁰ : "The Summit of the Footstool", south of Tarbert; 1125 ft. (*Sorchan* also used of small sand pyramid used as shinty tee, an interpretation GCH favoured because of the shape of that hill's summit (sss 14/5/79); but in his own writings, always "footstool").

CRUACH BHUIDHE ²¹ : "Yellow Summit", between Tarbert and Rubha Meall Daraich; 446 ft.

CRUACH DOIRE LÉITHE ²² : "Grey Grove Summit", between Tarbert and Skipness; 1236 ft.

CRUACH THARSUINN ²³ : "Sidelong Summit", n-west of Tarbert, SKn; 994 ft. (There is also a Cruach Tarsuinn between Tarbert and Skipness).

CÙIL NAN SEAMRAG ²⁴ : "Shamrock Nook", by head of West Loch Tarbert, SKn. (OS Cùil Na Seamraig).

CÙR : Cour, headland and island between Tarbert and Carradale.

DAVAAR : island off Campbeltown.

EARRANN GHOINEACH, an : "the sandy stretch", below the road to the old pier, Tarbert.

EBBING POINT : see RUBHA CLACH AN TRÀGHaidh

EILEAN A' CHÒMHRAIG ²⁵ : "The Battle Isle", south-east of Tarbert.

EILEAN AOIDH ²⁶ : "Hugh's Isle", small peninsula by Asgog Bay on Kerry Shore.

EILEAN FO GHLAIS : Holy Isle, off east coast of Arran.

FEURLOCHAN, am ²⁷ : "Grassy Lochan", between Tarbert and Skipness.

GARBHALLD, an ²⁸ : "the Wild Burn", runs into Skipness River from above Cruach Tarsuinn.

GARROCH HEIDS, the : southernmost headland on Bute. (OS Garroch Head).

GHARBHAIRD, a' : "the Rough Height", see a' GHARBHAIL.

GHARBHAIL, a' ²⁹ : Garvel, northern promontory at mouth of East Loch Tarbert (OS 1st Ed. "Garbh Mhaol").

GLAC CALLTUINN ³⁰ : "Hazel Hollow", between Rubha Meall Daraich and Eilean A' Chòmhraig.

GLEANNAN, an ³¹ : Glennan, site of deserted township on Kerry shore.

INNIS, an ³² : Inchmarnock, island off the west coast of Bute.

IOMACHAR : headland on the west coast of Arran.

KENMORE : on upper Loch Fyne, just south of Inveraray.

KERRY SHORE, the : the Cowal Shore of Loch Fyne, from the Otter to Ardlamont.

KILBRENNAN SOUND : see CAOLAS BHR(E)ANAIN.

LAGAIN, na : the Laggans, just north of Blackfarland Point, Bute.

LAGAN RÒAIG ³³ : site of deserted farm, on West Shore halfway between Tarbert and Skipness.

LAGGAN : see SEANLAGAN; there was also a Lagan just north of Skipness Castle (OS 1st Ed.).

LAGGAN HEID : see RUBHA LAGAN RÒAIG.

LOCH A' CHAORAINN ³⁴ : "the Rowan Loch", south west of West Loch Tarbert (OS 1st Ed. "Loch Chaorann"); another west of Sliabh Gaoil.

LOCH NA MACHRACH (MÓIRE / BIGE) ³⁵ : "the Loch of the Great/Wee Machair", two lochs between Tarbert and Skipness.

LÙB, an ³⁶ : Loup, at the mouth of West Loch Tarbert.

MAOL DUBH ³⁷ : = Rubha Dubh, north of Tarbert, opposite Carraig Nam Ban ? (or Black Harbour headland south of Carraig Nam Ban, Kerry Shore ?)

MEALL MÓR ³⁸ : "Big Mound", east of Sliabh Gaoil; 1580 ft.

ÒRDAG, an ³⁹ : "the thumb", Glac Na h-Òrdaig, south-west of Tarbert ?

PAISTE BEAG, am : "the Wee Patch", field on the deserted farm of Lagan Ròraig.

PHUTAG, a' ⁴⁰ : Buttock Point, the north-west tip of Bute.

PLADDA : island off the south coast of Arran.

PORT A' CHRUIDH ⁴¹ : "Cattle Bay", north of Skipness.

ROINN CHLÒIMHEACH : "Shaggy Point", on south-east coast of Bute, OS Roinn Clùmhach.

ROS NEODHA : Rosneath, on west bank of Gare Loch.

RUDHA BHALTAIR ⁴² : "Walter's Point", on West Shore, south of Alld Beithe (not on OS).

RUDHA BÓDACH ⁴³ : "Buteman Point", north-east tip of Bute.

RUDHA CLACH AN TRÀGHaidh ⁴⁴ : "Ebbing Stone Point", on West Shore.

RUDHA DUBH ⁴⁵ : Blackfarland Point, Bute, opposite Tighnabruaich.

RUDHA GRIANAIN ⁵¹ : "suntrap headland", Grianan Point, on West Shore.

RUDHA MAOL DARAIGH : see RUBHA MEALL DARAICH.

RUDHA MEALL DARAICH ⁴⁶ : "Oaken Knowe Point", at mouth of East Loch Tarbert.

RUDHA NA CLOICHE : "Stone Point", Cloch Point south of Gourrock.

RUDHA SGIBINIS ⁴⁷ : Skipness Point.

SEAN LAGAN, an ⁴⁸ : "the Old Hollow", site of deserted township on West Shore.

SEANN DÙN : "Old Fort", Shandon, on east bank of Gare Loch.

SGAT MÓR, an ⁴⁹ : the Great Skate, off the Kerry Shore (OS Sgat Mhór).

SGEIR LEATHANN ⁵⁰ : "Broad Skerry", north of Tarbert, east of Barmore Island.

SGOLAIG ⁵² : south of Grianan point, on the West Shore.

SLIABH GAOIL ⁵³ : (Sliabh, Slea) "Love Hill", in South Knapdale; 1840 ft.

SLOC DOMHAIN, an ⁵⁴ : "the Deep Dell", OS Glac Dhomhain, inlet south of Rudha Meall Daraich.

SRUTH NA MAOILE : "the Run of the Moyle", the North Channel between Antrim and the Mull of Kintyre.

STOB ODHAR : "Dun Peak", highest peak on Sliabh Gaoil.

SUIDH' AN EASBUIG : "the Bishop's Seat", Helensburgh.

SUNADALE : north of Carradale.

TOLL A' BHÓDAICH : "the Bute Man's Gap", by Tarbert (inside East Loch Tarbert?).

TOLL A' CHEILIGH ⁵⁵ : "the Hole of the Cockerel", bay on north side of East Loch Tarbert.

TOBAR AN TIGHEARNA ⁵⁶ : "the Lord's Well", South Knapdale.

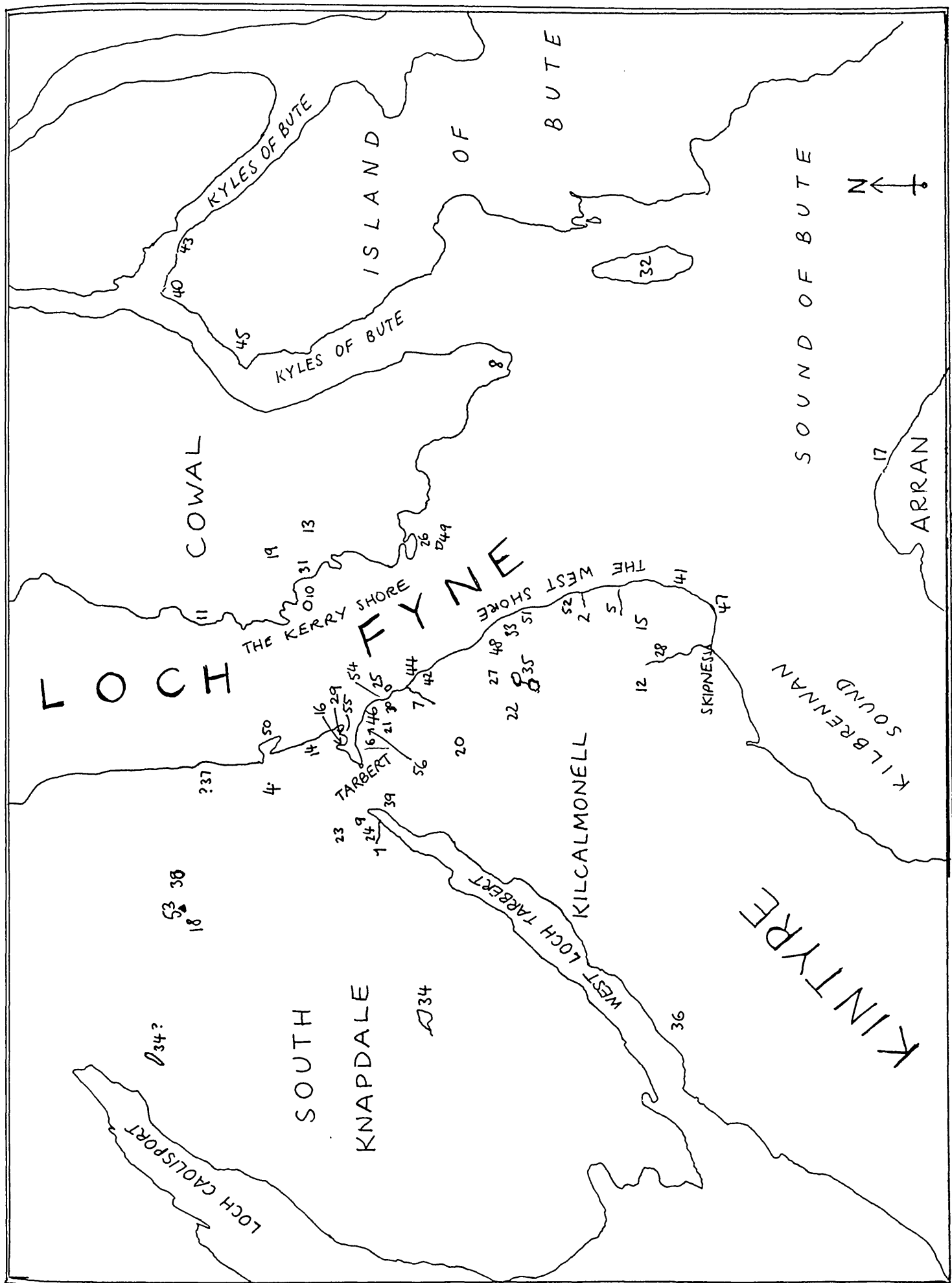
TOLL CHALUM : Glencallum Bay, on south coast of Bute.

UARAIDH : the mound on the north side of Tarbert harbour.

WEST SHORE, the : the west coast of lower Loch Fyne, between Tarbert and Skipness.

Information from Ordnance Survey, 1st edition (surveyed 1867-68), from Hay's own notes to poems, and from his interviews with Angus Martin.

MAP



SOURCES

1. Manuscript (NLS: National Library of Scotland EUL: Edinburgh University Library)
 - 1 NLS MS 26721, folio notebook from 1930s, manuscript.
 - 2 NLS MS 26722, quarto notebook from late 1930s.
 - 3 NLS MS 26723, quarto notebook from late 1930s.
 - 4 NLS MS 26727, quarto notebook c. 1940.
 - 5 NLS MS 26728, quarto notebook from c. 1940; includes diary.
 - 6 NLS MS 26729, quarto wartime notebook.
 - 7 NLS MS 26730, quarto wartime notebook.
 - 8 NLS MS 26731, quarto notebook 1946.
 - 9 NLS MS 26732, jotter of continuous drafts, c. 1948. (See Appendix 3).
 - 10 NLS MS 26734, quarto notebook from mid-1970s.
 - 11 NLS MS 26735, quarto notebook from mid-1970s.
 - 12 NLS MS 26736, quarto notebook from early 1960s; poetry content 1980.
 - 13 NLS MS 26737, quarto notebook from early 1960s; poetry content 1980s.
 - 14 NLS MS 26738, quarto notebook from late 1930s; poetry content 1982.
 - 15 NLS MS 26739, quarto notebook from 1983.
 - 16 NLS MS 26740, quarto notebook from 1983.
 - 17 NLS MS 26741, musical notebook from late 1930s.
 - 18 NLS MS 26742, musical notebook from late 1930s and c.1947.
 - 19 NLS MS 26743, quarto musical notebook; collected melodies 1947.
 - 20 NLS MS 26744, folder of miscellaneous poems, 1920s - 1980s.
 - 21 NLS MS 26745, quarto typescript of collected Gaelic poems, 1974.
 - 22 NLS MS 26746, folder of prose material, poetry typescripts on some versos, mid-to-late 1940s.
 - 23 NLS MS 26748, folder containing correspondence, 1941-1983.
 - 24 NLS MS 26753, folder containing correspondence with Angus Martin, 1979-1983.
 - 25 NLS MS 26758, copy of U. MacDhunléibhe: Duain agus òrain.
 - 26 NLS MS 26767, copy of Homer: Odyssev I-XII.
 - 27 NLS MS 26769, copy of R. Ní Ógáin: Duanaire Gaedhilge III.
 - 28 NLS MS 26773, copy of Byrne and Dillon (ed.): Táin Bó Fraích.
 - 29 NLS MS 26777, copy of Fuaran Sléibh, annotated c. 1983.
 - 30 NLS MS 26778, copy of Wind On Loch Fyne, annotated 1961 and c.1983.
 - 31 NLS MS 26781, copy of R. MacThómais: An Dealbh Briste (1951).
 - 32 NLS MS 26783, copy of O Na Ceithir Àirdean, annotated 1960s?
 - 33 NLS MS 27884, copy of O Na Ceithir Àirdean, annotated 1983.
 - 34 NLS MS 26790, copy of P. Ó Canainn: Filíocht Na nGael (1958).
 - 35 NLS MS 14967, wartime poetry notebook ("Rainn is Dàin le Deòrsa Caimbeul MacGàraidh"); typescripts pasted over manuscript pages, 1943-'45 (North Africa, Italy). Deposited by Hay.
 - 36 NLS MS 14968, wartime poetry notebook, 1945-'46 (Italy, Greece, Scotland). Deposited by Hay.
 - 37 NLS Acc. 6419/ 38 (a). Douglas Young papers. Voluminous correspondence from Hay to Young, mainly 1939-'46.
 - 38 NLS Acc. 6419/ 101. Douglas Young papers. (i) texts for Scottish Verse 1851-1951 (ii) miscellaneous poems including typescripts by GCH.
 - 39 NLS Acc. 6839/ 1, Scotia Review papers (NLS Exhibition documents).

- 40 NLS Acc. 7085/ 15. Douglas Young papers. Typescripts of Hay poems and translations from 1930s. Double-spacing type by Young, single-spacing by Hay.
- 41 NLS Acc. 7125, Akros papers.
- 42 NLS Acc. 7980/ 43, Wendy Wood papers. Correspondence.
- 43 NLS Acc. 8636, Fanny MacTaggart papers. Correspondence.
- 44 NLS Acc. 9367, Gairm papers.
- 45 NLS Acc. 9927/ 6, letters and poems from Hay to Rev. Kenneth MacLeod.
- 46 NLS Acc. 9967 (i), Hamish Henderson papers.
- 47 NLS Acc. 10105, letters from Hay to Robert A. Rankin, mainly 1934-'39.
- 48 EUL Gen. 1733, letters to Hamish Henderson.
- 49 EUL Gen. 2030, letters to Maurice Lindsay.
- 50 Kirk MSS: typescript poems given to Ms Elisabeth Kirk.
- 51 McIntosh MSS: letters belonging to Prof. Angus McIntosh.
- 52 McLean MS: text sent to Dr. Alasdair F. MacLean; supplied by Mrs. Flora MacLean.
- 53 Neill MSS: letters and typescripts belonging to Mrs. D. Neill.
- 54 Rankin Fuaran Sléibh: annotated copy given to Prof. Robert A. Rankin, June 1974 (annotations 1960s?).
- 55 Scott Musical MS: Hay's collected melodies, gifted to F G Scott in Dec 1947, now belonging to Ronald Stevenson.
- 56 Scott Poetic MSS: three typescript poems sent to F G Scott in Dec 1947, now belonging to Ronald Stevenson.
- 57 Burns MS: photostat of Mochtàr is Dùghall typescript (1946-'47), given to Dr. John Burns.

2. Printed Collections

- A Fuaran Sléibh (Glasgow, 1948)
- B Wind On Loch Fyne (Edinburgh, 1948)
- C O Na Ceithir Àirdean (Edinburgh, 1952)
- D Mochtàr Is Dùghall (Glasgow, 1982)
- E 1 F G Scott: Scottish Lyrics (Book V) (London and Glasgow 1939). One lyric by Hay.
- E 2 Seven Songs For Baritone Voice (London and Glasgow 1946). Two lyrics.
- E 3 Thirty-Five Scottish Lyrics (Glasgow 1949). One lyric.
- F M Lindsay (ed.): Modern Scottish Poetry - an anthology of the Scottish Renaissance 1925-1945 (London 1946). Two poems.
- G D Young (ed.): Scottish Verse 1851-1951 (London 1952). Three poems.
- H J MacQueen and T Scott (ed.): The Oxford Book Of Scottish Verse (Oxford, 1966). Four poems.
- J S MacLean, G C Hay, W Neill, S MacGregor: Four Points Of A Saltire (Edinburgh, 1970). Forty-one poems.
- K D MacAuley (ed.): Nua-Bhàrdachd Ghàidhlig (1976). Ten poems.

3. Periodicals

- P1 Akros : Scots poetry monthly, ed. Duncan Glen (Glasgow, 1965-'83).
- P2 Alba : "A Scottish Miscellany in Gaelic and English", publ. An Comunn Gàidhealach. (1948, one issue).
- P3 A' Bhratach (leabhar meudachaidh do Chummanacht na h-Alba) ed. Rev. John MacKechnie. (1941-'42, three issues).
- P4 The Bulletin and Scots Pictorial : weekly paper, Glasgow 1926-1960.
- P5 Carn : quarterly journal of the Celtic League (Dublin, 1973-)
- P6 Catalyst : "For The Scottish Viewpoint", quarterly magazine of the 1320 Club (Aberdeen, 1967-1974).
- P7 Cencrastus : "Scottish and International Arts and Affairs" quarterly (Edinburgh, 1979-).
- P8 Chapbook : "The Magazine Of Scottish Achievement", bi-monthly (Glasgow 1946-'47).
- P9 Chapman : literary quarterly (Edinburgh, 1970-).
- P10 Comhar (Dublin, 1947-)
- P11 Cyphers : poetry quarterly (Dublin, 1975-).
- P12 Evening Dispatch : daily paper (Edinburgh 1921-'63); ed. 1946 (-1950?) poet A D Mackie.
- P13 The Fettesian : magazine of Fettes College, Edinburgh (Edinburgh, 1878-).
- P14 An Gàidheal : monthly bilingual magazine of An Comunn Gàidhealach (Glasgow,
- P15 Gairm : An Ràitheachan Gàidhlig, quarterly periodical (Glasgow, 1952-).
- P16 Lallans : quarterly of the Scots Language Society (Edinburgh, 1973-).
- P17 Life And Letters Today : literary monthly (London, 1928-'50).
- P18 The Morningside Mirror : community magazine of the Royal Edinburgh Hospital (Edinburgh 1846-'72).
- P19 New Alliance (later New Alliance and SCOTS REVIEW) : monthly journal "printing chiefly the work of Scottish and Irish writers and artists" (Edinburgh, 1939; 1940-'51).
- P20 The New Scot : journal of the Scottish Reconstruction Committee (Glasgow 1945-'49).
- P21 Ossian : magazine of Glasgow University Ossianic Society (Glasgow, 1933-).
- P23 Poetry Scotland : collections of new Scottish poetry ed. Maurice Lindsay (Glasgow, 1944-'49; four issues).
- P24 The Saltire Review : "of Arts, Letters and Life", publ. Saltire Society (Edinburgh 1954).
- P25 The Scot : magazine of Glasgow University Scottish Nationalist Association (Glasgow, 1940-'45; three issues).
- P26 Scotia (then Scotia Review) : "For The Scottish Muse And Nation", monthly then quarterly, ed. David Morrison (Thurso, 1970-'72; Wick 1972-'80).
- P27 Scots Independent : monthly organ of Scottish Nationalism (Glasgow, new series 1936-).
- P28 The Scots Magazine : "monthly miscellany of Scottish life and letters" (Glasgow, 1924-).
- P29 The Scotsman: daily newspaper (Edinburgh).
- P30 Scottish Art And Letters : ed. R Crombie Saunders (Edinburgh, 1945-'49; four issues).
- P31 Scottish Field : monthly issue (Glasgow, 1911?-).
- P32 Scottish International : quarterly review, ed. Garioch, Morgan, Tait (Edinburgh 1968-'74).
- P33 S.M.T. Magazine (and Scottish Country Life) : monthly (Edinburgh, 1935-'46).
- P36 The Voice Of Scotland : Scottish Republican literary periodical, ed. Hugh MacDiarmid (Dunfermline, 1938-'61).

[P22, P34 and P35 are the sources for translated poems not featured in this edition.]

ADDENDA

The following poem-listings by Hay are referred to as dating sources in the notes to the poems:

Listings 3 : Source 3, ff.92v-95r. Compiled between March and September 1939.

f.93v – translations into English
f.94r – translations into Gaelic
f.94v – original poems in English (and Scots)
f.95r – original poems in Gaelic
(additional material on f.92v).

Listings 35 : Source 35, ff.41v-43r. Compiled late 1944-early 1945.

ff.41v-42r – "air an sgrìobhadh an Gàidhlig"
ff.42v-43r – "air an cur an Gàidhlig".

Listings 8 : Source 8, ff.51v-53r. Compiled c.August 1946.

f.51v – "Leabhar Gàidhlig", O Na Ceithir Àirdean plan (also f.24v)
f.52v – translations into Gaelic, Scots and English
f.53r – poems in French.

Listings 20 : Source 20, f.52v. Short list of poems and translations, compiled not earlier than Oct. 1947

Listings 11 : Source 11, f.58r. Poems of Feb. 1980- Jan. 1981. (Source also includes list of corrections for a second edition of Wind On Loch Fyne, ff.63-64).

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The following prose pieces by Hay are referred to in the introductory chapters:

"Gaelic And Literary Form", in The Voice Of Scotland II.1 (June-August 1939):14-18.

"Scots Gaelic Poetry", serialised in The New Alliance, I.5 (Aug.-Sep. 1940):7-9; I.6 (Oct.-Nov. 1940):7-8; II.1 (Dec. 1940-Jan. 1941):9-11; II.2 (Feb.-Mar. 1941):10.

"Poetry In The World Or Out Of It?", serialised in Scottish Art And Letters, 2 (Spring 1946):49-58; and 3 (Spring 1947):52-57. (Written December 1944).

"The Dancers At Ras El-Hamra", in The Scots Magazine XLIII.5 (Aug. 1945): 337-342.

"Men On Gamila", in Lallans 9 (1977):21-24. (Written Feb.-Mar. 1946).

"A Turn On The Hill", *idem* XLVI.4 (Jan. 1947):257-260.

"Grand Stravaig - a turn after dookers on Loch Fyne", *idem* XLVIII.5 (Feb. 1948):337-342.

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